North Hastings Review.

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VOL. II. NO. 84. | MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1878. | POSTAGE PREPAID.

...EWS.

...one-hundred ... ty, ... we hold ... the ... useful in ... Ye learn also the village ... gton was visited, and they were fortunate enough in getting a haul out of Mr. J. Day, besides paying visits to other parties in the vicinity.

A gloom ... to hang over our young folks here at the death of Mr. A. Waite, who died in ... last Thursday. He has been staying here the past two years and had only been ... week when his death was announced. ... was a member of the O.Y. Band and will be much missed by the ... who all thought a great deal of him.

...IN COUNTY.

ST. THOMAS, Oct. 30.—The R. C. separate school house frame building was burnt to the ground Monday. There was no insurance on the structure. The fire is supposed to be the work of tramps.

Mr. C. B. ... has purchased the trotting horse "...tchman," from Dell ... Cready.

Messrs. Sheard, of Port Stanley, and Mellor, of Sarwold, are shipping a large quantity of apples to the British markets.

A man named Westover was arrested Saturday evening on a charge of forgery. He was brought before the police magistrate yesterday and was remanded.

Steps are being taken towards extending the market grounds. At a meeting of ... on Friday evening last, over $1,000 was subscribed, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the purchase of the property lying north of the Canada Southern Railway track between Stanley and William streets.

The following candidates received certificates for three years, from the County Model School which closed its session last Friday: Morris Sharp, Phillip Andrew, P. D. Cunningham, J. A. Ayerst, Sarah McIntyre, Lizzie Wyatt, Albert Gamble, Lizzie Ayerst, George Littlejohn, John Findlayson, D. Sinclair, Nee Sutherland, Hugh McIntyre, Christina M. Duncan McCormack, J. Mann, Marie Hodgkinson and Duncan Black. The pupils presented the principal and assistants with an address expressive of their satisfaction and good will.

The prisoner Westover, accused of forgery, was again brought before the P. M. yesterday, he withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty under extenuating circumstances. He was committed for trial at the assizes.

On Sunday afternoon a young man named J. Costigan, who resides near Grand Rapids, Michigan, got off at the the Canada Souther depot here in order to take a train for London. Shortly after leaving the station he was met by two sharpers, who invited him into a hotel, where they induced him to try his luck in the game called "drawpoker." The verdant youth did so, and the result was he found himself ere long minus all his money, some $35.

ST. JAMES, Oct. 31.—A rather mysterious escape of prisoners from the jail here happened on Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock, by which two of them gained their liberty. It cannot be ascertained exactly how they managed to get away, but it is supposed that they were in the yard, and contrived to scale the walls. The turnkey was absent at the time. The two who succeeded in escaping were Franklin Cirns (who was tried at the recent assizes for burglary in Bayham, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Kingston Penitentiary), and Wm. McCarthy, the man under remand for the burglary at Mr. E. Moore's house. We hear that the sheriff has offered a reward of $50 for their recapture.

At a Chancery sale here on Saturday last, a lot of 127 acres, on the Lake Shore Road, near Port Stanley, realized $4,820.

WELLINGTON COUNTY.

GUELPH, Oct. 31.—R. Curry, M. D., formerly of Guelph, now of Rockwood, has taken up his residence in Palmerston.

A meeting was held in the Congregational church last night, to take farewell of Mr. E. L. Arms, who is leaving town to start a business in Toronto. Mr. Arms has in a persistently earnest manner fulfilled his duties as deacon of the church and as Superintendent of the Sabbath school. When the part referring to the silver service was reached, Mr. Crowe uncovered the very handsome and chaste service, which, with a purse of money, formed the testimonial of the respect in which Mr. Arms is held.

Walter Laing has received a letter from his sister-in-law, at Omaha, which contains the intelligence that Mr. Laing's two brothers, Robert and Charles, (who, with their brother-in-law, Andrew Inglis, started from Omaha about three weeks ago, Mr. Inglis falling sick on the way,) after nearly three weeks' travel, found their sister-in-law (widow of the murdered brother) alive, with her three little girls, at a place called Oberlin, where the murdered man and his little boy were buried. Although, Mrs. Laing and the girls have been at Oberlin nearly a month, they are not yet able to move, such was the fearful usage they were subjected to by the Indians. Robert and Charles will remain at Oberlin until such time as the lady and girls are able to be removed. The two brothers paid a visit to the place where William was killed. They found some of his cattle, which had escaped from the Indians, and they came across one of his wagons, but all else was desolation.

WATERLOO COUNTY.

Mr. Hilborn, Mr. Buckborrough, of Waterloo, and J. Wrigley on Friday last accomplished the journey by boat on the river Nith from Ayr to Paris. The three left Ayr at 7 o'clock, a. m., making the run to Wolverton in two hours and Moscow in three hours, Canning in seven hours, arriving in Paris at 5 o'clock, making the round trip of something like 50 miles in ten hours. They say that this is a trip well worth taking advantage of and can be accomplished without any danger.

Messrs. James Pringle and J. Simons, two Galt boys, of No. 4 Co., 29th Battalion, and now with the North-west Mounted Police, have been heard from. They are doing well, and appear to like North-west life.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

On Monday last a melancholy accident occurred at the residence of Mr. Robert Steele, Longueuil, whereby his youngest child, aged about two and half years, lost its life by drowning in a churn of buttermilk. Whilst Mrs. Steele was in the act of churning, the child climbed up on a chair beside her, and amused itself by holding the dash with its mother. When finished churning Mrs. Steele took off the butter, and proceeded with it to the cellar, where she remained some ten or fifteen minutes. In her absence the child had remounted the chair, and leaning over the churn, fell into it head foremost. On returning from the cellar Mrs. Steele discovered the child's feet protruding from the churn and immediately lifted it out, when it gasped once or twice and expired.—*L'Orignal Advertiser.*

WESTERN CANADIAN CURRENCY.

At a meeting of the Mitchell High School Board, Mr. Sinclair, assistant master, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. Mr. Jolliffe, Head-master, was re-engaged, at a salary of $800. The total Government grant for the last half year was $316.50.

Water will be drawn off the Lachine Canal on December 4th, and the bed of the canal will be kept dry until the 5th of May, thus closing all factories run by water, as last winter and the winter previous.

The Catholics of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec have been ordered to pray for the success of the movement for the beatification of Mgr. Laval, the first Bishop of Canada.

Mr. H. T. Westbrook, while out shooting at Brantford, bagged six of the largest sized and handsomest of pheasants ever seen in these parts.

The "Lorne" Debating Club has been formed in Pembroke.

Horse thieves have been lately operating somewhat extensively in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. H. Smith, of Manitoba, is visiting Ontario at present to purchase machinery for a steam saw mill, which he proposes erecting at Portage la Prairie.

At Chatham, Hon. W. McMaster, President of the Bank of Commerce, has purchased from Mrs. Alexander Charteris the property on the northwest corner of King and Sixth streets, paying for the same $200 per foot. The store, etc., on the lot will be removed early in spring, and a three-story ... banking house and man... [illegible] ... of Huron, ... 28 Con...

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appeals were [illegible], not a solitary vote being added.

Mr. Berry, the contractor for the Port Rowan dock, expects to have it completed next week.

St. Thomas Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association has a membership of over 300.

The death of Mr. Freeman Green, of the township of Howard, which has been expected for some time occurred on Sunday last, at the advanced age of 94 years. Mr. Green was born in New Jersey, U. S., and emigrated with his parents to Canada during the latter part of the last century, and in consequence was a U. E. Loyalist. Mr. Green moved to the township of Howard in 1816, and located and settled on the farm where he has lived for the last 62 or 63 years. He was one of the few pioneers that remain of Talbot street.

THE NORTH-WEST.

—Over thirty thousand bushels of grain were raised around Edmonton this season.

—Buffalo continue to advance on Battleford, and are now quite numerous fifty miles south. Several parties of hunters have gone from town to secure a supply of meat for their use next winter.

—Passengers recently arrived at Winnipeg were sixteen days out from Ontario. They came by the lakes.

—A yield of 1,500 bushels of turnips from an acre at Pembina Mountains is reported.

THE FISHERIES AWARD.

Situation Assuming a Serious Appearance.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The following is the full text of the *World's* London letter, an outline of which was telegraphed on Saturday afternoon:

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The Marquis of Lorne has been called up to London to consult with the Minister of the Colonies, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in regard to what the late Emperor Napoleon would have called a "black point" in the horizon over the New Dominion of which he is about to take executive charge. The Foreign Minister, Lord Salisbury, has this week been invited by the American Government to consider seriously the very decided objections which the American Government is disposed to make to the payment of the Halifax fisheries award in the new circumstances created for both Governments by the recent report of Capt. Sullivan, of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Sirius, who was sent by the British Government to investigate the events of January 6th, 1878, when a number of American fishermen were violently driven away from their stations on the Newfoundland coast, their fishing tackle destroyed, and business broken up. Captain Sullivan, it seems, has reported to his Government that the people of Newfoundland were justified in making the assault upon the American fishermen, because by the "local law" of that island mackerel-fishing on Sundays is prohibited, and the Americans were fishing in contempt of this "local law," and the Marquis of Salisbury, it seems, has indorsed and accepted the report of Captain Sullivan embodying the views and conclusions of Her Majesty's Government. If I am not misinformed, also, the Marquis of Salisbury has taken this position in a formal communication to the United States Government without taking the trouble even to fortify it by laying before the United States Government the report of Captain Sullivan upon the facts in the case as they were set forth upon the spot to him. Naturally enough the United States Government has declined to accept the conclusions of the Marquis of Salisbury either as to the facts, the law or the equities in this affair; and it will be found, I believe, that within a very few days past Her Majesty's Foreign Minister has been officially informed that the question whether American fishermen on the Newfoundland coast, pursuing their business under the terms of a solemn treaty with the Imperial Government, are liable to violence at the hands of petty local authorities for infringing upon local regulations not embodied in the treaty, and of a nature to make its provisions, so far as the mackerel fisheries of Newfoundland go, null, void and derisory, is a question too important to be settled by the British Government for itself upon the report of a British naval officer. As the time fixed under the Halifax Award for paying over the money ordered by that award to be paid to the British Government will expire the 24th of November, it is obvious that this matter must be sharply and immediately pressed upon the attention of Her Majesty's Government by the United State Government, for though it may be admitted to be true that there is no formal and direct relation between the obligation imposed by the award upon the United States and the offenses against the rights and interests of American fishermen committed on the coast of Newfoundland, it is equally true that to pay over the money ordered under the award to be paid without effectually breaking down the contention of Lord Salisbury as to those offences, will put the United States into a false position and seriously embarrass their diplomatic action. It will be remembered that Congress voted the money necessary to pay the award at the close of the last session, with the understanding and proviso that the Executive would enter into correspondence with the British Government upon the merits of the case before paying it. The money is now in London awaiting the directions of the American Department of State, but the singular and unexpected attitude of the British Foreign Office in regard to the events of January, 1878, in Newfoundland, and the report of Captain Sullivan, have made it at least a matter of grave doubt whether the State Department can venture to take the responsibility of weakening and complicating the American case by paying the money over while Lord Salisbury maintains this attitude.

Of course a refusal on the part of the United States to pay over this money will embroil, for a time at least, the relations of the Dominion both with England and with the United States, but on the other hand the acceptance by England of this money in the actual circumstances of the case would, I suppose, be sure to generate in the United States feelings which could hardly fail to express themselves disagreeably in the form of legislation unfriendly to the interests both of England and of the Canadian Dominion.

At all events, the situation has become decidedly uncomfortable within the past few days, and the correspondence on the subject between the two governments has assumed such a serious character as makes it proper, I think, that public attention should be called to it, especially as neither Congress nor the British Parliament will be in session when the matter comes to a head, as it must within the next six weeks.

The *World* gives the following brief summary of the incidents referred to in the foregoing letter from London:

"On the 13th of January of this year a fleet of American fishing schooners from Gloucester, Mass., was anchored off the Newfoundland coast, and the fishermen were using seines near the shore for catching herring, which were there in great numbers. While the American fishermen were thus engaged a mob of Newfoundland fishermen assaulted them, cut ... the seines, letting out the fish, and finally carrying off the remnants of the injured seines ... from which the Americans had been driven ... To the truth of this statement Charles Lingard, master of the schooner Lizzie and Namies, of Rockport; William H. McDonald, master of the schooner William E. McDonald, of Gloucester; James McDonald, master of the American schooner F. A. Smith, of Gloucester; ... master of the American schooner Edward E. Webster, of ... master of the schooner ... the Wave, of Gloucester, and ... master of the schooner ... master, made affidavits on the ... 1878, and sent the ... State. According ... masters, it ... the American ... fishermen ...

by the Newfoundlanders had excited the enmity of the local fishermen and led to the assault."

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The following appears in the *World* of Sunday, in reference to the new phases of the Fisheries Award:

A dispatch from Washington says: The important statement made in a letter to the *World* of Saturday from London that a serious correspondence has taken place between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States in regard to the virtual nullification of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty by citizens of Newfoundland in January last, is absolutely confirmed by the best authority here in Washington. The American Government has officially informed Lord Salisbury that it cannot accept the interpretation which he has placed on this nullification of the treaty by the citizens of one of the colonies of Great Britain. Lord Salisbury in effect advances a claim on the part of Great Britain that the colonial authority is superior of that of the treaty. If this were for a moment to be admitted, the entire business of what is known as winter fishing by Americans would be broken up. The present misunderstanding arises, as the *World's* London letter states, from the violent action of citizens of Newfoundland in January last when American fishermen were driven away from their stations, their seines and fishing-tackle burned up and their business utterly destroyed. Lord Salisbury in a formal communication to the Government has approved of the report made by the British naval officer, Captain Sullivan, who was specially detailed by the British Government to investigate these outrages, and who has justified the violent and lawless enforcement of the local law against the American fishermen, who, as the American Government insists, were exempted by the treaty from the operation of such ordinances affecting British citizens. The evidence taken by Captain Sullivan has not been submitted to the American Government, and the version of the facts connected with the collision submitted by Captain Sullivan to the Foreign Office in London has not been made known in detail to this Government. It is quite evident that the Administration has decided never to yield the point that no local Newfoundland law can possibly be allowed to negative the fishery clauses of a treaty made to protect our fishermen in carrying on their work on all days, whether there is or is not a catch.

A dispatch from Montreal says: A good deal of attention has been excited here by a telegram communicating the substance of a London letter published Saturday morning in the *World* on the subject of the Halifax award and the question put at issue between England and America in regard to the interpretation of the Washington treaty by the events of last January at Fortune Bay in Newfoundland. Captain Sullivan, whose report on these events was recently submitted to Lord Salisbury through the Admiralty, was here last week in attendance upon the new Canadian Administration. His vessel, the Sirius, was detailed to accompany the Earl of Dufferin as an escort ship from Quebec. He is a good sailor, but not a man of much ability or general intelligence, and it is feared here that he may have misled the Marquis of Salisbury by his report into serious difficulty. If the American Government should refuse to settle the Halifax award, the Canadian Government will be put into an awkward position, and if the responsibility for this is thrown upon Newfoundland there will be trouble, perhaps of a serious character, with the Maritime Provinces. The matter is engaging the attention of Sir John A. Macdonald.

HEAVY BANK ROBBERY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Between six and nine o'clock this morning masked burglars entered the Manhattan Savings Bank building, corner of Broadway and Blecker streets, and after handcuffing the janitor, made him, under threats of instant death, reveal the combination of the safe and deliver up the keys of the bank. The officers of the bank admit that the janitor possessed the combination to the vault. It was given him months ago, so that he could take out the books and make ready for business. The bank officers state that securities were stolen to the amount of $2,757,700, of which $2,506,700 were registered in the name of the institution and are not negotiable. $168,000 are made payable to it, $73,000 are in coupon bonds, and $11,000 in cash. For the purpose of preventing loss to depositors, no payments will be made without 60 days notice. The stolen securities include $500,000 in United States fives of 1881; $200,000 in United States sixes of 1881; $600,000 in United States ten-forties; $300,000 in United States fours; $93,000 in United States five-twenties; $320,000 in various New York city securities; $80,000 in State sixes; $25,000 in Brooklyn coupon bonds. All the stolen bonds are registered except $48,000 in five-twenty bonds of July, 1865, and $25,000 in Brooklyn city and Watertown coupon bonds. All persons are notified not to purchase or negotiate these securities.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The gigantic robbery has caused a most profound sensation in banking circles. From an early hour this morning crowds of depositors surrounded the bank building. The police answered all inquiries by saying that the bank was closed on account of the burglary. The depositors were told that they could not get any money for sixty days. The fact of the janitor possessing the combination to the vault door was severely commented on. It is stated that no arrests were made. It is the rule and not the exception for janitors in bank buildings to possess the combination of the outside vault. A meeting of the directors was held this morning and adjourned at noon, but they refused to give any information. The depositors are all assured that they will lose nothing. An old detective gives it as his opinion that the whole robbery was concocted within 100 feet of where it was carried out.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—It is stated that the Manhattan Savings Bank has a surplus of $400,000, and will continue business.

A SUPPLEMENT TO EDISON'S ELECTRICITY.

From the Rochester Union.

We have just learned that our townsman, Robert H. Fenn, who has been blind for many years, in consequence of an explosion of chemicals, has recently invented an electrical ... which for simplicity and efficiency cannot well be surpassed. This little instrument consists of the screw, the end of which is plated with platinum, and made to press upon a small disk composed of carbon or some metallic powder. By merely raising or lowering this screw, thus varying the pressure, the strength of the electrical current can be correspondingly varied to a sufficient degree for all practical purposes. In connection with this ... Mr. Fenn has also invented an electrical meter, which, although not quite as simple in construction as that promises to prove equally efficient. The object of this apparatus is to measure and record the total amount of electricity passing over a wire during any given time, however great the irregularities of the current may be. In this instrument Mr. Fenn has utilized the same property possessed by carbon, metallic powders and some other substances of increased conductibility under pressure that he had employed in his previous invention. It may be well here to state that Mr. Fenn claims to have discovered this property, ... as far back as the summer of 1875, but refrained from publishing the fact, modestly taking it for granted that previous experimenters could hardly have failed to take notice of so obvious a peculiarity.

In the discovery of an electrical meter Mr. Fenn appears to have surpassed the great electrician, Thomas A. Edison, who, having formally declared a ... of adapting electricity to illuminating purposes, and thoroughly demonstrated its practicability, was at a loss to furnish any process whereby it might be measured out to individuals. In an interview ... by a New York reporter the other day Mr. Edison expressed the opinion ... method of measuring electricity ... [illegible] ...

it could be accomplished. He stated that it was the intention of the company at present to charge so much per light, whether it was used or not. So it seems that our unfortunate townsman has met with a little good fortune in anticipating the great inventors in the discovery of several important electrical appliances.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

King Alfonso Fired At.

By Telegraph to the SPECTATOR

MADRID, Oct. 25.—As King Alfonso was driving through the street known as Calle Mayor, this evening, a man in a blouse fired a pistol at him. The King was not touched and continued on his way to the palace amid the acclamations of the crowd. The assassin was immediately seized by soldiers and taken to prison.

King Alfonso's would-be assassin is named Juan Moncasi, aged 23, by trade a cooper, a native of Larragona. He states that he is a member of an International Society, and that his crime was premeditated. He arrived at Madrid October 20th. His bullet struck nobody. Moncasi was rescued with difficulty from some women who wished to lynch him.

MADRID, Oct. 28.—The assassin who attempted the King's life fired from the sidewalk in front of the House, not far from the arched entrance to the Plaza Major. He aimed too low, the ball having passed through the hand of the soldier standing guard on the opposite street. The King saw the flash, and with an involuntary movement checked his horse momentarily. He then rode tranquilly onward toward the palace. Several women standing near pointed the criminal out. He was at once secured. He did not make the slightest attempt to escape. The prisoner displayed great coolness during his commitment, and he insolently drew a cigar from his pocket, which he cooly lit, and began to smoke. He is a very thin man of medium height. General Grant was standing at the window of his hotel, a short distance from the attack, following with his eyes the progress of the royal cavalcade; he clearly saw the flash of the assassin's pistol. General Grant had already "booked" for Lisbon, by the night train. To Senor Silvers, Minister of State, who accompanied him to the railway station, Grant expressed his sympathies and regrets that he was unable to postpone his journey, that he might personally call upon his Majesty.

DISASTERS AND CRIMES.

American.

BEAMSVILLE, Oct. 25.—A sad accident occurred here this morning, by which a boy employed to drive a horse to attend to the derricks at the stone quarry here, was seriously, if not fatally, injured. The horse broke from the lever when raising a large stone and the lever, sweeping back with great force, striking the boy on the head.

NEWBURGH, Oct. 25.—James Hanmore, hostler of the Eagle Hotel, Walden, aged 50 years, hung himself in a barn yesterday. Cause unknown.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 25.—There were six females on board the steamer Express, and all were lost. Wm. Barker, son of the captain, supposed to have been lost, arrived here to-day. The male passengers lost are: Hy. Ullman and Mr. Levitine, of Baltimore, a pedlar and Dr. Burch, of St. Mary's county. Fifteen are known to be saved and sixteen missing, some of whom may have been rescued.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—An accident occurred in the new city sewer, near Crescent avenue station, to-day, by which one man was killed and five severely wounded.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Oct. 25.—Last Monday morning Green Bremmer, aged 70, a wealthy farmer of Pownall, was attacked by Dick Congdon and others, who inflicted injuries which caused Bremmer's death. Congdon has been arrested.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—Henry W. Tyler, a well-known desperado of Lowell, Ohio, shot and killed his wife yesterday, and then put a bullet through his own head, dying a few moments afterwards. He is supposed to have been under the influence of liquor.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 25.—The boiler of the Otsego fork handle works of Rome, Ashtabula Co., exploded to-day, instantly killing the engineer, Geo. McKenzie, and seriously injuring two other men. The mill was totally destroyed.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Oct. 25.—A son of August Gable, while playing out doors with fire, was to-day burned to death.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., Oct. 25.—News has been received of the sinking, opposite Yonkers this morning, of the barge W. H. Vanschank, of Troy. It is also stated that Capt. Mabee, his wife and two children were drowned.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., Oct. 26.—Mrs. Nettie Hill, who has a husband in Madison, Wis., committed suicide at her hotel here to-day.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 26.—Rev. Adirondack Murray while duck shooting on Long Island shore yesterday was injured by the bursting of a gun. He may lose his hand.

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 26.—The Philadelphia steamer Everman was caught in the recent cyclone while anchored, and carried out. A tremendous wave washed the second mate and two of the crew overboard; the succeeding wave brought mate and one of the men back upon deck, but the other man was lost.

OMAHA, Oct. 26.—Jacob Dallman, proprietor of the St. James Hall, entered Edward Krussman's store last night and commenced firing a revolver, charging Krussman with improper intimacy with Mrs. Dallman. Krussman shot Dallman fatally.

LUMBERTON, N. C., Oct. 26.—Edward Hartman, who was shot by Miss Linkham, is not expected to survive. Miss Linkham gave birth to a child two hours after shooting.

WHEELING, West Va., Oct. 26.—At Benwood yesterday A. Patterson, aged 13 years, had the top of his head blown off by the accidental discharge of a gun.

PENINSULA, Ohio, Oct. 26.—A drunken railroad employe entered Wm. Godwin's saloon yesterday and beat the owner fatally with a ...

STATESVILLE, N. C., Oct. 26.—James Lax (colored) was hanged yesterday for an alleged outrage upon a white woman in 1876. He protested his innocence to the last. Public opinion is divided as to his guilt.

BEVERLEY, W. Va., Oct. 26.—On Friday a man named Hill, while hunting, fired in the direction of a spot where a turkey cry proceeded, and discovered he had fatally shot one and seriously wounded another lad. They had secreted themselves and imitated the turkey cry to deceive the hunter.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 26.—... a wealthy citizen of New York, boarding at ..., died last night from burns, from upsetting a kerosene lamp on Wednesday.

VINCENNES, Ind., Oct. 26.—Provost, who was arrested on suspicion of murdering the Vassot family, hanged himself in prison yesterday. The priest informed him that the mob might kill him at any time, and urged him to confess, but the prisoner was silent. After the ... departure he became greatly distressed and agitated, and retiring to his cell hung himself.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—A Washington special to the *Times* says that private letters report that W. J. Lockhart, a respectable old white man of Darlington County, South Carolina, a Democrat, was taunted by the ... for having accepted a nomination on the Republican ticket. He drew a knife and threatened to cut his way through the crowd unless they allowed him to pass, when he was attacked and nearly beaten to death.

Mary Moen, aged 95 years, was run over by a horse car and fatally injured last night.

An unknown man asked for bread at a house on ...-street last night and was refused, when he staggered away crying and fell dead from starvation.

The body of John Joskin was found in Central Park yesterday. It was a case of suicide caused by business misfortunes.

Mr. Mary ..., who is dying from consumption at Newark jail, was the daughter of wealthy parents, and formerly the belle of Newark. Her husband secured a divorce because of her intemperance, which ... and a younger sister began to ... [illegible] ...

DERBY LINE, Vt., Oct. 24.—A tramp entered Learned's Hotel, at Cookshire, Que., yesterday, and demanded a drink. The proprietor refused the tramp, who shot him dead and then boarded a train for Sherbrooke, Que. The Sheriff there has arrested a man answering the description of the tramp.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., Oct. 24.—At River Point yesterday Robbie Yoreton, aged 16, was found suspended by the neck in a swing in the cellar of his father's residence. Supposed to be an accident.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—Mrs. Honora Burke, a steerage passenger from New York by the steamer Colima, which arrived yesterday, committed suicide by jumping overboard during the voyage.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—John Carpenter, who stabbed Mary Lyons a fortnight ago in St. Francis Xavier's church, stabbed himself in the abdomen, probably fatally, this morning.

HIGH BRIDGE, N.J., Oct. 28.—Sylvester Seals was instantly killed, and John Reardon fatally injured by the falling of earth and timbers at the St. Thomas Iron Company's mines.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Oct. 29.—About $1,500 worth of boots and shoes, alleged to have been stolen from the store of Piche & Perrault, were captured at St. Armand, Quebec. The Canadian customs officers seized the goods for undervaluation. Perrault, the other partner, is at St. Armand. The so called burglary is alleged to be a trick to defraud their creditors.

Canadian.

ELMIRA, Oct. 26.—A sad accident occurred yesterday to Mr. John Stewart's son, living on the town line between Peel and Wellesley. It appears that several of his children were riding on an empty wagon, and on turning a corner one of them lost his balance, and, it is supposed, fell against the hind wheel, which ran over his body. He died twenty minutes afterwards. Mr. Stewart receives great sympathy, this being the second accident which has befallen his children within two months.

KINGSTON, Oct. 28.—Meryitt Fargo, of Wolfe Island, died on Saturday from injuries received from falling down a stairway the previous day.

MONTREAL, Oct. 28.—Abram Sheltus, a French Canadian, was run over and killed by a Vermont Central Railway train on Saturday last.

TORONTO, Oct. 27.—On Saturday, while three men were engaged decorating the interior of St. Stephen's church, the scaffolding gave way and the men fell twenty-eight feet. All of them were hurt, George Anderson seriously.

MONTREAL, Oct. 25.—A section man named Skates was killed on the railway track last evening, near Lachine, by a train running into a hand-car upon which the unfortunate man was seated.

OTTAWA, Oct. 25.—Whilst the steamer Queen Victoria was making her regular trip between Ottawa and Grenville, she ran into a tow of barges owned by Alex. McIntosh, near Brown's wharf. One of the barges was badly damaged and sank in a very short time after the accident occured. It was laden with lumber for the American market, which will be transfered to another craft immediately. Two other barges were damaged, but are still afloat. The loss will probably reach several thousand dollars. The accident is said to have occurred through the negligence of the captain in charge of the barges in not having the usual light exposed. The crew of the demolished craft experienced considerable difficulty in escaping, and great consternation was created among the passengers on board the steamer. Fortunately no lives were lost.

OTTAWA, Oct. 25.—At an early hour this morning, an attempt was made to burglarize the residence of Col. Allan Gilmour, on Victoria street. The barking of a dog attracted the attention of the watchman, who frightened the burglars before they had secured any plunder. One of the burglars had succeeded in reaching the kitchen door, but did not succeed in effecting an entrance. The remaining four kept watch outside the yard fence.

HALIFAX, Oct. 25.—James Bond, son of Dr. J. B. Bond, of Yarmouth, is reported to-day by cable as having been washed overboard from the ship Ismir and drowned, while on passage to Europe.

OTTAWA, Oct. 29.—Burglars, at an early hour this morning, entered the Russel House, Union House, Windsor House and Royal Exchange, and carried off a lot of valuables and clothing. No clue to the theft.

A man named Keays was arraigned before the Police Magistrate this morning charged with stealing fifteen dollars from an old lady. He was remanded till Thursday, bail being refused.

A man named Joseph Kane died at Hull last night from the effect of injuries received by falling from a lumber pile the day previous.

MURDER TRIAL AT WELLAND.

John Whitby Sentenced to be Hanged on November 25th.

WELLAND, Oct. 26.—The trial of John Whitby, otherwise known as Jack Smith, for murder, took place in the Welland Court House yesterday before Mr. Justice Burton. A verdict of "guilty" was returned by the jury, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on November 25th. The evidence on behalf of the prosecution was ample and conclusive, and was to the following effect: That the prisoner and a man named Allan left Stevensville on the morning of April 13th, and proceeded along the Fort Erie road in the direction of Victoria. That up to a certain sugar bush between the 6th and 7th concessions they were seen together, the prisoner wearing the peculiar scarf and trousers conspicuous by large black patches over the knees, and carrying with him an umbrella and an axe; that on the other side of the bush the prisoner was seen alone by several persons without the scarf and umbrella, and having on a pair of trousers without patches; that on the afternoon of the same day the dead body of a man was found in the sugar bush with the prisoner's trousers imperfectly drawn on, and with scarf and umbrella close by the corpse; that the body being ... was examined on May 4th, and conclusively recognized as that of Allan who had left Stevensville with the prisoner. The circumstantial evidence was strengthened by the confession of the prisoner on different occasions that he had killed his companion in a fit of passion. Mr. Crerar prosecuted for the Crown, and Mr. Van Norman, of Welland, gratuitously defended the prisoner. The evidence however was so conclusive that he had to admit the crime, and urged on the jury to reduce it from murder to manslaughter. After his Lordship's charge the jury retired, and after one hour's deliberation brought in a verdict of "guilty," with a strong recommendation to mercy. In passing sentence the Judge said he was but the mouthpiece of the law, and had no option but to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner, although he would lay the jury's recommendation before the Executive. He warned the prisoner to prepare to meet his awful doom. When the Judge asked for a calendar the crowded Court-room was ominously silent and continued so until the prisoner was formally sentenced.

During the trial Whitby appeared ... [illegible] ... when the ... was returned tears were noticed in his eyes ... that he was exceedingly nervous ... his cell in the morning. When asked what he had to say why the sentence ... the Court should not be passed upon him he simply remarked ... [illegible] ... after being sentenced ... he was quite indifferent ... The artless manner ... pipe and smoked ... seemed he was ... He burst out laughing ... [illegible] ...

he was a shoemaker tramping through the country. It is rumored that a petition is to be circulated to have the sentence reprieved, but the Indian is credited with saying that he prefers death to a reprieve. Great interest was manifested here in the trial, which concluded the business of the Court.

FASHION NOTES.

Muffs are of medium size.

Sleeves are tighter than ever.

Repped fabrics are in high favor.

Black dresses are as popular as ever.

Only light furs are used for evening wear.

Watered silk moire—is very fashionable.

Medium sized bonnets are not fashionable.

Gold brocaded cap ribbons are much worn.

Balayeuses are seen on very short costumes.

All dresses of woollen material are cut short.

All the new bonnets are very small or very large.

Visite paletot is the name of the newest steel wrap.

Toques made of seal will be much worn this winter.

It is fashionable at the moment not to be fashionable.

Stockings are in more bizarre styles than ever before.

—The London fall styles for women is very masculine.

Slashes at the elbow and at the top are seen on many Parisian dress sleeves.

Seal pelisses and seal circles are seen among other mid-winter fur novelties.

Striped goods in Pekin and satin or silk and moire are very fashionable.

Leggins to match are worn with short costumes for the moorlands" in England.

—All winter wraps and cloaks are very long, but very short jackets are also worn.

The clan tartan and Scotch plaid short costumes are the fancy of the passing moment.

Dresses, to be fashionable, must be very short in front, even when trained in the back.

—Satin, velvet, moire, and gros faille are favorite combinations in composite costumes.

—Striped Pekins and striped moires are in demand for parts of dressy composite costumes.

Leather buttons for country costumes, or "suits for moorlands," are among the London dress novelties.

The talma is a new mantle which is simply a revival of an old style, with the only difference of a tight back.

AN ANCIENT IRISH MONUMENT.

Fort Grinian of Aliench, Built in Pagan Times, Restored.

One of the most interesting of the ancient monuments of Ireland, the Grinian of Ailesch, in the County Donegal, which stands on the top of a hill 800 feet high, on the property of Lord Templetown, has just been rescued from destruction by the efforts of Dr. W. Bernard of Derry. It is a circular fort which was originally built in pagan times, and formed part at a later period of a royal residence rivaling the famous palace of "Tara of the Kings." It commands an extensive prospect, extending on one side over Lough Foyle, and over Lough Swilley on the other.

In the year 1101 Murtough O'Brien demolished it and ordered his men to take away one stone of the building in every empty sack which they had, and with them to head a parapet built at the top of his palace, which occupied the site of the present Cathedral of Limerick. Some other stones were taken away in recent times to build the parapet of a bridge in the vicinity of the ruin, but Dr. Bernard believes that no other stones were taken for building purposes. In the reconstruction of the fort only the fallen stones were used, except 700 or 800, which were picked up about the hill, and a coping of masonry. It is perfectly circular and stands about twenty feet high, of conical shape, with massive walls built without mortar, by wedging the large stones together with small ones. Inside it is about seventy feet wide, having three platforms rising above each other, approached by steps, and is crowned by a parapet. There is but one entrance, which looks eastward, and there are doorways inside, which seem to lead to subterranean passages, but they have not been explored.

The idea of preserving the ruin, which was in a very neglected state, and likely soon to lose all trace of its original character, occured to Dr. Bernard about four years ago; and it is a remarkable fact that the people, when appealed to for help to restore it, and informed of the antiquarian interest attached to it, cheerfully responded and gave their time and labor to promote the work without receiving any payment.

In the course of the excavations which were carried on, a number of relics were turned up, which place the antiquity of the place beyond question. It is recorded that Grinian existed 1,700 years before the Christian era, and it is marked on Ptolemy's map in the second century, which was a copy of a much older map found in Alexandria. Among the relics were bones and teeth, and defaced coins, the button and the socket of a plow, round stones with holes in the center, war clubs, sling-stones, stones found in ashes marked into squares, another of dark color shaped like a heart, another with fluted columns, and a polished cone with flat base. Working under a heap of rubbish the laborers came upon one of the platforms 30 feet long, 3 feet wide and 5 feet from the ground, and in the wall which had slipped ... away four steps were ..., which it was inferred led to another platform. There is a fort in the county Kerry called Staigue Fort which only differs in the platforms being a little longer.

ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

Capt. Tyson's Experience in the Schooner Florence—Dodging Icebergs in Terrible Gales.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Oct. 28.—The Arctic schooner Florence, Tyson commander, supposed to be lost, arrived here this morning. The vessel sprang a leak near Sable Island on the 14th, and the crew has been pumping day and night ever since. The last morsel of food on board was eaten this morning. Capt. Tyson says there has not been such ... in the north for thirty years. The crew ... well.

Capt. Tyson reports that at Cumberland Straits they took on board a number of Esquimaux, men and women. During the passage to Disco they were obliged to slowly work their way through 200 miles of ice, and the weather was so very high the entire passage, that it made it necessary to keep the hatches battled down most of the time. At Disco they expected to meet the expedition steamer, but after waiting in vain many days on the ... of August they started on their ... to Cumberland Strait ... passage they experienced ... gales during one of which the vessel was hove to four days, drifting helplessly among immense icebergs. During these four days death constantly stared them in the face. They at length reached Cumberland Strait on the 31st of August ... [illegible] ... September they ... and for home ... reached St. Johns, Sept. 25th ... a succession of heavy gales ... [illegible] ...

...A young ... riding ... Brighton ... her horse ... dropped dead ... [illegible]

RAILWAY COLLISION.

Another Smash-up on the Grand Trunk.

A Brakeman Fatally Injured—Loss of Property $30,000.

By Telegraph to the SPECTATOR

TORONTO, Oct. 31.—Another collision occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway this morning about two and a-half miles west of the city, near the Dundas Bridge. A special freight train from Stratford was given the order to go ahead at Carlton, about four o'clock this morning, the operator apparently forgetting that the regular freight train, No. 16, was due to cross there about that time. The consequence was that the two met, and came into collision with terrible force. The driver of the regular train saw the special rounding the curve, but the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway runs parallel with the Grand Trunk Railway track at this point, and he thought it was an engine on that line that was approaching. The engineer of the special was William Nye, and the conductor James Dorsh, both of whom escaped with comparatively slight injuries. The conductor of No. 16 was named Jackson, and the engineer William Rutherford. They also suffered but little injury, but the brakeman of this train, Frederick Still, was, it is feared, fatally hurt. He was horribly scalded, the skin peeling off from the flesh from head to foot. His left arm is broken in two places, and there is a hole in his back several inches deep, from which he lost a fearful quantity of blood. He was carried to the General Hospital, where he now lies conscious and able to speak, but the doctor does not entertain the slightest hope of his recovery. He is a native of Stratford and is 19 years of age. The damage to the rolling stock is heavy, both engines are completely wrecked, and the collision was so forcible that it turned them both round in the opposite direction to that in which they were going. Seven cars are entirely destroyed and the most of the remainder of the eighteen forming the two trains are more or less damaged. The loss is estimated at fully $30,000. The traffic was entirely stopped and was not resumed till this afternoon. The line is now clear and the trains will run as usual. As soon as the collision was reported, and the manner in which it occurred detailed, Detective Flynn, of the G. T. R., went to Carlton and arrested Alexander Hay, the operator who told the conductor of the special to proceed. He was brought to the city, and will appear before the Police Magistrate to-morrow.

AGRICULTURE AS A PROFESSION.

Sensible Remarks by Mr. Thos. Stock.

At the annual dinner of the Toronto District Agricultural Society,

Mr. THOS. STOCK, President of the Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario, replied for that body. He said too great importance could not be placed on the agriculture of the country from both a financial and patriotic point of view. Commerce must depend on the working of the soil and agricultural pursuits should therefore be encouraged. One point on which he wished to speak was that he feared the farmers were too successful in this country. He said this because the sons of so many farmers were sent into the professions. There was no profession more honorable than that of agriculture, but the reason why some people did not like it was, because there was a great deal of hard work in connection with it. Although he said this he did not mean to say a word against a good education. He wanted Canadians to have a fair and liberal education, but he wanted farmers' sons when they received a good education not to leave the profession of their fathers, but to turn back to the business of agriculture. To young farmers he would say, "Young man, never feel that your occupation is degrading. There is nothing more honorable than earning an honest living by following the plow, and if you get an education you can use it well on the farm. If you are a good chemist you can use your knowledge in analyzing the soil; if you have got a veterinary education from Dr. Smith you can use it in the raising of the stock; if you are a botanist you want your botanical knowledge in raising your plants. But don't think it is more honorable to follow a profession in town than the profession—for it is a profession—of agriculture." In conclusion, he returned his thanks to the corporation for the provision made for the late Provincial Exhibition, stating that the corporation had done all that it had promised—more than it promised—and the Agricultural and Arts Association and all the exhibitors certainly feel grateful. (Applause.)

MATCH.

The grand Provincial plowing match, under the auspices of the Toronto Electoral District Society, took place on Wednesday near Eglington, at Glengrove farm, the property of Mr. Beatty.

The following is the prize list:

FIRST CLASS.—(Open to all; 11 entries. 1st prize, purse presented by the innkeepers of Toronto, $100, awarded to Mr. Thos. Hood, of Scarboro; 2nd, cash $40, Mr. John Tweedie, Whitby; 3rd, cash $30, Mr. Wm. Milliken, Markham; 4th, cash $20, Mr. John Smith, Glanford; 5th, cash $10, Mr. Robert Pardar, Whitby.

SECOND CLASS.—Open to all who have not taken a first prize at a plowing match of any ...; ... entries; 1st prize, mowing machine, presented by the Toronto Reaper and Mower Company, value $80, awarded to Mr. Albert Canning, Markham; 2nd, cash $40, Mr. Alex. Stewart, Scarboro; 3rd, cash $30, Mr. George Robb, Whitby; 4th, cash $20, Mr. Wm. Hood, Markham; 5th, cash $10, Mr. J. W. Smith, Saltfleet; 6th, cash $5, Mr. Geo. Robb, Markham.

THIRD CLASS.—Iron beam wood-handled plow, 12 entries; 1st prize, mowing machine, presented by Mr. John Abell, Woodbridge, value $80, awarded to Mr. Adam Hood, Markham; 2nd prize, cash $40, Mr. James Patton, Scarboro; 3rd prize, cash, $30, Mr. William ..., Vaughan; 4th prize, cash, $20, Mr. Archibald McLean, Thistle; 5th prize, cash, $10, Mr. Samuel Morgan, ...; 6th prize, cash $5, Mr. James Fenton, West Gwillimbury.

FOURTH CLASS.—For youths under 18 years of age; 4 entries; 1st prize, mowing machine, presented by Messrs. Patterson & Bro. of Patterson, value $80, Master John McLean, of York; 2nd prize $40, Master J. H. Wood, Scarboro; 3rd prize $30, Master Robert Gibb, York Township; 4th prize $20, Master James Smith, Glanford; 5th prize, $15; 6th prize, $10; 7th prize, $5, were not awarded as there were only four competitors.

SPECIAL CLASS.—Open to all teams on the ground competing ... prize for best groomed horses and ... harness, a pair of horse blankets presented by Mr. E. Malcolm, Toronto, value $..., awarded to James McLean, York; 2nd prize, cash, presented by Mr. Wm. Rennie, $5, Master John McLean, York; 3rd prize, pair of halters, presented by John Williams, Toronto, value $3, Mr. Wm. Jackson, York.

After the match was finished, the visitors, competitors and judges adjourned to Beaty's Hotel, Eglington. The President of the Society, Mr. Philip Armstrong, made a short address from the balcony and the Secretary, Mr. J. P. Lawrence, read out the names of the successful men, paid the awards and presented the prizes.

NEVER HAD ANY LUCK.—"You see," said the despondent man who was sitting on a barrel addressing the grocer who was spearing the top of a biscuit box with a knife, "some people has good luck, and some people has bad luck. Now I remember once I was walking along the street with Tom Jellicks, and he went down one side of it, and I went down the other. We hadn't gone more half way down when he found a pocket book with £50 in it and I stepped on a woman's dress and so got acquainted with my present wife. It was always so," he added, with a sigh, "that Tom Jellicks was the luckiest man in the world and I never had no luck."

ATTACKED BY A BULL.—A colored man named Cameron, employed by Mr. Patrick ... of Cummings, the other day attempted to feed a ... bull, having on clothing different from that which he usually wears, when the animal attacked him, knocked him down and inflicted some very severe but not fatal injuries before the man could be rescued. Fortunately the horns of the beast failed to gore the man, but it certainly would have done so had not its horns been too short.

—The supporters of Wesley College, Sheffield, have resolved, by a majority ... to continue the use of the ... England in their ... [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Queen Victoria is buying up all the land she can around her Scottish home at Balmoral.

—Gen. James S. Whitney, a prominent Democratic leader in Massachusetts, died suddenly Thursday night, aged 65.

—The expenditure on outdoor pauperism in England for 1877 was £2,616,000, a decline of nearly a million on the outlay of a few years back.

—The Russian Government has forbidden the several ladies who have gained medical diplomas to practice in the province of Novgorod. Russian women doctors are usually very advanced in political ideas.

—Mr. Caird, about the highest agricultural authority in England, states in his new work, "The Landed Interest and the Supply of Food," that the return per acre of English wheat crops is not as large as formerly. He attributes this to the farmers feeling a lack of security for their capital.

—Lady Burdett-Coutts is a good and kindly woman, as well as a wealthy one. She has lately refused all invitations, and stays quietly at home, altogether engaged in nursing an old companion, who, after many years' faithful attendance on the good baroness, has become very ill and very blind.

During the last two years merchants on the southeastern coast of Africa have been utilizing a native India-rubber tree, which has hitherto been neglected. The yield last year was valued at over a million dollars, and the industry is growing to a proportion which bids fair to rival South America.

—A great cattle trade is growing up between Ireland and England. In the autumn and winter months four or five large steamers, laden with beasts, leave the Dublin quays every evening for Liverpool. It is a curious fact that the meat is sold at a lower price in the English market than in Dublin.

Dr. Read has discovered that kerosene is a preventative of yellow fever. He says: "It is a well-known fact that the employes of gas-works in New Orleans, Mobile, and other southern cities are uniformly exempt from attacks of yellow fever, as are also families residing in the immediate vicinity of such establishments."

—The best foundation on which to build your hopes of preferment is the consciousness that you deserve it. No work, however menial, can make an honest poor man lose his self respect. Do whatever you can get to do, and do it so well that your employer will see that you are fit for something better, and the time is not far off when you will begin to rise.

—A St. Louis young man's chance of marrying an heiress, to whom he was engaged, was spoiled by the use of his diary as evidence in a lawsuit. The record showed that he frequently called on other girls, that he had been rejected by two of them since his betrothal to her, and that he had borrowed money, to be repaid when he got hold of her purse.

—When the shah was at Vienna, recently, and was made acquainted with "his excellency, Mr. Glaser, minister of justice," starting from his habitual apathy into real interest, he put his hand to his neck with a significant gesture, saying, "Yes I understand, I understand!" In a strong government, like the shah's a minister of justice is apt to be equivalent to an executioner.

—James Miller started from Ohio with his family for the far West, traveling in an emigrant wagon drawn by two horses. In Missouri one of the horses died and he stole another to replace it. He was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. Lately his term expired, and he resumed his journey, his family having lived in the neighborhood of prison while waiting for him to be released.

—What next we wonder. A St. Louis man has invented a tinearophone that will transmit sound 240,000 miles. The other night he invited a few friends in to examine the machine, and they plainly heard a man in the moon say to his wife: "Maria, dear, you are in much too decided *neglige*. Come away from the window, the people on the earth are looking at you with their telescopes."

THE INCENDIARY PIN.—A young lady of Chicopee, Mass., met with a very curious accident the other day, while out walking in the hot sun. She wore a pin in the shape of a globe, that lay in just such a position as to concentrate the sun's rays upon her clothing. The result was the burning of a hole two or three inches across in her dress, the first intimation she had that anything was out of the way being her lace collar dropping off.

—It has been repeatedly stated that Mr. Crawshay, owner of what were the largest iron works in the world, at Cyfarthfa, South Wales, and for more than a century associated with his name, would never reopen them, but the *Cambrian* asserts that there is now a prospect of a revival of work there, which is hailed with joy in the district, where such deplorable distress has for several years prevailed.

—In Damascus lately, complaints have been made against certain officials for malfeasance. It was decided not to take any step in the matter, although the plaintiffs were moslems. Now the mosques are being nightly ornamented with placards setting forth particulars of the bribery of various ... officials, and the porte will have to do something soon or have another insurrection on its hands.

—Mr. Johnson, of New York, took advantage of his wife's illness to sell his wife's cork leg—a member which had required some years of the wife's savings to purchase—for twenty five cents. After having investigated the case the justice said to him: "This taking sections of your wife and trying to sell them won't do. You'll be pawning the baby next." Johnson was sent to the penitentiary for twelve months.

—Mlle. B., a beautiful French girl, entered the order of St. Vincent de Paul five years ago at the age of fifteen. She was sent not long ago to attend the sick in the hospital of the Santo Spirito at Rome, where her youth and beauty attracted the admiration of a young doctor. The end of it was that the Sister of Charity obtained secular robes, and at night slipped out of the hospital, entered a carriage in which the doctor was waiting and fled.

Bishop Dunford addressing his clergy at Chichester, deplored the secession to Rome which have recently taken place among his clergy at Brighton. Such defections, he said, betrayed inward unsoundness, and unsettlement, and they asked, with fear, "Who shall be the next to forsake our communion?" Bishop Dunford declared that "the path toward Rome had been smoothed for these converts by excessive and illegal ritual," and "strongly counselled his clergy to abstain from ceremonials which the English Church had rejected."

REV. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Tamworth, Staffordshire, has resigned that benefice, worth $675 a year, because he cannot afford to retain it any longer. In an address to his late parishioners, he says: "I belong to a profession which, strange enough, seems, as a rule, to reward those who belong to it in an inverse ratio to their work. The livings on which a man can live at all comfortably are those where the number of sovereigns he receives in a year are double the number of souls under his care."

—Mr. Pratt, Fellow of the Trinity College, Cambridge, and a master of Harrow School, met his death lately under strange circumstances. He hired a boat, and was rowed into the Lake of Como, where he leaped into the water to bathe. When he had swam some while the boatman asked if he had had enough, and he replied he wished to stay in a little longer. Something diverted the boatman's attention for a few minutes, and when he turned Mr. Pratt was missing. He was never seen again, and the body could not be found.

—It is given out that ladies will wear vests precisely like the gentlemen's this winter. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's, and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in the right-hand pocket for a pinch of fine-cut, and finds nothing but a piece of chewing-gum and the stub of a short lead-pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of ten-dollar notes in the left-hand pocket of his vest, that is, if he is an editor, he will—and he will rush back home in hot haste.

The Bismarck shirt is the ... A Berlin shirtmaker ... Chancellor had ordered a dozen ... some blunder made the right ... the shirts a trifle shorter th... [illegible]

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One column one year,	$50 00
Half column for one year,	27 50
Quarter column one year,	15 00

Business cards of eight lines and under, $4 per annum.
New advertisements must be handed in early on Wednesday morning to insure insertion same week. Changes of advertisements must be in by noon on Tuesday.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 6, 1878.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

To-day we present the REVIEW to our friends in an enlarged and otherwise improved form, and we trust it will be accepted as an earnest of our endeavor to make it second to no country journal in Ontario. Our efforts in this direction have been ably seconded in the past by some of the most prominent business men of the village, but there are many who as yet have done nothing at all, while others could and ought to do a good deal more. We believe, we may be permitted to say, there are few people in the village who would desire to see the paper discontinued, but we may as well state plainly that we do not intend to run the business at a loss to ourselves, and unless we receive the support from the business community, which all must admit an enterprise of the kind is deserving of, it will be out of the question for us to continue it. With this change we have placed our advertising scale on a new basis to enable us to keep the paper up to its present standard, and we appeal to our business men to support us as they value the existance of a paper at all. Our subscription list ought also to be largely increased, and with a little assistence from our present readers, who would be put to no trouble or expense, our list might be doubled during the next month or two, thus giving advertisers increased value for their money and enabling us to carry out further improvements. Our circulation should be among the thousands; to this end our exertions will be directed during the next few weeks, as we are fully convinced hundreds in this riding would take it if they were only shown the paper and asked to do so. Reader, will you ask one? And if you do and get him to send us his name we will try never to give you reason to regret it.

THE NOMINATION.

HON. M. BOWELL ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION.

As our readers are already aware, Mr. Bowell, M. P. for North Hastings, having accepted a seat in the new Cabinet, it became necessary for him to come back to his constituents for re-election. The nomination took place to-day in the Town Hall, which was densely crowded as the time for closing the nomination drew near. At 2 o'clock the Returning Officer, having received only one nomination, declared the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, duly elected for North Hastings for the next parliamentary term. This was the result generally expected, no opposition we believe having been seriously thought of by the leading Reformers of the Riding. Mr. Bowell, in a brief speech, returned his thanks to the electors of North Hastings for their renewal of confidence, and the honor they conferred on him by placing him in a position to accept one of the highest and most responsible portfolios in the Government of Canada. He hoped when the Government of which he was a member had been allowed a reasonable time to inaugurate their policy, it would be such as would commend itself to the people of Canada, irrespective of party, as he contended it was the duty of any Government to legislate for the prosperity of the people as a whole. He assured them the principles laid down in Sir John A. Macdonald's resolution in regard to a National Policy, which the country had so favorably pronounced upon, would be honestly carried out by the present Government. The hon. gentleman's remarks were received with enthusiastic applause. Cheers were given for Mr. Bowell, Sir John, the Queen, the Returning Officer, and the Marquis of Lorne, which closed the proceedings in the Hall.

A special train on the B. & N. H. R. brought about 300 passengers from Belleville and Stirling, accompanied by the Stirling Brass Band, which regaled the crowd with some good selections of music. A large number of electors were in from the country to witness the proceedings, and all seemed perfectly satisfied with the result.

ROBERT A. HARRISON, Chief Justice of Ontario, died at his residence in Toronto, on Friday last, at the age of 45 years. He was born in the city of Montreal in the year 1833, and called to the Bar in 1855, an Alderman of Toronto for several years, a Queen's Counsel in 1867, a member of Parliament from 1867 until 1872, and appointed Chief Justice in 1875. In addition to his absorbing public duties he wrote considerable for the political press, edited the *Canada Law Journal*, and is author of *Common Law Procedure Act*, a work involving an immense amount of labor, and which was received as a boon by the legal profession. His *Municipal Manual*, three editions of which have been printed, is also widely known, and is regarded as a high legal authority on municipal proceedings. The deceased was one of the most eminent and honored occupants of the Bench, and the announcement of his death has evoked the keenest regret.

An Ameliasburg farmer sold 500 bushels of barley this season, which averaged 54lbs to the bushel.

A PETITION has been lodged against the return of Mr. James Brown, M. P. for West Hastings. The petition alleges bribery in various forms, personally and by agents.

THE Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies on Saturday last completed an arrangement for the pooling of profits from that date. The wires of the Dominion Company were opened to the Maritime Provinces the same day.

ON MONDAY five of the new Cabinet Ministers were elected by acclamation, viz:—Messrs. Tilley, Tupper, O'Connor, Pope, of Compton, and Macdonald, of Picton. It is the belief that all the Ministers will be returned without being put to the trouble of a contest.

THE young man, Frederick Still, the brakesman who was so severely injured in the collision on the Grand Trunk early last Thursday morning, the particulars of which will be found on our first page, died at the Toronto General Hospital on Saturday morning. An inquest is being held, at which, no doubt, will be established who is responsible for the sad accident.

THE Hon. Richard J. Cartwright was on Saturday last elected by a majority of 427 to represent the constituency of Centre Huron, in the House of Commons. The seat was vacated a few weeks ago by Mr. Horton in order to make room for the ex-Finance Minister. His election is hailed by the Reform press as the first step towards retrieving the defeat of the 17th of September.

THREE elections to the Local Legislature were held on Tuesday of last week, the vacancies being occasioned by the resignation of the sitting members in order to run for the Commons. Mr. McLaws, Reform, was elected for West Elgin by a majority of 220; Mr. S. White, Conservative, for North Essex by a majority of 686; and Mr. Parkhill, Conservative, for South Simcoe by a majority of 341. The constituencies remain politically as they were previously.

SOME time ago it was decided by the Dominion Government to call in all the $1 and $2 Dominion notes, and make a new issue. This step was deemed necessary on account of the numerous forgeries and the amount of spurious paper money in circulation. The Ottawa *Free Press* says of the new issue:—"We understand that the new notes are almost ready for circulation, and are of an exceedingly elegant design, having on either side vignettes of Lord and Lady Dufferin—beautifully engraved and excellent likenesses. This is a happy tribute to their excellencies, and will enable the people of the Dominion to keep in their pockets what they already have in their hearts—the images of the most popular representatives of royalty that Canada has ever been blessed with."

THE ignorance displayed by the English press on the geographical locations of Canadian cities, rivers, &c., has been the means of creating no little amusement among our people at different times, as well as being the subject of a good deal of comment by writers in this country. Last week the people at the Capital were somewhat disgusted on receiving late English papers, to learn "that Lord Dufferin received a magnificent demonstration on the 19th ult., at Quebec, and afterwards embarked for Liverpool on the *Polynesian* at Ottawa." Mr. D. McCullough, editor of the Hamilton *Spectator*, who is at present making a tour of the old country, in a letter from London says:—"I must confess that my Canadian pride has not been flattered by my sojourn in this country. Where I have lately been, and am now, Canada is almost an unknown land to the general public. I hear of America quite frequently, and immediately after being introduced as a Canadian I am often asked how long it is since I left America, how business is in America, etc., but scarcely ever is Canada mentioned in conversation by an Englishman; and with its history, its politics or its resources I have not met an Englishman who is familiar, unless he has travelled in Canada. These are not pleasant facts on record, but they *are* facts."

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigilence of the Inland Revenue officers and the summary punishment usually dealt out to offenders, the illicit manufacture of whiskey is still extensively carried on in different parts of the country. The latest capture, one to which more than usual interest is attached from the length of time occupied in ferreting out the guilty persons, took place on the 14th ultimo. The "still" was situated in the township of Mara, Ontario county, was owned and worked by a man named Freel, and was the largest and most complete that had been seized for some time, the worm being two inches in diameter, and capable of running off several hundred gallons per day. For two or three years past the opinion prevailed among the Inland Revenue officers that whiskey was being illicitly manufactured somewhere in that section, and night after night was spent in watching the premises of those on whom suspicion rested, but without bringing to light anything to show that they were engaged in such work. At last, however, a slender clue was obtained which was skillfully worked up. Freel's abode was "spotted," and he himself was constantly "shadowed" by the officials, who, after about two months' watching, made a descent upon the house. He was found hard at work attending to a half distilled wort, but collecting his senses managed to make his escape. The officers demolished the entire plant, and burned all the whiskey on hand.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The vital statistics of the city of Belleville, as registered for October, were as follows:—Births, 31; Marriages, 7; Deaths, 21.

Grain reached the lowest price of the season in Belleville on Saturday last. Barley sold at from 60c to 80c; Peas 55c; Rye 45c.

Mr. J. J. McWilliams, of lot 13, in the 4th concession of Thurlow, left at this office on Saturday a sample of second growth barley. The grain is very plump and well filled—better filled, in fact, than the first crop.—*Intelligencer.*

A straw stack belonging to Mr. J. Cline, 4th con. of Richmond, caught fire a few days ago, and was totally consumed. It contained about 30 loads, and was only about eight feet from the barn, which was saved by the exertions of those present.

The police report that last Thursday night was the quietest Hallowe'en that occurred in Belleville for years. A few gates, &c., were taken off, but it was found that many owners had removed these articles to places of safety in anticipation of such visitors.

Two more bears were killed recently in the township of Seymour, Northumberland county. One of the two weighed 222 pounds, the length of its skin from nose to root of tail was 6 feet 3 inches, and from its carcass were taken four and a half gallons of oil.

Mrs. Yeomans, of Picton, the great lady temperance lecturer, on her return a couple of weeks ago from a lecturing tour in the Lower Provinces, was presented with a magnificent silver ice-pitcher on behalf of the temperance workers in the county of Prince Edward, as a mark of appreciation of her labors in the cause.

This is the kind of a joke the Brighton *Ensign* man delights to perpetrate on his readers:—"With Hon. L. F. Baby as Minister of Inland Revenue, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, and Senator Aikins Secretary of State, won't there be a lively time in the House? You know how it is yourself, with Baby's Bowells Aiken."

A fatal accident occurred near Grafton station on Wednesday last. A young woman named Mary Coulson, a music teacher, on returning from giving lessons paused on the railway crossing for a few seconds, when a freight train came along from an opposite direction to which she was looking, and before she could get clear of the track, struck her, carrying her a hundred yards, and throwing her lifeless body into the ditch.

Commodore Daly is proceeding steadily with his contract for dredging at this port. The middle ground which divided the channel into eastern and western branches a short distance south of the Grand Junction wharf has been about cleared out, materially widening the channel and giving 11 feet of water. So soon as this part of the job is completed some work will be done near the ferry dock, where obstructions exist.—*Intelligencer.*

The early training in geography of the Trenton *Courier* man must have been sadly neglected. In his last issue he says, "Socialism appears to have reached Spain, King Alfonso having been shot at yesterday in the streets of Berlin by a member of the International Society." We have no desire to interfere should he wish to transpose the whole European continent, but would like to know what advantage he expects to confer on the world at large by locating Berlin in Spain. We simply ask for information.

Petitions are being circulated in the county of Northumberland for the repeal of the Dunkin Act, which was carried last summer by an overwhelming majority. The Colborne *Express*, which strongly supported the Act when it was passed, has now come to the conclusion that "municipal prohibition is a remedy which works as much, if not more evil than the disease." That more drinking is done than under the license system is quite apparent from the fact that on a tavern-keeper in Brighton being asked to sign the petition for the repeal, he refused to do so, on the ground that he sold more whiskey under the Dunkin law than before, with the added advantage that he had no license to pay.

The Trenton *Courier* says:—"We learn from good authority that so far from Mr. Aylesworth having accepted Mr. White's proposition to contest the riding by going to the polls rather than enter into a lawsuit to decide the matter he has never received such a proposition. He served Mr. White with a copy of protest and entered the same in the law courts, and intends pushing it to an issue. There is a rumor, however, that Mr. White said he had made arrangements with Sir John to get appointed to some office that his seat might be declared vacant, provided Mr. Aylesworth would abandon the protest. It must occur to men in earnest that Mr. Aylesworth could pay no attention to rumors."

A couple of weeks ago an occurrence of a very singular nature took place on the farm of Mr. John Stalker, lot 30, con. 5, Clarke. Two cows were playing and got their horns interlocked so that they could not get free. A small boy who went for the cows made fruitless efforts to separate them, and then went to the house for help. In the meantime the horns of the animals became more tightly interlocked, and the horn of one had entered the head of the other. The men of the farm went to their assistance, and after considerable trouble succeeded in releasing one from the other. The cows seemed to realize their position and stood perfectly passive while being liberated from their friendly embrace.

THE BEST AND LARGEST!
ASSORTMENT OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
Fancy Goods, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.,
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC,
WILL BE FOUND AT
G. D. RAWE'S.
THE FALL STOCK IS
Complete, Varied, and Extensive,
AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

THE Marquis of Lorne, Canada's new Governor-General, and his royal spouse, the Princess Louise, will sail from Liverpool on Thursday next, 14th inst., for Halifax. The Allan steamer *Sarmatian* has been chartered by the British Government for the voyage, and the only persons who will occupy it besides the Marquis and Princess and suite will be the crew. It was intended that the distinguished party should be escorted to Canada by the Duke of Edinburgh, in his ship the *Black Prince*, but that idea has been abandoned as the iron-clad is too slow to keep up with the Allan steamer. Several men-of-war belonging to the North American squadron have arrived at Halifax during the last few days, with which, it is understood, the Admiral in command intends to meet the *Sarmatian* at sea and escort the royal passengers into port. A grand demonstration will be given by the citizens of Halifax in honor of the event, and the distinguished party will then proceed direct to Ottawa.

The following appears in the Oswego *Times* of the 28th ult., and as the same individual or some one engaged in a similar line of business may visit this part of the country, we publish the warning for the benefit of all and sundry:—"A man is passing through the country selling wind-mills to farmers. The contract he gets them to sign reads innocently enough, but when the farmer comes to settle the 'little bill' he finds that the contract is capable of two constructions, and that the travelling shark insists upon his peculiar interpretation, and it costs the farmer a considerable sum to get rid of him. Have nothing to do with him whatever."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE LET.
A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the Colony Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to
GREAM & HENDERSON, Solicitors, Madoc.
84

$5.50 PER CWT.
WILL BE PAID
FOR GOOD BEEF HIDES
AT MULLETT'S TANNERY.
Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1878. 84

Dressmaking & Millinery ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in the above lines, at short notice and on reasonable terms. Also
Felt and Straw Work of all Kinds.
SHOP IN REED'S NEW BLOCK.
MRS. TURNER.
MRS. HULIN.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878. 84m

$1.50
Will pay for the REVIEW to January 1st, 1880, to all new Subscribers beginning any time between this and the New Year.

REMOVED!!
N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

LOTS FOR SALE
In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate)
AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11-4m

RUSSEL ESTATE
(Northern part of the Village of Madoc.)
IMPORTANT SALE
BY AUCTION!
OF OVER
200 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS,
In the rising Village of Madoc, on
MONDAY, 11th NOVEMBER, 1878,
at 10 o'clock, a.m.
SALE AT MOON'S HOTEL.
TERMS:—One-fourth Cash, (10 per cent. at time of sale, balance within one month, on passing Deeds.) Balance of purchase money by mortgage, payable in six equal annual instalments with 7 per cent. interest on the balance unpaid.
Expenses of conveyancing payable by purchasers to Vendor's Solicitor.
MORGAN JELLETT, Belleville,
Solicitor for Mrs. Russel.
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Agent for Mrs. Russel.

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER, Madoc.
49-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.
BEING Lot No. 8, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing 150 acres, 500 apple trees on the premises. Good frame barn and log house, well fenced. Also 200 acres composed of Lot No. 10 in the 13th concession, same township. Title to the above indisputable. For further particulars apply on the premises.
47. JOHN BAILEY.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.
BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared; 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON, on the premises.
Huntingdon, Dec. 24th, 1877. 29

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession, Township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage-house, Stables, and all necessary out-buildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd Concession. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877. 1-3m.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!
—ON—
SATURDAY, November 9th, 1878,
CONSISTING OF
Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, and 28, on St. Lawence St. and Lots 9 and 10, east side Russel St., all in the Village of Madoc.
Also the east half of Lot No. 8, 3rd Con., Towship of Madoc.
TERMS:—25 per cent. Cash at time of sale, balance in secured paper or mortgage. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchaser.
Plan of Village Lots can be seen at the REVIEW Office.
SALE TO COMMENCE AT ONE O'CLOCK.
THOMAS CROSS.
Madoc, October 28th, 1878.

SALT SALT!
We offer best Canadian Salt at $1.15 a Barrel.
SYDMER ROSS & CO.
Madoc, October 22nd, 1878.

Robes, Robes, Robes
A large selection of No. One Buffalo Robes at Exceedingly Low Prices can be seen at
O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S.

New Butcher Shop.
The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.
Give him a call.
G. M. BROOKS.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
JAS. MOORE, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1135.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENY, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
J. G. LOVELESS, Secretary, St. Ola P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070.
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge P. O.

L. O. DISTRICT NO. 4.
J. F. MORRELL, D.M., Millbridge P. O.
P. M. GUNTER, District Sec., St. Ola P.O.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
R. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, November 7th,** at 8 o'clock, p. m. sharp. Visiting members cordially invited.

J. R. ORR, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I. O. O. F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov. 11th

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above Lodge will be held at the Masonic Hall,

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3rd,

at the hour of 8 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAS. O'HARA, JR., Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dressmaking, etc.—Turner & Hulin.
Auction Sale—Rusel Estate.
Removed—N. D. Peters.
Boots and Shoes—D. Morrice.
To be let—Gream & Henderson.
Hides wanted—Mullett's tannery.
New goods—G. D. Rawe.

Training Teachers.

Last week the teachers of North Hastings who are trying for certificates commenced a session of training at the Madoc Model School. We believe there are about fourteen teachers in attendance.

Removed.

In order to meet the wants of his increasing list of customers, Mr. N. D. Peters has removed to more commodious premises in Dalee' block, where he will be better prepared to attend to their wants. See new advt.

Hallowe'en.

This great festival passed off very quietly in our little village, so, upon inquiry, we do not hear of a single instance in which the peace and quietude of our citizens was disturbed by any of the wild pranks of mischief-makers in their midnight rounds on Hallowe'en.

Auction Sale.

Another auction sale of Village property will be held on Monday next, at Moon's hotel. Some 200 lots on the Rusel estate will be put up at auction, all of which are in the village corporation. This is a rare chance for parties wishing to secure a home of their own. See advt. elsewhere.

English Sparrows.

It appears that a number of these little creatures have at last decided upon making this place their permanent abode, as a number have been stopping with us for some time. A gentleman informs us that on passing a bush on one of our streets the other morning, he passed within a few feet of a flock which were so tame that they did not offer to move on his approach.

Madoc Model School.

The following are the names of the pupils on the honor roll for the fortnight beginning Nov. 4th:—Senior Department—Fifth Class, Elizabeth Moore; Fourth Class Senior, Anna Robinson; do. Junior, Fanny Coe. Intermediate Department—Third Class Senior, Jennie Wright; do. Intermediate, James Harper; do. Junior, Alida Dunn. Junior Department—Second Class, Blanche Francis; First Class, Nora Parr.

Penny Readings.

We have been requested to announce that a meeting will be held in Gream & Henderson's law office, next Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, to take into consideration the advisability of organizing a series of penny readings in this village, to be held weekly or fortnightly, and to devise the means of successfully carrying it out should the project be favorably received. This idea is, we think, to be highly commended.

Fifth of November.

The anniversary of the famous Gunpowder Plot was celebrated yesterday by the Orange Young Britons of District No. 2, at Tweed. The programme was a procession in the forenoon, dinner at Munro's hotel, after which they adjourned to Pouseroy's Hall, when addresses were delivered by the District Master, James A. Orr, Geo. S. Wilson, W. M. of Tweed Lodge, District Deputy Master, and Robt. Gordon, Esq., Reeve of Hungerford.

Tools Stolen.

On Sunday, 27th inst., some unknown persons or persons stole a number of carpenters' tools belonging to the workmen on the B. & N. H. Railway. It appears the tools were locked up in the tool-box, and that some time between Saturday night and Monday morning the the miscreants pried the lock off the box, and extracted the tools therefrom. As yet, the guilty ones have not been found out, but we hope ere long to see them brought before a J. P., and tried in the justice mill with a good man at the crank.

Drilling School Children.

A very desirable feature in connection with the education of the school children in this village is the system lately inaugurated of putting the boys through a course of drill exercise once a week. This result has been arrived at through the kindness of Major Rawe, who has consented to give a portion of his time each week to drilling them. We think this is a step to be highly commended, and trust the Major, who takes a great interest in such matters, will have the satisfaction of soon seeing the good results of his labors in the more healthy and manly bearing of his young recruits.

Remember

The meeting of the Bible Society in the Methodist Church, on Friday evening next.

Cure for Earache.

The *Journal of Health* says:—"There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and difficult to cure as the earache. But here is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief."

Madoc Model School.

The following is the attendance of the pupils for the month of October:—Mr Curtis' Department—No. of pupils enrolled, 43. Average attendance, 36¼ or 84¼ per cent. Miss Cowie's Department—No. of pupils enrolled, 66. Average attendance, 55, or 83½ per cent. Miss Riddell's Department—No. of pupils enrolled, 99. Average attendance, 76¼ or 71 per cent. No. of pupils enrolled in the whole school, 208. Average attendance, 161½ or 77¾ per cent.

How a Newspaper is Regarded.

A newspaper may puff and extol any man or set of men to the seventh heaven, and the man all the time imagine that that is part of the newspaper business; but the moment the editor ventures to brush the fur the wrong way, even be it ever so little, all the former good words go for naught, and he rushes into the sanctum with fire in his eyes and an order on his lips that he wants that thing made right. An exchange vouches for the correctness of this remark.

Just So.

A great many people think, says an exchange, a newspaper should have about a page of local news whether anything happens or not. Deluded mortals; local editors cannot make people break their necks, commit suicide, run away with their neighbors' wives, or do any other exciting things, which go to make up the material out of which the local reporter delights to weave paragraphs to be served up each week. Furnishing domestic news when there is none is much like extracting blood from a turnip. It is no more than fair, however, that those persons who growl at the lack of local news in their paper should stop and think whether they could not have given the editor an item or two worth printing, and if so let them hold their peace or growl at their own remissness.

Fashionable Wedding.

A correspondent from St. Polycarpe, Quebec, sends us the following:—A fashionable wedding took place at the Parish Church, Notre Dame St., Montreal, on Tuesday morning, 29th ult., the bridegroom being Francis Conlin, Esq., of Madoc, the bride Miss Melitine Bissonnette, of Montreal, niece of Julien Bissonnette, Warden of the county of Soulangys. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Gifland. After the ceremony was over the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's mother, where they partook of a sumptuous breakfast. The happy young couple left by the morning express to spend their honeymoon in the west.

We may add to the above by saying that the happy couple arrived in this place safely on Wednesday last, and on Thursday afternoon left for home, accompanied by a number of friends, who were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Conlin and his fair bride.

Personal.

A report was rife in our village on Monday that the *Quebec*, one of the Sarnia Line of steamers, was lost in a gale on Lake Superior. The many friends of Mrs. Forneri, a daughter of Mr. Agar of this place, and wife of C. Forneri, Esq., a civil engineer on the Pacific Railway, who was a passenger on board the *Quebec*, were exceedingly anxious for her safety. We are happy to say that there has been no loss of life, but the steamer has received probably serious injury. It appears that the steamer went ashore during a snow storm on the Magnetic reef, near Cockburn Island, Lake Huron, at the mouth of the Sault river. She was three miles from land when she struck, and soon had ten feet of water in her hold. She was said to be in a dangerous position, but as ample assistance had been sent to her both from Sault St. Marie and Sarnia, it is hoped that by this time the passengers are all safely landed.

LATER.—The *Ontario* steamer from Duluth on her way to Sarnia reached the *Quebec*, took off the passengers, and went back to the Bruce Mines. The *Francis Smith* steamer on the way up took the passengers from the Mines to their several places of destination.

The American Agriculturist.

An interesting and instructive account of how good *Pure Milk* is obtained by the Paris people, on a large scale, from a business man who took hold of a large tract of worthless land, and makes it pay, is given by a special correspondent in the *American Agriculturist* for Nov. 1.—This number of the *Agriculturist* contains 63 engravings of various things, labor-saving and other contrivances, for the Farm, Garden, and Household, etc. Some 150 other articles and items give a large amount of practical information useful to all classes, such as Work for the Month; Humbugs Exposed; Among the Farmers, by One of Them; Talks on Farm Crops; Cheap Ice Houses; Making Vinegar; Cider and Vinegar Houses; How to Decorate Churches at Christmas, with engravings; Household Topics; Children's Column; Common Birds described and illustrated, etc., etc. The curious path of a long-range rifle bullet is shown. A full descriptive premium list is offered. Those subscribing now for 1879 get the *American Agriculturist* the rest of this year free. $1.50 a year; single copies, 15 cents. Orange Judd Company, New York, Publishers.

We will send the REVIEW and *Agriculturist* from now to the 1st of January, 1880, for $2.50 in advance.

Sentenced.

Jack Waters will spend the next six months in a place where he will have very few opportunities for indulging in the little pranks which has rendered his name so familiar to the residents of this part of the county. We copy from the *Intelligencer* the following account of his trial at the Court of Interim Sessions, on the 30th ult.:—

John Waters was charged with having, in the township of Rawdon, on the 8th inst., feloniously stolen $27 in cash, a deposit receipt of $50 and two orders for $4 and $5, respectively, the property of Wm. Holmes. C. L. Coleman Esq., appeared for the Crown and Mr. E. McMahon defended the prisoner.

The evidence adduced showed that the prosecutor left Belleville on the 12th, supplied with two bottles of whiskey; that whilst on the road he got intoxicated and that when he reached the house of his mother-in-law—who also bears the same relation to the prisoner—after being near the stove a short time he had to be taken to bed. Whilst there the property in question was taken from him and so he supposed by the prisoner. Waters at first denied the theft when accused and subsequently stated that the pocket book would be restored by his wife.

After an address by the County Attorney on behalf of the Crown, Mr. McMahon followed with an eloquent appeal on behalf of the prisoner, after which the Judge summed-up and found the prisoner "guilty."

A sentence of six months in the Central Prison was then imposed and the Court adjourned.

For the REVIEW.

WELCOME.

The Marquis of Lorne is coming,
Canadians rejoice and are glad,
That they by their Queen are remembered,
And from her such favours have had.

Lord Dufferin, who lately has left us,—
A good man and loyal was he,—
Ruled the Dominion with kindness,
And the address of ability.

And now to our shores is hastening
One of the Queen's real kin;
We pray he may rule us with wisdom,
And the hearts of Canadians win.

We give them a right royal welcome,
The Marquis and his Royal spouse,
We think that their coming amongst us
Will our warmest feelings arouse.

The Marquis of Lorne is coming,
We greet him with hip, hip, hurrah!
May nothing disturb this good feeling,
Whilst he amongst us shall stay.

May Canada gloriously prosper,
Whilst he holds the reins of command;
May all that is evil be lessened
By the rule of a wise loving hand.

The Marquis of Lorne is coming,
And our heartiest greeting we give,
Long live our good Queen and her daughter,
And the Marquis, too, long may he live.

—MRS. R. BAKER.

Huntingdon, Nov., 1878.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

Town Hall, Moira,
Sept. 2nd, 1878.

All the members present. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

An award of Sidney Reynolds and James Foley as fenceviewers and arbitrators in the matter of the line fence between Lawrence Doyle and Joseph Declare, lots 1 and 2, in the 14th con., was received; which award is that the said Joseph Declare shall make and maintain the south half of the said line fence, and the said Lawrence Doyle shall make and maintain the north half of the said fence; and that the said Joseph Declare shall pay the costs of the said arbitration, amounting to four dollars.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Morton, that the Road Surveyor be instructed to make good the crossway on the road opposite Mrs. Ryan's house.—Carried.

A petition from S. Ashley, Sr., and others was received, asking the Council to grant aid to Mrs. Elizabeth Mays.

On motion of Mr. Gordon, seconded by Mr. Foster, fifty cents per week during the pleasure of the Council was granted.

A By-law to levy the sum of four thousand nine hundred and nineteen dollars and seventy-three cents for county purposes, and the sum of six hundred and sixty-five dollars and fifteen cents for township purposes was passed and numbered.

A By-law was passed reappointing Alex. Harvey collector taxes for 1878.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Gordon, that twenty dollars be granted on the petition of James Hodgins and others to make passable the road leading from the rear of lot 20, in the 6th con., to the Hungerford road leading northward from Thomasburgh.—Carried.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Gordon, that twenty dollars be granted to repair the road between the 5th and 6th. con., at lot 18.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

Council met again 7th Oct., 1878.

All the members present. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

An order was given Alex. Harvey for sixty-three dollars for his services as collector, &c., for the past year.

A petition from John Connell and others was received, asking the Council to have the Road Surveyor examine the new road made by John Bailey in lieu of the road formerly travelled, crossing his place, the new road not being completed to the satisfaction of the petitioners.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Gordon, that the Road Surveyor be instructed to examine the premises and see that Mr. Bailey make the new road equally as good as the old one.—Carried.

An order was given the selectors of jurors for four dollars each.

An order was given the Reeve for seven dollars and ninety-two cents for attending meetings of Reeves and Inspectors, at Madoc and Ivanhoe for the equalization of union school sections.

A By-law for preventing cruelty to animals and protecting graves, graveyards, trees, &c.; a By-law for preventing the stopping of watercourses, streets, highways, and for preventing immoral practices in the township of Huntingdon, and a By-law for imposing and collecting fines and penalties for violating any By-law of the township of Huntingdon were respectively passed and numbered.

Mr. Robinson moved, seconded by Mr. Morton, that the Reeve be authorized to have the various township By-laws printed in pamphlet form.—Carried.

Council adjourned to meet on the first Monday in December.

MARRIED.

CONLIN.—BISSONNETTE.—On Tuesday, 29th ult., by Rev. M. Gibaud, at the Parish Church, Notre Dame street, Montreal, Francis Conlin, Esq., of Madoc, to Miss Melitime Bissonnette, of Montreal, daughter of the late Peter Bissonnette, of St. Polycarpe, and niece of Julien Bissonnette, Esq., Mayor of St. Polycarpe, and Warden of Soulanges County.

HARRIS.—ROBINSON.—On the 5th inst., at the parsonage, by the Rev. H. Kenner, Mr. Luther Harris, to Miss Sarah Robinson, all of Madoc.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 80 to	$0 90
Barley,	0 60 to	0 80
Rye,	0 45 to	0 00
Oats,	0 30 to	0 31
Peas,	0 55 to	0 00
Butter,	0 15 to	0 22
Eggs,	0 12 to	0 00
Potatoes, per bush	0 40 to	0 50
Flour, per bbl	4 50 to	4 80
Sheepskins,	0 65 to	0 75
Hides,	4 00 to	6 50

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00 to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90 to	0 00
Rye, "	0 40 to	0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to	0 00
Barley, "	0.70 to	0 00
Peas, "	0 60 to	0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to	0 40
Eggs, per doz	0 10 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to	0 13
Hides, per cwt.	4 00 to	0 00

MADOC & YORK RIVER R. R.

APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislative Assembly, at its next session, for a Charter to build a Railroad from the terminus of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway, to the Hon. Billa Flint's mill on York River, by way of L'Amable.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1878. 81

FARM FOR SALE!

THE Executors of the late Lawrence Quick offer for sale the south-west quarter of Lot No. 11, in the 8th con. of Madoc. Good house and outbuildings. TERMS EASY.

For particulars apply to the Executors, Jas. Thompson, Madoc, and Patrick Mallroy, Elzivir, or to the undersigned,

GREAM & HENDERSON,
71 Solicitors, etc., Madoc.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned having rented the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing on shortest notice and at reasonable rates. First-class Horse shoeing a specialty. Remember, 10cts. cash; 12½ credit. New shoes, 25cts.

Give me a trial; satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

Madoc, May 8th, 1878. 56-6m.

Strawberry Plants.

A NUMBER of First-Class Strawberry Plants for sale.

Apply at the REVIEW OFFICE.

FOR SALE!

A SPAN OF HORSES, aged seven and five years. For further particulars apply to JAS. THOMPSON,

78-tf s w ½ lot 11, 6th con. Madoc.

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best run in the county, and lots of feed.

FRANCIS NEWELLS.

Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the subscriber, by Note or otherwise, are hereby notified that the same must be paid on or before the 1st of December next, or their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

C. THRASHER.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

Stolen! $5 Reward!

STOLEN, from the premises of the undersigned, in this village, on Friday or Saturday night last, a Black-red Game Cock. The above reward will be paid for his recovery, or information that will lead to the identity of the thief.

CHAS. C. CRAWFORD.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

CARDING AND FULLING.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do Fulling or Carding on short notice. All cloth or wool left at E. D. O'Flynn's will be taken and returned as usual.

WILLIAM H. PRINGLE.

Madoc, Oct. 8th, 1878. 80-6t.

BRIDGEWATER

WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and customers that he is still prepared to do Carding, Weaving, Fulling, etc., with neatness and despatch, and would beg a continuation of their favors. Wool taken in exchange for work.

Wool or Cloth left at Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara's, or J. Dale & Son's, Madoc, will be promptly attended to, at which places I will call for and deliver every Saturday.

G. C. WOLFE.

Bridgewater, October 1st, 1878. 79-m3

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

TAKE NOTICE, that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Hastings will meet at the Shire Hall in Belleville, on

Tuesday, 12th day of November next,

for the despatch of general business.

All parties having accounts against the Corporation, are requested to hand them in not later than the second morning of the Session.

By order,

J. T. BELL,
County Clerk of Hastings.

Shire Hall, Belleville, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT CHOWN'S,

DIVISION ST., REED'S BLOCK

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnace, Eavetrough, and all kinds of Job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

Railway Bakery.

THE undersigned having been disappointed in visiting the old country this summer intends giving the public the benefit of it in

CHEAP BREAD,

and having purchased

100 Barrels of Flour

at a low figure, is prepared to furnish

BREAD,
CAKES,
PASTRY,
&C., &C.

AT LOW PRICES.

My Bread will be manufactured on the Old Country System.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

A CHOICE STOCK OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

on hand, which will be sold at bottom price for cash.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, June 27th, 1878. 65

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF **FARMS FOR SALE!** IN THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c. each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Fabitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

Teachers' Examinations

Second Class and Special Certificates.

THE Semi-annual Examination of Candidates for

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES

WILL BE HELD IN THE

MODEL SCHOOL HOUSE, MADOC,

commencing on MONDAY, December 16th.

The Annual Examination of Candidates for

SPECIAL CERTIFICATES

for the remote townships will be held in

L'AMABLE, DUNGANNON,

on December 23rd and 24th, at 1 p. m.

Those who purpose competing must notify the undersigned not later than November 10th. Blank forms of the notice to be given can be procured on application

WM. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector,
North Hastings.

Madoc, October 26th, 1878. 83-2

HATS, FURS,

—AND—

MILLINERY.

THE LARGEST STOCK

—IN—

BELLEVILLE.

EVERYTHING at BOTTOM PRICES.

☞ Old Furs Made into Latest Styles.

MUIR & LAWRENCE,

285, Robertson's Block,

BELLEVILLE

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling

TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.

W. MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 28th, 1877.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

—AND—

LIQUOR STORE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Now carried on by the subscriber, who will conduct the business upon the old established system of always keeping on hand a well selected and full assortment of

WINES,
BRANDIES,
GINS,
SPIRITS,
PORTERS,
ALES,

&c., &c., of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers.

Also a full assortment of

Confectionery & Biscuits

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

FRUITS IN SEASON,

LOUR AND FEED!

All wholesale and retail

Farmers' produce of all kinds taken at the highest market value.

JANE WRIGHT.

Wright's Block, Durham street, Madoc

Madoc, March 20th, 1878.

Gray & McGregor,

GROCERS,

OFFER YOU

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
DRIED BEEF,
BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,
CANNED CORN BEEF,
CANNED SALMON,
CANNED LOBSTERS,
BOSTON BAKED BEANS,
SARDINES,
FLOUR AND MESS PORK,

ALSO,

A COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

August 5th, 1878.

THE

RATEPAYERS!

Of Madoc and vicinity, their wives, children, and all their friends, are respectfully solicited to purchase, now that the elections are over, anything they require in the lines of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Rings, Hair Pins, Back Combs—coarse, fine and circular, Pins, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Spectacles and Cases, Thimbles, Beads, Albums, Photo Frames, Dominoes, Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Jews' Harps, Pen-holders and Pens, Machine Needles, etc., from

E. L. WEISS,

who has just received a fine stock of the above mentioned goods.

Repairs promptly attended to as usual.

Madoc, Sept. 9th, 1878.

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

FARMERS' PRODUCE of all Kinds

Taken in Exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

MILLINERY!

LADIES' HATS FOR $1.00.

Mrs. White,

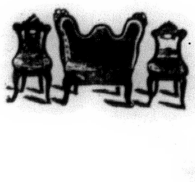
Having just received her Spring Stock of Millinery, in all the different styles, would inform her customers she is prepared to supply them Cheap for Cash.

Also a new lot of Shaded Wools, Mottoes, Wall Pockets, Gold and Silver Card Boards, Embroidery, Lace, Fans, Combs, etc., etc.

Sole agent for C. C. Stewart's Rubber Stamp, Stencil, etc.

At Maybee's

At Maybee's.



At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

"The Pharmacy."

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,
Stationery, Crayons,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Toilet Articles, Garden Seeds,
Wall Paper and Stationery.
Surgery in Store.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.

Cheap Goods.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MADOC.

If you want cheap goods call and see my prices.

I intend to sell my entire stock at Montreal Wholesale Prices.

As the stock is all new and bought at the lowest market prices, and having no old stock, bought at war prices, to compete of, you will find it to your advantage to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere.

I could give you a list of prices, but to satisfy yourselves call and see and you will be convinced that there is no humbug.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices, such as Lard, Butter, Hams, &c., &c.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

A CARBOLINE ROMANCE.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Bath, Brown, of Bath Series.

"My worthy friend and neighbor,
"What comes that smile across?"
"O, I am now thrice happy—
I've found it—CARBOLINE."

"It's just what I've been looking for,
Since I've been seventeen—
And putting ladder every day
I've got CARBOLINE.

"It's growing in right rapidly,
My head can now be seen
Like other heads, in silken locks,
Thanks to my CARBOLINE.

"I know a pretty, black-eyed maid,
A royal little queen,
We'll be as much rejoiced as I
To see this CARBOLINE.

"She'll throw away her switches,
False curls, and borrowed sheen,
And shake upon her shoulders plump,
The wealth of CARBOLINE.

"And when our heads are covered o'er,
Which now are bare and wan
We'll raise abroad the praises
Of wondrous CARBOLINE.

"While kneeling at the altar,
With Father Good between,
We'll call the world to witness
A match from CARBOLINE.

"And in the happy aftertime,
When time shall cause a change of scene,
With a little dear our hearts to cheer,
We'll call it CARBOLINE."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

A biography of Longfellow is to appear in the next number of *Scribner's Monthly*, from the pen of Stoddard, a brother poet. A portrait of Longfellow accompany the sketch.

A series of brief biographies of American poets, soon to appear, from the pen of Professor Hill.

One of the most interesting books that has appeared for some time will be the "Journal of the American Geographical Society." The visit of the Emperor of Brazil is to form an important feature in the work. The editor is to be Sir Robert Curren.

The wonderful inventor, Edison, must, of course, have his history, and a writer has undertaken to describe a night with him, in *Scribner's* magazine.

A remarkable book has just appeared under the title of "Your Luck's in Your Hand." It treats on the subject of palmistry, and enters fully into the subject. Reading character by the hand is no new thing, but it will be interesting to most people to know all about what it is done. The book gives the following as a few of the rules adopted from the ancient palmists:

"The prominence of the fingers tend to bend back through suppleness and elasticity are endowed with sagacity, cordiality and address. Those whose fingers, tapidly pointed, all differ in form from the exterior phalanx, are wanting in mental stamina. The phlegmatic devote them to misery and frivolity. Your hand, raised before a light, throws another light upon the character, just as fingers keep in their exact parallel, form—it is a sign of genius. The fingers very short and their indicate cruelty. Those long and straggling are those of the gives long and imposters, cheats and sharpers. An inclination to steal is indicated by the exterior phalanges blunt and flat. Curiosity and indiscretion are the properties of those with smooth, transparent fingers. It is a sign of talkativeness and levity of mind when the fingers are smooth and only end. It is a sign of prudence and capacity when they are round and knotted fingers. While pulling, to move the arms and hold the hands firm is a marked promptitude and energy. The habit of holding the thumb concealed in the otherfingers indicates a covetous and sordid disposition."

The spelling of Shakespeare's name is the subject of a paper in the *International Review*. It is not a little amusing to see the contest way in which the writer hunts up authorities to prove that the name is spelled with a "e" and that Bacon spelt "Bacon" not "Bacon" but after all the most sensible spelling is *Shakespeare*.

A new translation of Goethe's poems into English has appeared. Critics pronounce it good, and there seems to be little doubt that it is so.

"The Gold Mines of Midian" is a work by Lord Burton, the great traveler. The author, it appears, is about to explore the mines, and if possible, work them. He is making arrangements to carry out his project.

The poet Tennyson is engaged on a new play. Dramatic writing is not the Poet Laureate's forte. His "Queen Mary" is well enough as a poem in blank verse, but what would the players make of it, if asked to put it on the stage? Mr. Tennyson would be wise to confine himself to poetry alone, and let the writing of the drama, even though he did assign himself the task of writing a trilogy of dramas.

There is no name in literature more honored than the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Poor Defoe had the greatest difficulty in finding a publisher for his book, yet that publisher cleared over a thousand guineas in profit. Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, "Nobody ever laid down the book of "Robinson Crusoe without wishing it longer;" and Pope exclaimed—"we are where on high stands unshaken Defoe."

MATHEW PRIOR, Gay tells us, was "believed by every muse." He held high position in the service of his sovereign, and was sent on diplomatic mission to France. Being at Cambridge shortly after returning from his mission, he visited the Master of St. John's, who kept his seat and left the Queen's Ambassador to stand. Prior felt piqued, and perpetrated the following extempore epigrams;

"I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Your pleasure to obey;
But you a lubber's throne your seat,
I'd kneel before you there.
Your thinly thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
Your place is a mere lubber's throne,
Pay homage to the Queen."

It is reported of Mario, the great tenor, that while singing as Maurice in the "Trovatore," he sang "Di quella pira" in Italian, which is always sung behind the scenes, an admiror in the gallery roared out, "Shure that's you, Mr. Mario. Arrah, how come out of your sackbush?"

Here is a beautiful refrain under the title of "a memory," from the muse of Samuel Seldon a southern poet:

"That sad, sweet face, I see it yet,
Those eyes so brightly blue,
O April's first soft violet,
Whose fragrant petals still are wet
With morning's silver dew.
Recalling oft those eyes serene,
That face and golden hair,
Sweet memories of the Sabbaths,
Our old cathedral altars seen,
Worship and vesper by prayer.
I see, I see still in reverie,
Those lips smile and years have rolled,
Yet April's first soft violet
With manna and with rosaria,
And orchids of gold.

Thus years smiles, tall and bright,
Through clouds of incense gleaned,
And over the sacrificial altar
Its consecrated floor, the light
Through gorgeous windows streamed
And whilst the music swells and dies,
The organ's thunders roll,
Who knows with mist, unfaithful eyes,
Of a pure seraph from the skies
Pleading for some lost soul?"

Good as was the genius of Jonathan Swift, his memory is not commended by many writers as a quality he possessed. No man opportunity would have acted as Swift did too with the two ladies immortalized in his poem. It was some sort of a memory, made ready for the age he lived in, yet that if scarcely any palliation for a man in holy orders. Swift's coarse humor appears to have made him his popular. He never lays aside anything to be compared with the writings of some of his contemporaries—Addison, for instance; yet Addison spoke of him as the most accomplished companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age. In the life of the Duchess of Marlborough we read, "The termination of Swift's career the rare, hapless genius, which, if we believed in spirits and Bella's ghost might have witnessed—the joyless close of an existence which as affordable cares sought to cheer; the constant fluctuation of a troubled and turbulent spirit, the convulsive and hopeless; the moody silence of the once eloquent and witty ornament of society sullens; the deep despair to which nothing could have existed, if we believed in spirits, but intangible, but often perhaps effect, which no son or daughter's tender perseverance could intangible, but often perhaps effect, which no son or daughter's tender perseverance could have alleviated, but which the fearful particulars of Swift's awful illusions and death, in which not one tight of consciousness was shown, must be by all acknowledged."

MARGIT.

While Mamma complains, sotto-voce enough to good reason, of the ridiculous dress of her daughter, and of the injuries of others, who have been in spoak of Mammy, they are conscious, not to say worse, remarks made at times by those who have no knowledge of the principles or merits of Freemasonry. This comes through mere lack of information on points upon which the uninitiated cannot be correctly informed. It is human nature to listen to the worst side of a story, and it invariably happens that when anything bad is said either of an individual or a society it is credited in preference to any good that might be said. There need be nothing surprising in this when it is considered how the world is given to credulity, and the desire to hear rather what is ill than what is good.

If Masons have ground for complaint on the score of not being duly estimated, it is because of the occult character of the institution of Masonry. Ignorance is the cause of the precautions the Order has been subjected to, and in all probability it will continue to be assailed as it has been. But as we have said, the greatest danger is to be feared from the readiness with which unworthy applicants may be admitted. We do not say that bad material is knowingly brought within the pale of the institution but there is no gainsaying the fact that through want of proper caution unworthy men have been permitted pass the portals unchallenged. It is better that one good man should be rejected than that a bad one should bedamitted; hence too much care cannot be taken to see that none but the really worthy are initiated. Nothing can be easier than to ascertain the character and standing of every initiate. Committees should do their work well, and they are to blame if they recommend bad material. It is their duty to see that no unworthy candidate is admitted, for committees have better opportunities of getting at the truth than those who take no further interest than to cast their ballot. The necessity for the exercise of caution must not be too strongly enforced and were each lodge to set energetically in this matter, there would soon be an end of the complaints against the Order. Masons are those who find their way into the body of a lodge.

THE *Voice of Masonry* comes down upon Bro. Norton, who, however, will interest, he may be, laying himself open to remorse for the manner in which he assails modern Masonry, and persists in dubbing it "Christian Masonry." We can make allowance for the fact that Bro. Norton is a Hebrew and therefore bristles up at the familiar sign of Christianity. The *Voice*, we are afraid, is too severe in expressing wonder at his not joining the Order in Canada, for we can hardly think he means mischief. In our opinion it is only a desire to be captious that actuates him. We would fain hope Bro. Norton will see the mistake he makes in writing as he does, in the endeavor to expose what he terms bogus Masonry.

BRO. HUGHAN, whose writings as a Mason have delighted so many, is evidently growing ill-natured if not positively querulous. He is now raising objections to the appropriation of Masonic funds for the purpose of erecting railroads in England, because he thinks it is favoring a national church. We cannot see it in that light. We always supposed that where a Masonic Temple was erected, it would be with the view of aiding Freemasonry in its grand design of showing what has been done in architectural science in connection with the mystic art.

THE Grand Lodge of England has constituted, in the North of China, a new Masonic District, of which Brother Cornelius Scott is to be the R. W. District Grand Master. The late District Grand Lodge of China has ceased to exist, Hong Kong having been erected into a District by itself. Brother Thorne is a very old Past Master of Shanghai, and a worthy Mason, and his elevation to his present high rank will doubtless be regarded with the utmost favor by all.

RELIEF.—As we anticipated, all branches of the Masonic Fraternity are contributing generously and promptly for the relief of the sufferers from the yellow fever ravage in the South. Grand Masters and Grand Lodges generally have issued appeals, which are being most liberally responded to. Individual Masons are also among the largest givers whose names are daily chronicled in the public prints. When all are actuated by this great Masonic spirit of brotherhood, it is impossible to note chronicle only the individual cases that come to our knowledge. Indeed we ought fill our columns with the names of gifts of such nature. All are acting nobly, and such action should not cease until the scourge has disappeared.—*Keystone.*

WILLIAM A. FAIRCHILD—Our dispatches from Winnipeg contain the sad announcement of the death of this prominent and useful citizen. He was truly one of the heroes of the Heroic Age of Masonry. He was in the prime of life, and, blessed with all the surroundings that make life desirable. As Secretary and Treasurer of the Masonic Relief Committee, as a friend and as a nurse, he labored day and night in alleviating the distress that surrounded him on every hand. But the pages had marked him, too, as one of its victims, and none will be more mourned in the city where he fell. Bro. Fairchild was widely known as insurance agent, and was still more widely known as a zealous and intelligent Mason, and most especially filled the position of Grand Commander. Well may the Templars of the State, and of the Union, drape their swords and pennons, for no inner Knight has ever donned a coat of mail, or donned the armor of their chivalrous and magnanimous fraternity. Verily, "greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*J. L. Power, Grand Secretary.*

THE ARCTIC SCHOONER FLORENCE.

How the Winter was Passed in the Arctic Regions—Breakup of the Ice and Return of the Crew—Capt. Hall's Effects in an Open Polar Sea.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Oct. 29.—Further particulars gleaned from Captain Buddington of the schooner *Florence*, as follows: It will be remembered that this expedition was sent out by Captain Henry W. Howgate, United States army. The *Florence* left Newfoundland on Aug. 2, 1877, and arrived at Cumberland on the 12th of September. The winter was spent at Annanatook Harbor, latitude 62 39, longitude 65. During the long and lonesome time was passed in various ways *Professors* Kullien and Sherman were engaged with their duties, spending a great part of Hall's time away from the schooner, sleeping in snow huts at night. The crew gathered many skins, skin clothing, dogs, sledges, skeletons or anything that could be used in shaping wooden followed again by cold weather, which lasted well into May.

THE BREAK-UP AND START.

Immense ice fields broke up during June, but the Florence could not be started until July 5. During this time there was constant danger of their vessel being crowded on shore by floating ice, and the crew, fearing that they were driven into Annonat Harbor, ten miles farther east. They sailed thence July 12, and next made Kickaine Island. They stopped at Kickaine a few days, collecting additional material. They sailed on the 24th, arriving at Disko July 30, after a hard passage, touching at Nauvlow harbor on the way. On reaching Disko they found that the Danish colony, vessels had not succeeded in making their way through the ice to that point. Here they were disappointed in not meeting the government expedition sent out for them. It will be remembered that a bill was pending in Congress relating to an appropriation for an expedition which was to establish a colony at Hall Sound, in latitude 82 degrees north, but the bill failing to pass both Houses the expedition never started. They sailed for home August 22nd.

Captain Tyson reports the failure of the Arctic whale fisheries, vessels not being able to get north until too late in the season.

The Florence will proceed to New London without repairing, the ship has stopped somewhat. Captain Tyson expressed his unbelief in an open Polar sea.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

A Shoeboy Her Reports Having Found a Big Bonanza in Colorado.

Last spring three young men, named Abram Soop, Charles Stiles and Walter Marble, the remarkable hardies have been living in a cottage House, in this town, left here for a prospecting tour in the Far West. A letter received by Mr. Soop's mother on Saturday last brings news of a marvellous find. For the last months the venturesome trio have been prospecting in the mountains of Colorado, about 200 miles west of Denver, and after enduring considerable hardship have been so good fortune to strike a mine of silver said to be worth half a million of dollars, and another of gold valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The find is reported to be in Leadville, the nearest settlement, and the young men have gone there to

LATEST OLD COUNTRY NOTES

A Budget of Interesting Items.

—An early date has been fixed for the marriage of the Countess Bismarck with the Count Bastian.

—The Duke of Norfolk in his zeal for his faith, will not accept any Protestant farmer as a tenant, and even has gone so far as to erect a wall to shut from the parish church the chancel in which he is interested. His Grace possesses that power because he is the lay rector. The vicar of the parish has, however, knocked a hole in the wall to get light. It said that the question may come before the law courts.

—At a large meeting presided over by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and attended by most of the leading citizens of Sheffield, it has just been resolved to form a sort of association or League for the purpose of discouraging as much as possible the idle pomp, and worn than idle extravagance with which funerals are at present conducted, and of introducing a simple, plainer, and, we may add, a more decorous practice.

Twelve men, arrested for participating in a prize fight at Ryhestone Park, Leicestershire, have been committed for trial. The question involved is whether a glove fight is legal or not. For the defence it was contended that boxing matches with gloves were not illegal, and were of frequent occurrence all over the country. The magistrates, however, could not betaduced to take this view of the case.

A correspondent of the *Times* says that the evil of exorbitant prices for bread is much aggravated by the fact, as our medical men tell us, that our modern fine white bread does not nourish half the strength that it should. The fact is, it is made of the inner kernel of the wheat, which is chiefly starch, and starch is a non-nutritious substance. The middle portion of the wheat, which contains its most important constituents, is eliminated too, and thus the public suffers in deterioration of bone and muscle.

Mayfair is pathetic on what the Princess Louise has in her encounter:—"Omitting from the account the misery of an Atlantic passage in November, the Governor-General and the Princess will arrive in Nova Scotia in mid-winter, and mid-winter in Halifax is no joke. Then will follow the long railway ride through bleak New Brunswick, with the nor-easter cheerily blowing in from the Gulf of St Lawrence, and they will arrive in Quebec just in time for the first fall of snow.

It is really humiliating, remarks the Glasgow *News*, to think that in this age of enlightenment and education nothing is so easy to excite as a ghost scare. Hundreds of gaping fools may be seen daily in Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, Kensington, straining their eyes to catch sight of something which their common sense should tell them cannot exist. Because some noises have been heard, or it is said to have been seen in an empty tenement, these idiots have jumped to the conclusion that the place is garrisoned by malevolent ghosts; and there they stand, gaping after some ghost in the vacancy that we suppose comes naturally to them at the windows of the haunted house. It is hardly possible to think or speak of the matter with any degree of seriousness.

—Prince Bismarck has been followed by shoals of threatening letters to Warzin, Kissingen, Gastein, and the Wilhelm Strasse. Whitherwoever he steps his head has been hit, in spite of health, those productions have dogged him with regularity. Nor are the Chancellor's nerves what they formerly were. Since Kullmann attempted his life at Kissingen the old nerve of risk and his indifference to menace diminished. When to Berlin he confines himself almost absolutely to his house and garden, which are constantly watched as all approaches by policemen in plain clothes; if compelled by his official duties to visit the Palace he drives thither an' back in a close carriage, with the windows shut, sitting well back, so as to be invisible to passers by. Varzin is as carefully guarded and as difficult to penetrate as Metz itself; and at Lauenburg his park has been surrounded with a high wall shutting it completely in from the public gaze.

—Another miracle has been added to the score of Pope Pius IX., *if Italie* is to be believed. Fortunata Rotel, an old woman, had been a sufferer for ten years from a cancerous disease in the breast, so great was her poverty that she had been unable during the whole of that period to get even medical advice. Bile was advised by Count Soderini to address a prayer to the deceased Pontiff in the hope that he might perhaps take pity on her misery. The unfortunate woman took the hint, and every day might be seen prostrate before the tomb of the departed Pontiff which she bathed with her tears. The prayers which she poured out were both heartfelt and fervent. Her devotion was soon destined to have its reward. "On the 13th of May," says Fortunata, "I retired to rest as usual. During the night I felt the bandage which covered my breast fall off; I did not awaken, however, when the next morning I found my leg completely cured, and every trace of pain gone. In fact, my clothes the old woman, "I felt so well in my life. The declaration was duly signed by the Count and Countess Sodezini, by the Countess Laura Moncinda, and by Mgr. Major-domo of the Holiness, and then, after the usual formalities, was duly laid before the commission specially appointed by Leo XIII. to inquire into the claim of the late Pontiff to beatification.

A DREADFUL SITUATION.

A Young Girl Lost in the Woods Becomes Paralyzed.

The Middleton, N. Y., *Press* tells the story of the Misses Ora and Jennie, who was, on Friday last, lost from the hotel at Lackawaxen. Her father is George Ackerman, late Cashier of the Tenth National Bank in New York. The girls had been spending the summer at the hotel with her father, who is hopelessly intemperate. Although apparently deeply attached to his daughter, all her efforts to induce him to stop drinking proved fruitless. He has been seen frequently by the guests at Lackawaxen stinging to her father while he was intoxicated and begging him to stay with her. On Friday he was so drunk that usually under the influence of liquor, and went out riding. His daughter was unable to find him, and went out about dusk. The father came back very drunk, and missing his daughter, was beside himself with grief and remorse, fearing she had committed suicide. Parties searched for her in vain in the fields and woods, and returned at dark. It was continued all day Saturday, and the men were about to give up in despair when towards dark, a party who were making a hack, too found the girl lying in a deserted hut. Anxious, but unable to speak or move. She was carried to the hotel and found to be paralyzed. Her mental faculties are unaffected, the use of her eyes is sufficient to give an explanation of her strange absence. When she left the hotel on Friday night she was almost overpowered with grief and shame, and was impelled her toward the woods, although it was growing dark, and she was naturally timid. While climbing over the stone wall she fell and lost her way. Her screams of terror were over her and she fell to the ground. When she regained consciousness a gap in the depth of the night. Her voice was almost gone, and she saw some strange people with a lantern. It was Callie Van Benschoten, son of the proprietor of the hotel. He called her name repeatedly but she could not reply. He came within a few feet of her, and stood for a moment calling, then turned and walked away. The night was cold and frosty, but her suffering were entirely mental. During the night she spent in a paroxysm of fear, lest the man should return at daylight she felt that she would soon be discovered, but silently long the day hadlessons among the stones and brance within sight of her friends and no one came that day. Feeling night coming upon her again she began to lose hope. Before darkness fell, however, she heard voices and footsteps doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went off after a drink. Now, why is this?

SEW BENT HAY

A day or two ago a funny carriage stopped at the Lake Shore hotel, and one of the females sniffed the air and cried out

"Ah! how delicious is the smell of that new mown hay!"

"Ah! ah!" all the rest of them exclaimed, as they elevated their noses.

A man in the stable yard was leaning over the fence, but they did not see him until he cried out:

"I say your pardon, ladies, but the cows will lick the ditch three days ago and died, and I didn't find the body till an hour ago. I've sent a team to Lani a away, and I'm sorry about the hay, but I'm a stranger here, and you will get to windward of the corpse!"

A correspondent wants to know "What is the singular of geese?" The sports, women, the opera; there nothing else worth mentioning. Perhaps some one heard of. And oblige by inquiring the price and

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHY.

How They Manage the Thing in Paris With Some Funny Incidents.

(Baltimore Sun, Paris letter.)

Coming by the back of the Champ de Mars to-day, I was attracted by a group around a photographic policeman, who was making rather an awkward effort to take a photograph an old house wherein an aged woman had suddenly died. I inquired into the subject. It appears that the poor old soul at eighty-seven years of age put out her lamp of life sooner than was expected by her neighbors. A young man had disappeared and so had a few hundred francs. The police were put on the *qui vive*, and the first thing they did was to photograph the cold, old corpse and then the house. Now they were looking for the missing youth to take his picture. It is amusing to see the natural uses that photography performs amongst the Paris police. First of all they photograph themselves from the highest to the lowest. Then they photograph scenes of their relations, and photograph friends. In the exhibition their "rogues gallery" is quite an array celebrities and would form a volume of sketches. Photography is applied in all cases of murder to persons and places. Before the murdered body is moved it and all the surroundings become carefully photographed. This is done by a special member of police in the staff, and whose entire work is devoted to the subject. Photographs of grand masters of art of rogues and rascality are exchanged between the police chiefs of Paris and London. Thus they can see some portraits of the wayward sons and daughters of Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, New Orleans, Charleston, etc., in "places of honor" on the list of the Paris police fine art gallery. They are numbered, and this number is in an index historical and descriptive book. The days of the dark lantern with the police are changed into holes of the camera, but not camera obscura. I am told that the list of crimes detected through the agency of photography is an extremely long one. See to what detective purposes has the original idea of the long-lost Daguerre come at last. Instances of forgery are numerous as being detected by photography. The Bank of France has a special photographic and scrutiny department for the detection of forged notes, bonds, etc. But its invaluable portrait gallery for taking the likeness of a person without that person knowing it, is unique and full of amusing anecdotes. On one occasion a distinguished looking person came to the bank desk and presented a little package of bonds of a certain English loan. The bank clerk did not readily relish the looks of the bonds, though those of the person were quite fine. Stamping a little hand-bell—a signal to the photographer, who has his gallery in clear range of the applicant's desk, yet so constructed that it is not easily seen—the clerk quietly engaged a stranger in conversation about the bonds, and in such a way that the photographer should have a good view of his face. The time a young girl was lost two days and a more seeking young man there, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mantle against his face, so that the photographer could not get a good one. In throwing her mantle so low the young girl showed her ankles, and the photographer was crushed. But the rogue of terror will not be put a step to by half measures.

Foreigners who profess liberal principles are often insulted as so fondly liberty. We have no doubt, a free people, but we do not tolerate treason. The most virulent abuse is allowed, but no attempt, however feeble, against the government is tolerated. When Bonapartist gathered in the Bois de Boulogne, they had to disperse. Bye are planted with sentiment in this country, the liberals would be the first to propose and support a measure for stamping it out.

A FAITHLESS HUSBAND

During the time the military were stationed in Montreal in 1870, a young woman named Annie Hudson quietly married a private in the Royal Rifles, named Thos. Kelley. He returned to England with the regiment that year, leaving her here. By land work she gathered together $64 during the next two years and was in a position to send him to purchase his discharge and come out to live with her. But in six weeks he absconded taking with him all the money she had saved. She kept going on working in the factory, but finally gave up the struggle and went to Ireland. Here she married another man, and the two joined her husband in London, Ont., and married to a second woman. The police in London were communicated with, and they replied that he had married Annie Hudson Kelley in 1874, by whom he had three children. He had just been released from gaol, after serving a term of three months for bigamy. Meanwhile the deserted husband, to which he was entitled. The man then left London with his wife and family, and proceeded to Essex Centre, where he was in business, and

THE INTERIOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The interior of the island is at present almost wholly uninhabited. Traces of deer fences, thirty and forty miles long, only remain to tell of the sports and labors of the Boothicks, the aboriginal Red Indian tribe, long ago exterminated or driven away. The shortsighted policy of the whites in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, led to the destruction of the unfortunate Boothicks, for the sake of the valuable furs of fox, otter, etc., which they alone could procure. With them, of course, died out the fur trade. After they had been wantonly persecuted for over two hundred years, the local government in the beginning of the present century, woke up to the idea of protecting a tribe that no longer existed! As a step towards showing a good will, an Indian woman was forcibly taken from her home, brought to St. John's, kindly treated, loaded with presents, and returned to her tribe. The incidents attending the abduction of this woman and the death of her only child, so entirely deprived of its mother's care, roused the ire of the Boothicks, who at once resolved to kill any of their number who should afterwards be captured against their will. From this time that three more women, who were similarly treated, refused to return to their homes. Two soon died. The third, a fine handsome woman, named Shanadithit, lived for two years with her captors and became quite civilized. After learning to speak English, she explained the reason of her refusal to return to her companions, saying she would surely have been killed. Since her death in 1829, not an Indian has been seen. The skeleton of "Mary March," who returned to her tribe in 1819 was found, dressed in the white muslin adorned with trinkets known to have been hers. But though the Indian has been exterminated, the white man has not left the place without leaving his mark on it. Over regions that should yield rich harvests to the farmers hand, now flaunt the golden lily and the purple iris; tangled vines of deadly nightshade form the rich and exquisite carpet the ground with darkest green flashing with fruit of scarlet and white; and thickets of blueberry, raspberry, and bakapple in their season clothed in the crimson and amber the wasting plains. Great forests apple trees that beneath them lies a rich soil that should furnish food for thousands; and no man is found to till this great loss land, which is the secure hopes of wolves, deer, black bears, hares, foxes, and all manner of vermin. Osprey and owl, raven, crow and blue jay, woodpecker and robin, martin, wren, thrush, titmouse, blackcap, flycatcher, grosbeak, snowbird, and sparrow, all abound in the woods; plover, bittern, snipe, whimbrel and sandpiper haunt the wilds and marshes. Partridges abound everywhere. Water-fowl of many species are found in the ponds and rivers. Wild geese, cormorants, eider-ducks, goosanders, loons and puffins abound on the sea coast, and are to be had for the shooting. Penguins were once plentiful, but have been almost exterminated, and, almost within the memory of man, that now extinct bird, the great auk, found a breeding place on adjacent islands. Trout and salmon abound in the rivers and streams, but, though well protected by law, are wantonly destroyed in districts where law is practically without effect, from the want of an efficient staff of water bailiffs.—*Chamber's Journal.*

KILLED BY A MANS BITE.

New York Sun, Oct. 26.

Thomas Kelley, aged 30, a blacksmith, who lived with his wife at 216 Meadow, and Michael J. Russell, at 216 Franklin street, Brooklyn, on March 23 last, bit him so severely on the middle finger of his left hand that Russell died from poisoning, and was buried on March 16, was on trial for manslaughter, in the Kings County Court of Sessions yesterday. Mr. Russell was a retired property owner of Greenpoint. He was 70 years of age, and was robust and hearty, and had never taken a spoonful of medicine. He lived at 214 Franklin street and owned the house next door, which he let out to tenants. One of the latter was Kelley, the prisoner, who had, in a rage, beaten of a standing quarrel with Jesse Sanson, another tenant. Kelley went out only her chair but the three nearby-ones; down she dashed her umbrella, down she pulled her veil, and up she pulled her skirt over her head, and then ran to Kelley, a triumphant air up to the rash policeman. "What," she exclaimed, "taking my portrait for a prisoner! O Jule, Jule, where art thou?" I am sitting in my chair, and there Jule was in the arms of Morphens, and cared not for photography. She went and demanded reparation and was mollified by getting her photograph of her escaped self.

ONE DAY'S DELAY.

A Heartrending Story from the South

There was no happier home in the sunny South than Jacob Pitzwarth's at Grenada two months ago. Alas! The fever broke out and the father sent three of his children into the country, leaving the mother and on the following day with his wife and two remaining daughters. The delay was fatal. Before morning Mollie, a lovely maiden, who had been nursing a sick friend, was delirious, and in a few days was dead. Scarcely had the bereaved parents penned a farewell kiss on the cold lips of their dead daughter, before the second daughter was battling with the fever. It was then that the sorrowing father wrote to his sister: "Mollie is dead, and Ora, we fear, will soon follow her; yellow fever epidemic is among our neighbors all dead, or moved out of town; no help of any kind to be had for love or money. I am doing the cooking, and my dear wife the nursing. Pray for us." In a while there came a feeble little note from the sick girl: "They are all dead but me. I know when father and mother died, but I am too sick to tell them good bye. I am better and have a kind nurse; but oh! so few ever recover that I may relapse and follow the others yet." It was so many weeks before the news could be taken from the panic-stricken town into the country where his brother and sister were. Then one of them wrote to the editor of the New Orleans Picayune: "Ora has come out to us, but so weak that I am jealous of every breath that fans her white cheek. Mother was sick in the same room with Ora; father, who had adjudged her to be Mr. McCrackin, prayed with mother before she died, and when asked by the holy man of God if she had a last message to leave, she answered, "Tell my son he is a good boy and meet me in heaven." Then turning herself towards Ora's bed, she said: "Kiss all the children for me, and tell your dear father good-bye for me." Ora died at sunset, the 27th and father on the 28th. Fathers gone thought that he might recover and Ora gone, not of mother's death knew nothing of it until we met her in Heaven."

A CROQUET A MORAL GAME.

From the Burlington Hawkeye

One day, last summer, I was in a railway car seated behind two men, who were playing with those several playthings of the devil—cards. They played cooler until they were tired of it. They played euchre, seven up, pedro, and occasionally a game of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play represented by the other fellow broke out. They never quarrelled and never called names once. After we got out at our station we sat at the window and watched a party of young men and young women croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating. We heard a young girl say to her lover, "Hey Ed, you are a mean, cheating, young man there, and I'm sorry to see the young girl throw her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the balls of an apple tree. Then they both laughed into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went off after a drink. Now, why is this?

A FAITHLESS HUSBAND

During the time the military were stationed in Montreal in 1870, a young woman named Annie Hudson quietly married a private in the Royal Rifles, named Thos. Kelley. He returned to England with the regiment that year, leaving her here. By land work she gathered together $64 during the next two years and was in a position to send him to purchase his discharge and come out to live with her. But in six weeks he absconded taking with him all the money she had saved. She kept going on working in the factory, but finally gave up the struggle and went to Ireland. Here she married another man, and the two joined her husband in London, Ont., and married to a second woman. The police in London were communicated with, and they replied that he married Annie Hudson Kelley in 1874, by whom he had three children. He had just been released from gaol, after serving a term of three months for bigamy. Meanwhile the deserted husband, to which he was entitled. The man then left London with his wife and family, and proceeded to Essex Centre, where he was in business, and

THE OCEAN FLOOR.

Here is an end of all romance about hid den ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls in chambers of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening in coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London in her Majesty's ship Challenger has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland on top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer unfathom able depths." The tops of these sub mountains are more below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, are fifteen miles deep, which is deep enough for drown ing. If not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless water of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to upper currents. There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep sea soundings have a curious light. Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which by volcanic action was suddenly merged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Incalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed their land with its splendid cities. De Bourbourg and other archæologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the Atlantic bottom is said to strikingly corresponds with this theory. What if some keen Yankee should yet dredge out from its unfathomed slime the lost Atlantis!

A NEW REFRIGERATOR

Messrs. Bell & Coleman, of Glasgow, have been for a year and more experimenting with a mechanical refrigerator, with a view of preserving fresh meat by a sort of compressed air process. An inspection of their machine or refrigerator in operation was made lately, a number of scientific gentleman and beef exhibited. The experiment made the result is thus noted in the Glasgow *Herald*.

On the 18th Sept. last 14 sides of beef, 12 sheep, and a number of fowls were placed in the chamber with a view of testing the efficiency of the process. When the meat was cut up yesterday it was pronounced by by several butchers from the city and neighborhood to be in perfectly sweet condition, if not superior, to meat kept for fourteen days during hard frosty weather, while the skirt part of the offal, which usually decomposes sooner than any other part of the beef, was in cold weather, was found after the lapse of a month to be in a thoroughly sound state. Every one present expressed entire satisfaction with the results of the new preserving apparatus. The meat presented no appearance of having been frozen, its fine condition having resulted from the dryness of the air, which has been kept at a very low even temperature of 35 degrees. In conveying meat from abroad an immense saving will be effected by the use of the refrigerator. The fine pressed air used in the machine, for the preservation of meat during the voyage, and in a carrying capacity of 600 tons from 150 to 200 hundred tons was required for the packing of meat, or from 20 to 25 per cent. of the whole available space. In the same carrying capacity the new machine would only occupy from 4 to 8 per cent. of the available space, while this space would be kept in much better condition. In the months of May, June and July Messrs. John Bell & Sons imported 17,600 carcasses of beef and 18,000 carcasses of mutton by the use of ice; while the refrigerator would have enabled them to import fully a fourth more.

SHODDY AMONG ARISTOCRACY

It is astonishing how many rich people condescend to wear imitations of costly things; and this piece of bad taste is not by any means confined to nouveaux riches, who might be expected to know better. Cotton velvet with a pile 3 inches long is used for the Lyons velvet, which once alone was worn by gentlewomen; imitation lace, mock jewelry and sham furs are worn unblushingly. If the wearer thinks that she is going to please the opposite sex, but to excite the envy of their own, the wearing of shame must fail in its effect. Another woman may be very correctly attired, and yet betray her shoddy position; but she could only feel contemptuous toward the paste, the dyed rabbit skins and machine-made lace that do duty for the gold and treasures. Gentlemen, too, are not readily taken in by imitations; the sportsman recognizes the mock fur or feather, and most men in society understand good lace and the difference between genuine and sham mounts. There is no greater snobbery than that shown in the pretension of modern dress; and no falsetto more easily seen through than the sham fine lady or gentlewoman will only wear what is genuine and good of its kind, no matter how modest and unpretending that kind may be.—*London Court Circular.*

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—England gets half her wheat abroad

—Trollope, the novelist has bought a great estate at Cape Town.

—Professional knitters are always able to tell a good yarn.

—Lord Lorne wants to sell his estate of 170 acres at Tunbridge for $150,000.

—People with cold feet should begin to lay in their annual stock of persons brick

—Prof. Watson, of Ann Arbor, takes charge of astronomy at the Wisconsin University

—Jamestown and St. Mary's the original capitals of Virginia and Maryland, are where?

—Australia has been afflicted with a home disease of a novel type. It is very fatal

—The marriage notice of S. Hilburn, aged 92, and Mattie J. Lawson, aged 24, is printed in *The Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle.*

—London has been gradually making all her bridges free. Last month Waterloo Bridge was put on the free list.

—The man who "falls" in love is supposed to be the individual who, when disappointed, turns his attention to strong drink

—Rasina and Burzaburu, two island of the Society Group, have completely burst up, and a large number of people have been drowned.

—The price of wheat is so low in England that an agricultural paper advises farmers to feed it, (wetted and allowed to ferment) to stock.

—A female temperance lecturer from Detroit carries a miniature still with her, and at the conclusion of the audience disdain alcohol from cider.

—A Georgia negro, whose father had refused him the loan of a mule to attend a funeral, organized a funeral at home by killing the old man.

There is a terrible famine in Morocco. War, cholera, and famine, all threaten so briskly in the nineteenth as in any other century—especially famine.

—"What shall be done with our children when they leave school?" asked a contemporary. Why give them their dinners and send them back.

—The nobby young men have taken to wearing striped stockings and corsets, and they sigh when a street car conductor speaks harshly to them.

Balmy sleep,
Tired nature's sweet restorer.
Don't amount to much,
If you happen to bunk with a snorer."

—"It is melancholy, says Ouida in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely in order to get rid of their mothers.

—"What is your son doing in the battle of life?" asks the Chicago Tribune. "Well, he appears to be drawing rations most of the time, just at present, thank you.

—"There's sadness in the cricket's tone,
As the dry leaf responds to the breeze,
Reminds him that old Autumn's come
Where the cricket's chirping ceases.

—A crazy girl in North Carolina was discovered the other day playing with a rattlesnake, from which she had removed the rattles without any harm from the reptile.

—Said a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression." What kind of book

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. — "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." — TERMS $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 85. — MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1878. — POSTAGE PREPAID.

[illegible]RY.

[illegible] ...onal Review." ... [illegible] ...ry of my ten... the ball, and ... the ladies) in ... I had dis[illegible] ... voice in this ... You spoke ... of your wide security and your high rank. You said, "I am personally a stranger to the young lady who is the subject of remark—I am not even acquainted with her name. If I venture to interfere, it is only to remind you that there are two sides to every story. May I ask, in the interests of mercy, if you have waited to pass sentence on her until you have heard what she has to say in her own defence?"

These just and generous words produced (if I am correctly informed) a dead silence. Not one of the women who had condemned me had heard me in my own defence. Not one of them ventured to answer you.

How I may stand in the opinions of such persons as these is a matter of perfect indifference to me. Not because I am a woman of extraordinary fortitude, but because I shall soon be beyond the reach of London gossip and London scandal. My good husband has received a foreign appointment, which places us in an honorable and independent position. We leave England in a few days, and we are not likely to return to our own country for some years to come. Under these circumstances, may I speak of my heartfelt gratitude? may I own how anxious I am to stand well in your opinion? I can not contemplate my approaching departure without feeling eager to satisfy you that I am not unworthy of the interest you have taken in seeing justice done to a stranger. I shall be so proud of bearing away with me even the most trifling expression of your sympathy! Will you read my little story, and decide for yourself if I deserve the hard things that have been said of me? Yes, I am sure you will!

II.

Who am I—to begin with?

I suppose I shall best answer that question by describing myself as one of the fortunate persons who are possessed of advantages of birth. My father was the second son of an English nobleman. My mother was the lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in South Germany. I lost both my parents when I was sixteen years old; and I went to live with my uncle (my father's younger brother), who was also appointed my guardian until I came of age. His wife (my aunt by marriage) brought him a handsome fortune. She too belonged to the higher rank of society.

You will find, as I go on, that I abstain from mentioning any family names. The motives which—if they did not absolutely lead to my marriage—did certainly hasten it, are connected with the discovery of an event which must never be traced to the persons concerned it. For this reason I have marked my narrative "private;" and I trust to you not to let it be seen by other eyes than yours. If I mention my uncle by his military title as "the General," and if I change my aunt's Christian name, I shall keep a secret which I feel bound by the strongest motives of gratitude and honor to respect—and, at the same time, I shall place my position before you unreservedly in its true aspect. To have done all the sooner with the troublesome question of names, I may add that I bear my German mother's Christian name, "Wilhelmina." All my friends, in the days when I had friends, used to shorten this to "Mina." Be my friend so far, and call me Mina too.

My troubles began with—what do you think? With nothing better and nothing worse than the engagement of a new groom.

This seems, no doubt, a very odd way of appealing to your interest at the outset of my story. Fortunately, I am writing to a just woman, who will suspend her opinion until she knows a little more of me.

We were in London for the season. At the time I am now speaking of, I had lived for five years under the protection of my uncle and aunt. When I think of the good General's fatherly kindness to me, I despair of writing about it in any adequate terms. To own the truth, the tears get into my eyes, and I can not write at all. As for my relations with Lady Catherine, I only do her justice if I say that she performed her duties towards me without the slightest pretension and in the most charming manner. At past forty years old, she was still universally admired, though she had lost the one attraction which distinguished her before my time—the attraction of a perfectly beautiful figure. With fine hair and expressive eyes, she was otherwise a plain woman. Her unassuming cleverness and her fascinating manners were the qualities no doubt which made her popular everywhere. We never quarrelled. Not because I was always amiable, but because Lady Catherine would not allow it. She managed me, as she managed her husband, with perfect tact. With certain occasional checks—exceptions which only proved the rule—she absolutely governed the General. There were eccentricities in his character which made him a man easily ruled by a clever woman. Deferring to his opinion, so far as appearances went, my aunt generally contrived to get her own way in the end. Except when he was at his club, happy in his gossip, his good dinners, and his whist, my excellent uncle lived under a despotism, in the happy delusion that he was master of his own house.

Prosperous and pleasant as it appears on the surface, my life had its sad side for a young woman.

In the commonplace routine of our existence as wealthy people in the upper rank, there was nothing to ripen the growth of the better and deeper capacities in my nature. Heartily as I loved and admired my uncle, he was neither of an age nor of a character to be the chosen depositary of my most secret thoughts, the friend of my inmost heart, who could show me how to make the best and the most of my life. With friends and admirers in plenty, I had found no one who could hold this position towards me. In the midst of society, I was, unconsciously, a lonely woman. My happiest moments were those moments when I took refuge in my music and my books. Out of the house, my one diversion, always welcome and always fresh, was riding. Without any false modesty, I may mention that I had lovers as well as admirers; but not one of them produced an impression on my heart. In all that related to the tender passion, as it is called, I was an undeveloped being. The influence that men have on women, *because* they are men, was really and truly a mystery to me. I was ashamed of my own coldness—I tried, honestly tried, to copy other girls; to feel my heart beating in the presence of the one chosen man, as it did certainly beat, for example, when I went out hunting with the General. But it was not to be done. When a man pressed my hand, I felt my rings instead of my heart.

Don't suppose I am writing in this way about myself out of mere vanity. I am trying to prepare you for what is to come. If I can only enable you to see some of the defects and weaknesses of my character, as clearly as I can now see them myself, you will, I think, feel more indulgently towards me when I make my confession. And perhaps you will be all the readier to remember that I had neither mother nor sister to confide in, at a time when I most wanted a word of advice.

This said, I have now done with the past, and may get on to the strange events which have associated themselves with a later time.

III.

I have mentioned that we were in London for the season. One morning I went out riding with my uncle as usual in Hyde Park.

The General's service in the army had been in a cavalry regiment—service distinguished by merits which justified his rapid rise to the high places in his profession. In the hunting-field he was noted as one of the most daring and most accomplished riders in our county. He had always delighted in riding young and spirited horses; and the habit remained with him after he had quitted the active duties of his profession in later life. From first to last he had met with no accidents worth remembering until the unlucky morning when he went out with me. His horse, a fiery chesnut, ran away with him in that part of the Park Ride called Rotten Row. With the purpose of keeping clear of other riders, he spurred his runaway horse at the rail which divides the Row from the grassy inclosure at its side. The terrified animal swerved in taking the leap, and dashed him against a tree. He was dreadfully shaken and injured; but his strong constitution carried him through to recovery—with the serious drawback of an incurable lameness in one leg. The doctors, on taking leave of their patient, united in warning him (at his age, and bearing in mind his weakened leg) to ride no more restive horses. "A quiet cob, General," they all suggested. My uncle was sorely mortified and offended. "If I am fit for nothing but a quiet cob," he said bitterly, "I will ride no more." He kept his word. No one ever saw the General on horseback again.

Under these sad circumstances (and my aunt being no horsewoman), I had apparently no other choice than to give up riding also. But my kind-hearted uncle was not the man to let me be sacrificed to this disappointment. His own riding-groom had been one of his soldier-servants in the cavalry regiment—a quaint, sour-tempered old man, not at all the sort of person to attend on a young lady taking her riding exercise alone. "We must hire a smart fellow who can be trusted," said the General. "I shall inquire at the Club."

For a week afterwards, a succession of grooms, recommended by friends, applied for the vacant place.

The General found insurmountable objections to all of them. "I'll tell you what I have done," he announced one day, with the air of a man who had hit on a grand discovery; "I have advertised in the papers."

Lady Catherine looked up from her embroidery with a placid smile that was peculiar to her. "I don't quite like advertising for a servant," she said. "You are at the mercy of a stranger; you don't know that you are not engaging a drunkard or a thief."

"Or you may be deceived by a false character," I added, on my side. I seldom ventured, at domestic consultations, on giving my opinion unasked—but the new groom represented a subject in which I felt a personal interest. In a certain sense, he was to be my groom.

"I'm much obliged to you both for warning me that I am so easy to deceive," the General remarked satirically. "Unfortunately the mischief is done. Three men have answered my advertisement already. I expect them here to-morrow to be examined for the place."

Lady Catherine looked up from her embroidery again. "Are you going to see them yourself?" she asked softly. "I thought the steward—"

"I have hitherto considered myself a better judge of a groom than my steward," the General interposed. "However, don't be alarmed; I won't act on my own sole responsibility, after the hint you have given me. You and Mina shall lend me your valuable assistance, and discover whether they are thieves, drunkards and what not, before I feel the smallest suspicion of it myself."

IV.

We naturally supposed that the General was joking. No. This was one of those rare occasions on which my aunt's tact—infallible in matters of importance—proved to be at fault in a trifle. My uncle's self esteem had been touched in a tender place, and he had resolved to make us feel it. The next morning a polite message came, requesting our presence in the Library to see the grooms. My aunt (always ready with a smile, but rarely tempted to laughing outright) did for once laugh heartily. "It is realy too ridiculous?" she said. However, she pursued her policy of always yielding, in the first instance. We went together to the library.

The grooms were received in the order in which they presented themselves for approval. Two of them bore the ineffaceable mark of the public-house so plainly written on their villainous faces that even I could see it. My uncle ironically asked us to favor him with our opinions. Lady Catherine answered with her sweetest smile, "Pardon me, General—we are here to learn." The words were nothing; but the manner in which they were spoken was perfect. Few men could have resisted that gentle influence—and the General was one of the few. He stroked his mustache, and returned to his petticoat Government. The two grooms were dismissed.

On the entry of the third and last man, we all three opened our eyes with the same sensation of surprise.

If the stranger's short coat and tight trousers had not proclaimed his vocation in life, we should have taken it for granted that there had been some mistake, and that we were favored with a visit from a gentleman unknown. He was between dark and light in complexion, with frank clear blue eyes; quiet, modest, intelligent-looking; slim in figure; easy in his movements; respectful in his manner, but perfectly free from servility. "I say!" the General blurted out, addressing my aunt confidentially, "*he* looks as if he would do, dosen't he?"

I expected to see Lady Catherine's invariable smile. For once the smile seemed to be not ready. "It rests with you to decide," she answered in lower tones than usual.

"Step forward, my man," said the General. The groom advanced from the door, bowed, and stopped at the foot of the table—my uncle sitting at the head, with my aunt and myself on either side of him. The inevitable questions began.

"What is your name?"

"Michael Bloomfield."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-six."

My aunt's interest in the proceedings seemed to be slackening already. A little weary sigh escaped her. She leaned back resignedly in her chair.

The General went on with his questions: "What experience have you had as a groom?"

"I began learning my work, sir, before I was twelve years old."

"Yes! yes! I mean what private families have you served in?"

"Two, sir."

"How long have you been in your two situations?"

"Four years in the first, and three in the second."

The General looked agreeably surprised. "Seven years in only two situations is a good character in itself," he remarked. "Who are your references?"

The groom laid two papers on the table.

"I don't take written references," said the General.

"Be pleased to read my papers, sir," answered the groom.

My uncle looked sharply across the table. The groom sustained the look with respectful but unshaken composure. The General took up the papers, and seemed to be once more favorably impressed as he read them. "Personal references in each case if required, in support of strong written recommendations from both his employers," he informed my aunt. "Copy the addresses, Mina. Very satisfactory, I must say. Don't you think so yourself?" he resumed, turning again to my aunt.

Lady Catherine replied by a courteous bend of her head. She looked at the groom absently, like a person whose mind was otherwise occupied. The General went on with his questions. They related to the management of horses; and they were answered to his complete satisfaction. "Michael Bloomfield, you know your business," he said, "and you have a good character. Leave your address. When I have consulted your references, you shall hear from me."

The groom took out a blank card, and wrote his name and address on it. I looked over my uncle's shoulder when he received the card. Another surprise! The handwriting was simply irreproachable—the lines running perfectly straight, and every letter completely formed. As this perplexing person made his modest bow and withdrew, the General, struck by an after-thought, called him back from the door.

"One thing more," said my uncle. "[illegible] friends and followers? I consider it my duty to my servants, to allow them to see their relations; but I expect them to submit to certain conditions in return—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," the groom interposed. "I shall not give you any trouble on that score. I have no relations."

"No brothers or sisters?" asked the General.

"None, sir."

"Father and mother both dead?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! What does that mean?"

"I am telling you the plain truth, sir. I must have had a father and mother of course. But I never heard who they were—and I don't expect to hear now."

He said those words with a bitter composure which impressed me painfully. Lady Catherine was far from feeling it as I did. Her languid interest in the engagement of the groom seemed to be completely exhausted—and that was all. She rose in her easy graceful way, and looked out of the window to the courtyard and fountain, the house-dog in his kennel, and the stable doors beyond. My uncle's eyes followed her; he asked if she were tired. Her back was turned on him, in the position which she now occupied. She only answered, "No," without looking round.

During this interval the groom remained near the table, respectfully waiting for his dismissal. The General spoke to him sharply for the first time. I could see that my good uncle had noticed the cruel tone of that passing reference to the parents, and thought of it as I did.

"One word more before you go," he said. "If I don't find you more mercifully inclined towards my horses than you seem to be towards your father and mother, you won't remain long in my service. You might have told me you had never heard who your parents were, without speaking as if you did'nt care to hear."

"May I say a bold word, sir, in my own defence?"

He put the question very quietly, but, at the same time, so firmly that he even surprised my aunt. She looked round from the window—then turned back again, and stretched out her hand towards the curtain, intending, as I supposed, to alter the arrangement of it. The groom went on.

"May I ask, sir, why I should care about a father and mother who deserted me? Mind what you are about, my lady!" he cried, suddenly addressing my aunt. "There's a cat in the folds of that curtain; she might frighten you."

He had barely said the words before the housekeeper's large tabby cat, taking its noonday siesta in the looped-up fold of the curtain, leaped out and made for the door. In spite of the warning, Lady Catherine was frightened. A faint cry escaped her; she sank into the nearest chair. "Let the creature out," she whispered to me. "This will not happen again," she added, reassuring the General by a faint smile. "The housekeeper shall give up her cat or give up her situation."

She rose, and advancing to the table, addressed herself to the groom for the first time. Towards her inferiors in social position her manner was perfect; always considerate and kind, without ever touching the objectionable extremes of undue familiarity on one side, and undue condescension on the other. When she spoke to the groom she amazed me. She was so haughty and ungracious that I declare I hardly recognized her!

"Did you see the cat?" she asked.

"No, my lady."

"Then how did you know the creature was in the curtain?"

For the first time since he had entered the room, the groom looked a little confused. "It's a sort of presumption for a man in my position to be subject to a nervous infirmity," he answered. "I am one of those persons (the weakness is not uncommon, as your ladyship is aware) who know by their own unpleasant sensations when a cat is in the room. I believe the 'antipathy,' as the gentle-folks call it, must have been born in me. As long as I can remember——"

My aunt turned to the General, without attempting to conceal that she took no sort of interest in the groom's remembrances. "Haven't you done with the man yet!" she asked. The General started at the unusual abruptness of her tone, and gave the groom his dismissal. "You shall hear from me in three days' time. Good morning."

Michael Bloomfield looked at my aunt for a moment with steady attention, and left the room.

V.

"You don't mean to engage that man?" said Lady Catherine, as the door closed.

"Why not?" asked my uncle, looking very much surprised.

"I have taken a dislike to him."

This short sharp answer was so entirely out of the character of my aunt that the General took her kindly by the hand, and said, "I am afraid that you are not well."

She irritably withdrew her hand. "I don't feel well. It doesn't matter."

"It does matter, Catherine. What can I do for you?"

"Write to the man——" She paused, and smiled contemptuously. "Imagine a groom with an antipathy to cats!" she said turning to me. "Write," she resumed, addressing her husband, "and tell him to look for another place."

"What objection can I make to him?" the General asked hopelessly.

"Good heavens!" can't you make an excuse? Say he is too young."

My uncle looked at me in expressive silence—walked slowly to the writing-table—and glanced at his wife, in the faint hope that she might change her mind. Their eyes met—and she seemed to recover the command of her temper. The famous smile that fascinated everybody made its appearance. She put her hand caressingly on the General's shoulder. "I remember the time," she said softly, "when any caprice of mine was a command to you. Ah, I was younger then!"

The General's reception of this little advance was thoroughly characteristic of him. He first kissed Lady Catherine's hand, and then he wrote the the letter. My aunt rewarded him by a look, and left the library.

"What the deuce is the matter with her?" my uncle said to me, when we were alone. "Do you dislike the man too?"

"Certainly not. So far as I can judge, he appears to be just the sort of person we want."

"And knows thoroughly well how to manage horses, my dear. What *can* be Lady Catherine's objection to him?"

As the words passed his lips, Lady Catherine opened the library door.

"I am so ashamed of myself," she said sweetly. "At my age I have been behaving like a spoiled child. How good you are to me, General! Let me try to make amends for my misconduct. Will you permit me?"

She took up the General's letter, without waiting for permission; tore it to pieces, smiling pleasantly all the while; and threw the fragments into the waste-paper basket. "As if you don't know better than I do!" she said, kissing him on the forehead. "Engage the man by all means"

She left the room for the second time. For the second time, my uncle looked at me in blank perplexity—and I looked back at him in the same condition of mind. The sound of the luncheon-bell was equally a relief to both of us. Not a word more was spoken on the subject of the new groom. His references were verified; and he entered the General's service in three days' time.

VI

Always careful in anything that concerned my welfare, no matter how trifling it might me, my uncle did not trust me alone with the new groom when he first entered our service. Two old friends of the General accompanied me, at his special request, and reported the man to be perfectly competent and trustworthy. After that, Michael rode out with me alone—my friends among young ladies seldom caring to accompany me when I abandoned the Park for the quiet country roads on the north and west of London. Was it wrong in me to talk to him on these expeditions? It would surely have been treating a man like a brute never to take the smallest notice of him—especially as his conduct was uniformly respectful towards me. Not once, by word or look, did he presume on the position which my favor permitted him to occupy.

Ought I to blush when I confess (though he was only a groom) that he interested me.

In the first place, there was something romantic in the very blankness of the story of his life. He had been left in his infancy in the stables of a gentleman living in Kent, near the high road between Gravesend and Rochester. The same day the stable-boy had met a woman running out of the yard, pursued by the dog. She was a stranger, and was not well dressed. While the boy was protecting her by chaining the dog to his kennel, she was quick enough to place herself beyond the reach of pursuit. The infant's clothing proved, on examination, to be of the finest linen. He was warmly wrapped in a beautiful shawl of some foreign manufacture, entirely unknown to all persons present, including the master and mistress of the House. Among the folds of the shawl there was discovered a letter, without date, signature or address, which it was presumed the woman had forgotten. Like the shawl, the paper was of foreign manufacture. The handwriting presented a strongly marked character; and the composition plainly revealed the mistakes of a person imperfectly acquainted with the English language. The contents of the letter merely related to the means supplied for the support of the child. Instead of paying the money by instalments, the writer had committed the folly of inclosing a sum of a hundred pounds in one remittance. At the close of the letter an appointment was made for a meeting in six months' time, on the eastward side of London Bridge. The stable-boy's description of the woman who had passed him showed that she belonged to the lower class. To such a person a hundred pounds would be a fortune. She had no doubt abandoned the child and made off with the money. No trace of her was ever found. On the day of the appointment the police watched the eastward side of London Bridge without making any discovery. Through the kindness of the gentleman in whose stables he had been found, the first ten years of the boy's life were passed under the protection of a charitable asylum. They gave him the name of one of the little inmates who had died; and they sent him out to service before he was eleven years old. He was harshly treated, and ran away; wandered to some training-stables near Newmarket; attracted the favorable notice of the head groom, was employed among the other boys, and liked the occupation. Growing up to manhood, he had taken service in private families as a groom. Such was the record of twenty-six years of his life!

Taking him, apart from his story, there was something in the man himself which attracted attention, and made one think of him in his absence.

For example, there was a spirit of resistance to his destiny in him, which is rarely found in serving-men of his order. I might never have known this if the General had not asked me to accompany him in one of his periodical visits of inspection to the stables. He was so well satisfied that he proposed extending his investigations to the groom's own room. "If you don't object, Michael?" he added, with his customary consideration for the self-respect of all persons in his employment. Michael's color rose a little; he looked at me. "I am afraid the young lady will not find the room quite so tidy as it ought to be," he said, as he opened the door for us.

The only disorder in the groom's room was produced, to our surprise, by the groom's books and papers. Cheap editions of the English poets, translations of Latin and Greek classics, handbooks for teaching French and German "without a master," selections from the great French and German writers, carefully written "exercises" in both languages, manuals of shorthand, with more "exercises" in that art, were scattered over the table, round the central object of a reading-lamp, which spoke plainly of studies by night. "Why, what is all this?" cried the General. "Are you going to leave me, Michael, and set up a school?" Michael answered in sad submissive tones. "I try to improve myself, sir—though I sometimes lose heart and hope." "Hope of what?" asked my uncle. "Are you not content to be a servant? Must you rise in the world, as the saying is?" The groom shrank a little at this abrupt question. "If I had relations to care for me and help me along the hard ways of life," he said, "I might be satisfied, sir, to remain as I am. As it is, I have no one to think about but myself—and I am fool enough sometimes to look beyond myself." So far, I had kept silence; but I could no longer resist giving him a word of encouragement—his confession was so sadly and so patiently made. "You speak too harshly of yourself," I said. "The best and greatest men have begun like you by looking beyond themselves." For a moment our eyes met. I admired the poor lonely fellow, trying so modestly and so bravely to teach himself—and I did not care to conceal it. He was the first to look away; some suppressed emotion turned him deadly pale. Was I the cause of it? I felt myself tremble as that bold question came into my mind. The General, with one sharp glance at me, diverted the talk (not very delicately as I thought) to the misfortune of Michael's birth. "I have heard of your being deserted in your infancy by some woman unknown," he said. "What has become of the things you were wrapped in, and the letter that was found on you? They might lead to a discovery one of these days." The groom smiled. "The last master I served thought of it as you do, sir. He was so good as to write to the gentleman who was first burdened with the care of me—and the things were sent to me in return." He took up an unlocked leather bag, which opened by touching a brass knob, and showed us a shawl, the linen (sadly faded by time), and the letter. We were puzzled by the shawl. My uncle who, had served in the East, thought it looked like a very rare kind of Persian work. We examined with interest the letter and the fine linen. When Michael quietly remarked, as we handed them back to him, "They keep the secret, you see," we could only look at each other, and own there was nothing more to be said.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

A Narrative of Personal Adventure.

BY DONA FRANCISCA

Fortune and fame are two shy, coquettish damsels. The man who seeks to win either the one or the other cannot afford to lose time by sitting down and gazing idly around him, but must buckle on his armor, not of steel but of pluck, and defended with the shield of patience, sally forth, prepared to face and fight bravely, the innumerable difficulties which beset his path.

Like many other better men than myself, I was anxious to be up and doing, but there was no chance of finding employment in Vera Cruz; people were deserting the town, like rats leaving a sinking ship.

Prescott, in his wonderful history, mentions the forests of "Palo Tinto," through which Cortes led his faithful followers. I was now thinking of seeking these monster woods myself, to see if I could get a grant of land, cut and sell the wood, and thus woo and win my enchanting sweetheart, "fortune."

The first step on the ladder, was to find a ship going to Minititlan. There was an old Scotchman, a Captain McKenzie, living in Vera Cruz, who was a universal favorite with everyone, and knew a little of everything. I thought I could not do better than apply to him, for I had heard he was the owner of a schooner which often made trips down the coast. As it happened, the ship was about sailing, but unfortunately there was no room for another passenger.

The good natured old sea dog gave me all the information in his power. There was another small schooner of two hundred tons, which hailed from New York, sailing about the same time for Minititlan, to fetch a cargo of mahogany; and he advised my going in her. As there was no time to be lost, for it might be months before the opportunity again turned up, I engaged a berth, and went on board next day at noon, after taking a hasty farewell of many kind friends.

The schooner proved on inspection to be a shaky tub, and the crew, strange to say, were all of one family, with the exception of the cook, who was an Englishman. The father was mate, the oldest son captain, two other sons were before the mast, and the remaining men were cousins, the whole thing was a family arrangement.

There were some ten passengers, and they were women. We sailed about 1 p. m., the crew singing the following chant as they hauled up the anchor: "Santa Anna is a fine old man—away—away," winding up with all on the shores of Mexico; keeping time to their voices as they swayed backwards and forwards sometimes with a short pull, then perhaps a long pull, and at last with a pull altogether. The anchor was finally deposited in its resting place, and we were fairly on our way, leaving the white town of Vera Cruz behind us, girt with its sandy plains, the coral reefs which ran along the shore, showing their sharp vicious teeth, as the waves broke over them. Many a good ship has gone to pieces during a heavy norte on those cruel coral teeth, and not one of her many passengers or crew ever surviving to tell the sad tale how they were overtaken by a sudden terrific hurricane, the huge, billowing waves carrying them on to the treacherous reefs and dashing them floating home into a thousand pieces, within sight and hailing distance of the very land towards which they had been journeying so many weary weeks.

Long after we lost sight of Vera Cruz, Orizaba's majestic peak could be seen towering into the clouds, recalling to me much that I had passed through, and many faces that I should never again expect to see. Far away rose the chivalrous Emperor who to all intents and purposes lived a prisoner, immured beyond those massive mountains, amongst cut throat people, who would perhaps in a moment of ungovernable fury take his life, should adverse fortune still attend him. It did seem sad that Maximilian was unable to take the opportunity of returning to Europe when it was held so temptingly within his grasp. What must that brave man have suffered, in carrying out his resolve to remain. His soul must have been rent with anguish, when he thought he might never again gaze on those he loved so well, never again hear their voices raised in welcome of joy to see him. That he was banished by his own deed amongst an alien people, who scowled at him with dark passionate faces, when he rode or drove amongst them. Had he not many a time when passing through the streets of Mexico seen a bitter look of hatred and scorn flashed at him from the black eyes of some scoundrel, whose little hand would involuntarily glide towards and grasp the hilt of a long, glittering knife, which lay buried in his silken sash. It was possible that the assassin's knife might at any moment, put an end to his life. He was a martyr to a bad cause; he knew it, and stayed.

Turning from a sad picture to brighter thoughts, I recalled De Longle and his bride, who were by this time in gay Paris, surrounded by friends and acquaintances.

A new life was opening to pretty Marie. The convent child would soon become a gay, fashionable lady, giving her *déjeuners* and *soirees*, with stately grace. She would attend the operas, and take her drive in the Bois, just the same as other people, the remembrance of Mexico gradually fading from her mind, a dark spot on a happy life.

Has it never struck my readers, that the many people we meet or pass in the round of our daily occupations, some whose faces are known, many whose faces are unknown, all have a story summed up in their brief life? If their hearts could but speak and tell us what they have suffered, what they do suffer, what hopes have been fulfilled or disappointed, many a strange tale would be brought to light, perhaps many a wrong be rectified, but the strong heart often carries its secret to the grave, never till the last day to be revealed.

Dreaming away the afternoon, I lay back in a rocking chair, lazily smoking a choice Havana; silently watching our crew, who interested me in many ways. They were an odd lot; down-easters, from Connecticut, they called themselves. Captain McKenzie had told the captain in my hearing (for he had never been on the coast before) to keep clear of land, until we sighted Coaticoalcos river, and then make for it, but not on any account to enter without a pilot. Heavy nortes sometimes spring up without scarcely any warning, and a vessel caught in them, would be liable to be driven on shore, unless well out at sea.

We were making good progress, but we kept too close to land altogether. About nightfall when I came up from dinner, I called the skipper's attention to the advice he had received from Captain McKenzie, and asked him why he hugged the land so close? and pointed out to him the distant outlines of the shore.

"I guess colonel," he replied, "you see double, I reckon those are clouds;" and thrusting his hands far into his pockets, he lounged off chewing tobacco, with which he plentifully bestrewed the deck, plainly showing he did'nt mean to answer any more questions. As no information was to be got out of the captain, I questioned one of his brothers, after a few preliminary leads, but he was equally shy, and denied that land was in sight, assuring me we were making an excellent passage, and would arrive at Minititlan the following morning.

His answer in no way relieved my mind, for he seemed uneasy at my questions, and besides, I did not like the captain's look; he had a peculiarly heavy brow, with sharp, restless eyes, which could not look you in the face.

I remained on deck till 11 p. m., when I went below, and lay down on a sofa, determined not to go to sleep, but to get some rest. In an hour's time I turned out again, and still thought I could discern land, but did not say anything, as the captain was on deck taking the bearings. I now began to "smell a mice," there could be but little doubt the crew meant mischief, and perhaps intended wrecking the vessel. This is quite a business amongst English and American captains, who bring out old heavy-timbered crafts, that have been heavily insured, and run them ashore on the Mexican coast. As there is no one to report, the captains do pretty much as they like; an ounce or two, to a Mexican official, is always sure to make him sign any mortal thing.

The captain seemed rather surprised to see me on deck, and enquired more than once, "Well, Colonel, ar'nt you going to turn in?" After a few turns, I went and lay down on the sofa again, on the watch for coming events.

Our intentions are often good, but they sometimes fail us; and so in this instance I tried to keep awake, but sleep overcame me, and I must have slept about two hours, when a harsh, grating sound awoke me, followed by several heavy bumps. The ship's bottom had come in contact with some hard substance.

I was off the sofa in a minute, and had no need to call my fellow-passengers, for they came screaming out of their cabins, in the greatest *deshabille*, flying past me in white garments with bare feet, as they pushed by each other, struggling to reach the deck, calling loudly for help.

It did not take long to find out what was the matter. We were lying high and dry on a coral reef, within a hundred yards of the coast, the mountain of St. Martin faintly looming in the distance. Happily there was no wind blowing at the time, or we should have gone to pieces. The captain was rushing up and down the deck, pretending to be much excited, wringing his hands and whining that the wreck was a sad loss to him; he would be left penniless. The relations followed suit, and there was great wailing over the unfortunate tub, which I felt convinced had been insured for double its value, and purposely wrecked. This surmise proved afterwards correct.

It was 2 a. m. when we went aground and nothing could be done for a couple of hours, till daylight, when some of us would attempt a landing. Much about the same time it began to rain and a heavy down pour added to our other discomforts.

I was the only man on board beside the crew, and found it hard work trying to pacify the women, but after awhile when they saw there was no immediate danger, they grew quieter and managed somehow to dress and arrange themselves to advantage before day break. Poor things, they were much to be pitied, and showed wonderful courage taking everything into consideration, for you can imagine it is not a pleasant sensation to be woke out of sleep at sea, by what seems to the affrighted passengers a general breaking up of the whole vessel, and consequently a watery grave.

I could hear them as they sat afterwards huddled together under a dripping tarpaulin, anxiously scanning the distance between the ship and the shore, sympathising with that sinful captain and his hoary headed father over the loss they had sustained.

What patient, kind hearts women have, and how little appreciated they sometimes are, often perhaps till they are gone for ever when their loss makes itself felt by a gap that time only widens. Take for instance a mother. Her children have been watched and nursed through babyhood, childhood, and even manhood by her numberless kind thoughts and every day cares that [illegible] them. Time [illegible]

[illegible]

If it could not be found near, he would make for Minititlan. He asked the passengers if they would prefer to attempt a landing, and go with him, or remain with the rest of the crew.

They all with the exception of myself, chose the latter alternative being afraid that no boat could live in the heavy surf, which broke over the shore. Divesting myself of everything with the exception of my unmentionables, shirt, and Panama hat, and hanging my boots by a string loosely tied round my neck, I lowered myself into the boat after the captain and his brother. Only one man went. We pushed off easily, and rowed towards land.

When we got within thirty yards of the shore, we found we should have more difficulty in effecting a landing than we had anticipated. Our only chance was to turn the boat's stern towards the surf, to avoid capsizing, for the waves were rolling in fast and heavily, wetting us to the skin, threatening to swamp us. Watching our opportunities, we guided the small craft carefully, every moment expecting an unlucky ending. But fortune favored us, for a large wave came thundering in, and before we could tell what was going to happen we were carried far into the surf; and jumping into the water up to our necks, were thrown up on the sand, quite safe, but "pretty much wet," as the captain remarked, when he picked himself up alive, but breathless.

The crew and passengers, when they saw that we had safely succeeded in reaching terra firma, determined to follow our example. After considerable delay, and no small amount of anxiety, they also got to land. The poor women were drenched through and through, and were terribly frightened. Like good Catholics, they at once went down on their knees, and told their beads returning thanks for a wonderful deliverance. Happily, no one was missing, but we lost all our luggage.

The skipper, his brother, and I were to go on in search of assistance, leaving the women in charge of the crew. It was the only thing to be done, and I had made up my mind not to lose sight of the captain, for he was worth watching. Had he not professed to Captain McKenzie, that he did not know the coast, and had never been off the shores of Mexico before? and now he was quietly assuring me, we were only thirty miles from Minititlan, and he would guide me there.

We started off in light marching order, for the long tramp before us. After walking some six hours, we sat down to rest, but not for long, and getting up again, we continued our weary way, plodding over the sand.

The country was thickly wooded in parts, even down to the waters edge; and sometimes one or other of us, would climb into the thick branches of one of the gigantic trees, and eagerly scan the surrounding country, to the distant horizon, hoping to see an Indian village, or perhaps a lonely hut. But we were doomed to meet with constant disappointment. Nothing could be seen, but the endless, boundless, rolling prairies. The country was intensely desolate. After walking for another few hours, we again sat down to rest, and found our feet were getting terribly swollen. The pressure of leather was unbearable, and we were glad to rip our boots open, with a knife the skipper carried with him.

It was very strange, coming so far without falling in with some of the natives, or sighting an encampment, and it threatened to be serious also, for we had brought no food with us, having left what had been saved from the wreck, for the use of the women and the men who stayed behind. Luckily, we did not suffer from thirst, for water was to be had in abundance, as we had crossed several limpid streams in our march. About 7 p. m. we came upon a much larger and deeper stream, than any we had hitherto seen. Its current was very rapid. In attempting to cross it, we were nearly carried out to sea, and with great difficulty, regained a footing. The rain was coming down in torrents, and, as there was no place of shelter near, we were in a sorry plight, and had to make the best of sleeping on the damp, marshy ground. Darkness soon enveloped us in a thick misty pall. We chewed tobacco, to stave off the pangs of hunger, and lay down in our wet clothes, to catch a few hours impossible sleep. One of us had to be always on the look out, shouting and whistling, to scare and keep off the lions, which are said to be very numerous on the coast in the wet season. We heard them but twice in the night, when they must have been at some distance from us. A lion's roar is a sound, once heard, that is never to be forgotten, particularly when it has been heard at dead of night, by men unarmed, cold, wet and hungry, without even the protection of a fire.

The first streak of day, found us eagerly examining the stream. It had fallen some three feet, but we were afraid to attempt a crossing, as the current was still very rapid. Instead of *cafe au lait* for breakfast, we had recourse to tobacco. How the remembrance of many good breakfasts, rose before me, tempting me with their culinary odor, till I almost believed they were being cooked close at hand. Beefsteaks, juicy and done to a T, floated before my eyes, gamepies stuck in the mud, till I kicked them angrily away with my foot, while the fragrance of coffee, and such coffee, nearly drove me wild.

Our lives, and the lives of those we had left behind us, (watching for our return) depended on our being able to meet with help as soon as possible. We were therefore terribly anxious to renew our march. Jake had driven pegs into the ground, close to the water's edge, and we could see that it was gradually receding.

After waiting three long hours, greatly regretting the cruel delay, we made a successful attempt to swim across, and reached the opposite bank in about fifteen minutes. Fate was in favor of our always beginning the day's march wet to the skin, but time was too precious to be wasted in idle comments about trifles. We trudged on, saying but little, and keeping a sharp look out on all sides, till after walking fully five hours without seeing any signs of life or habitation, the skipper called a halt. He had quite lost all his braggadocio, and looked wonderfully limp and crestfallen.

"I guess colonel," he said, throwing himself down, "we are about played out."

"Nonsense," I replied. "Man, there's no good giving in just here [illegible] you have lost the way; you said you knew the way to Minititlan, and would guide us there."

"I'm out in my reckoning, colonel," [illegible] rubbing his aching legs with a sorry look, which under any other circumstances, would have been ludicrous in the extreme. "It's that [illegible] of mountain done it."

"What mountain?"

"Why, that Saint Martin [illegible] here, if it ain't some other saint."

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

(From the London Nature.)

According to present arrangements, we believe that Mr Keith Johnston, the leader of the expedition which the committee of the African Exploration Fund are about to despatch from the east coast of Africa to Lake Nyassa, will leave England on November 14 for Zanzibar together with his second in command, Mr Thomson, whose more especial function will be to study the geology of the country traversed. Mr Thomson we believe has had an excellent training as a geologist and it is expected that he will make important contributions to our knowledge of the geology of the region to be visited. The expedition will not actually start for the interior [illegible]

THE SECRETS OF THE NORTH POLE.

An Old Whaler's Views—Subterranean Ice.

Capt. Tripp, a well known whaling captain who has made several voyages to the Arctic Ocean, is a disbeliever in an open polar sea. His trip to the world of ice the present year has but confirmed his experience in the past. In a conversation with him a *Chronicle* reporter procured some interesting facts on this somewhat mystified subject. No vessels have been able to get further than 68 degrees north this year, and all captains report heavy ice in the Arctic. In one of his voyages, while Capt. Tripp was master of the bark Arctic he reached as high as latitude 73 degrees. In 1870 Wrangel's Land was clear of ice, and in 1871 his ship was within a mile of the shore of that land which no human being has ever stepped upon, so far as history tells us. With the aid of a splendid glass, he got a good view of the entire lay of the land, but he was unable to see any human inhabitants, or evidence thereof. No animal life was visible save sea birds that flitted in mid-air along the shore. The earth was green, no snow being visible. A coast range is visible from the ocean which resembles coast regions further south, extending as far as California. Shrubs were plainly visible, but Capt. Tripp was unable to discover any large trees or forests.

Wrangel's Land runs northwest, and, so far as known, extends indefinitely into regions never penetrated by the white man. The Indians inhabiting that portion of Alaska bordering on the North Pole have no traditions that any people have ever been seen on Wrangel's Land, though they state that a deer of a variety unknown to Alaska have been found on Herald Island, to the heart of the Arctic and from which the land named can be distinctly seen. It is supposed that the animals made their way across the ice from the mainland of Wrangel to the island. No canoes, clothing, or relics of any kind have drifted from Wrangel's Land to Alaska, as an indication that a new race of human beings existed in the unexplored regions of the Arctic. Still, it is believed by those sea captains who have taken close observations that the mysterious country alluded to is habitable. The fact that no snow was to be seen, that vegetation looked green and vigorous, and that mountains loomed up in the distance, as sheltering fortresses for the valleys, are so many proofs that humanity could find a foothold there. It seems that no whaling captains have ever attempted to land on Wrangel's Land, but it must be remembered that they visit the Arctic regions as business men, and not as explorers.

Capt. Tripp says that if the North Pole exists, and it is ever to be discovered, the discovery will be made from the Pacific side, as navigators can reach many degrees further north on the Pacific without suffering the least inconvenience from climatic rigors than on the Atlantic. At Kotzebue Sound, at the mouth of Buckland River, Capt. Tripp saw land 700 feet high, beneath which a stratum of ice was distinctly visible. At Point Barron the land is only six feet above the ice, all beneath being a stratum of congealed water. How deep this stratum is remains unknown, but it is certain that the earth has gradually formed itself on the ice. There is reason to believe that Wrangel's Land is of like formation, at least along the shore. There is no telling how far the ice body extends inland as a substratum. If a body of earth 700 feet high can rest on a mass of ice along the shore, there is no reason why a mountain 7,000 feet high may not have ice as a basis in the interior.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

A Wealthy Baltimore Merchant's Divorce from his Young Wife.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 30.—Extraordinary interest has been excited in the divorce suit of John D. Kremelberg agt. Gertrude J. Kremelberg, nee Miss Jenkins, and the decree granted to-day by Judge Gilmer, giving to the complainant an absolute divorce, has produced a decided sensation in society circles. Mr. Kremelberg is a wealthy merchant, and his wife was one of the most brilliant and beautiful debutantes in Baltimore society a few years ago. She is only about 28, and preserves all those charms which in her youth brought hosts of admirers to her feet.

In 1872 Mrs. Kremelberg went to Europe with her three children, maid, and Miss Jennie Kremelberg, a daughter of her husband by his first wife. At Baden Baden Mrs. Kremelberg met Baron Albrecht von Bruneck, a man of good position in society. The acquaintance ripened into love. The Baron went to Switzerland, and in his first letter to Mrs. Kremelberg speaks of the memory of the kiss she gave him at parting, and fills his letter with other endearing expressions. In other letters he invites her to Switzerland, which she accepts, and together they visited Lucerne and other places of interest. Miss Kremelberg wrote to her father of the intimacy, and he went at once to Baden Baden. She told him that she loved the Baron next to her God, and that he had been sent into the world to make it a happy world for her. Her husband forced her trunks, and discovered a bundle of letters from the baron couched in the most affectionate terms, and of such a character as to prompt him to the belief that she had dishonored him. In one letter to the Baron she apologizes for not having destroyed the baron's letters by saying "I loved them and you too well to part with them."

Mr Kremelberg at once brought his wife to Baltimore, and wishing to avoid a scandal they took up their residence in separate apartments at the Carrollton Hotel. Her family refused to credit the story of her guilt, and she resumed her place in society. Testimony was introduced to prove the purity of Miss Jenkins during girlhood, and not a cloud was found on her reputation down to her trip abroad. Six months after her return she consulted counsel and wrote to her husband, demanding a restoration of conjugal rights. This was refused, and a formal separation took place, he agreeing to pay her $2,000 a year. It was also shown that during her year's trip abroad her expenses were $20,000. Several months after the separation Mrs. Kremelberg visited her husband's palatial residence in Mount Vernon place and installed herself in his chamber, but her father and other friends induced her to withdraw after being assured that a reconciliation was impossible. After this Mr. Kremelberg's counsel filed a bill for absolute divorce and the custody of his children, which has just been granted.

Mrs. Kremelberg has been for some time residing at the Convent of Notre Dame. Her counsel at once filed and appeal, under which the case may go to the Court of appeals of Maryland.

THE NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The new Apostolic Delegate for Canada and the United States, the Most Reverend Dr. Conroy, is fifty nine years of age. He was born at Roscommon May 14, 1819. Like most of the Irish youths of his day, he was educated abroad. Catholic Emancipation did not pass until 1829, and until then a great number of Irishmen were educated on the Continent. He went to the Irish Seminary in Paris and in 1844 joined the Lazarist Order of missionaries. He was not ordained until [illegible] thirty-one years. He held the position of Superior of the College of St. Vincent de [illegible] for some time. When the health of the Bishop of Elphin was failing in 1856, he was chosen as the Coadjutor to Bishop [illegible]

[illegible] at St. [illegible] They were found scattered in one spot in his intestines after death.

THRILLING ADVENTURE [illegible]ERS.

Climbing 222 Feet Through Burning Brands.

About 5 o'clock last Sunday morning the fine hoisting works of the Lady Bryan Mining Company took fire and burned down in an incredibly short space of time. At the moment that the fire was discovered the engineer received a signal from the bottom of the shaft to hoist to the second section, 380 feet below the surface. He hoisted the car to the surface at once. The station-tender proved to be on board. He was asked to descend to the bottom of the shaft, which is 600 feet deep, and tell the men working in the drift from 600 level of their danger, but refuses to take the chances, being safe on the surface and the building wrapped in flames. The men below were thus left to their fate, and it was felt that there was little hope of those who were working in the drift at the bottom of the shaft ever reaching the surface alive.

There were six men in this drift, and their position was one of great peril. The first notice they had of the fire was when the cage, almost red-hot, came thundering down to the bottom, followed by falling coals and burning brands. All then knew that they must climb for their lives to the 380 foot level—220 feet above. They instantly broke to the ladderway and made their way up through a shower of falling brands and burning coals. A man who was at the head of the line of climbers was struck by the bell-rope, which, in falling, wound around his neck and threatened to pull him down. He called to the men below, telling them that the rope was about his neck and might pull him down; therefore all would do well to hold on as firmly as possible, as in falling he might knock them from their places. They moved up to where he was and soon succeeded in disentangling him from the rope. All eventually reached the 380 level in safety, and on landing there were all right, as all that remained for them to do was to pass through a drift to the old works, when they could easily ascend to the surface. Seven men who were at work on the 380 also passed out through the old works.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

(From the Philadelphia Enquirer.)

During the blow on Wednesday morning a large lantern on the top of the elephant house in the Zoological Garden was demolished and pieces of the heavy glass fell into the cage occupied by the elephants. The female elephant in walking around the inclosure trod on one of the fragments, and, being in her bare feet, received a dreadful wound. Instead of displaying the heroic patience under suffering that might be looked for in a creature of her dimensions, she set up a howl that made the roar of the storms seem the sighing of a zepher by contrast. The keeper, attracted by the din, hastened to the scene and found her rolling about the cage bellowing the while incessantly. Her companion was found to be comforting her as well as he could by trying to roar louder than she did, and by letting a half-pint tear of sympathy now and then roll down his trunk, which was wound tenderly about the leg of the prostrate beast. Dr. Henry C. Chapman, surgeon to the Zoological Society, was summoned. He directed that the sufferer should be made fast, so that she could not interfere with his operation in her agitation. She was secured by ropes and thrown on her side on a bed of straw, treatment which evoked from her some extra efforts in the roaring line. When Dr. Chapman began to probe softly around the wound with a lancet, however, she showed an elephant's instinctive respect for a friend by ceasing her bellowing and holding the injured foot perfectly still. The operation occupied but a few minutes in its performance. Dr. Chapman successfully removed the fragment, stopped the flow of blood from the wound, and in a few minutes the huge beast was again on her feet, looking as amiable as a lamb. Comparatively speaking, the "Zoo" escaped the ravages of the storm lightly.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

"Hermit," the New York correspondent of the *Troy Times*, a close observer of things, in his latest letter philosophically remarks:

"The autumn trade is now in full activity, and business men are exerting every effort to improve the harvest. One method is the handbill system, by which the hotels are daily inundated. During the business season one boy after another will go the rounds, and in this way an attempt is made to obtain trade. Of these, however, the greater part are wasted, since the waiter generally picks them up and throws them into the street, and the next day a fresh inundation takes place. Experience has clearly demonstrated that the most efficient method of advertising is found in the judicious use of the newspaper columns. The ground on which newspaper advertising, as a system, is based is human confidence, since we cannot avoid believing that which we constantly read. This confidence is sometimes abused, but still it is evident that a good advertisement will, if sufficiently repeated, carry popular opinion. There is a military principal involved in this method, since the article advertised should be pressed on the public by repeated assaults. The correct view, which experience brings to each man, is that advertising should be included in the general estimate of expenses, as regularly as the store rent, clerk hire and insurance. It is often said a good stand at a high rent is better than a poor one rent free. Well, advertising brings a man before the public in a way that makes any 'stand' good. The best stand you can have is to be in the newspapers."

THE BENEFIT OF LAUGHING.

Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of health," says there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, if taken to its innermost depths sending new titles of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression, to all the organs of the body, as it visits them in that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges, tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their prescriptions more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs for the body; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effects upon the patient.

—The old German couldn't sing his song in pure English, perhaps, but there was something tender and touching in his broken words concerning the loss of wife and children. After all, one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We may not understand each other's language, but we can understand each other's hearts:—

Olt Time vill soon pe here,
Mit his sickle und his shpear,
Und vill whisper in mine ear,
Mine sweet queen.
Yes mine dears along mit me,
For id vas der Lord's decree,
Und von day dose poys you'll see.
Und Katrine.

A SCALEY STORY.

A major loved a maiden so,
His warlike heart was soft as "Do."
He oft would kneel to her and say,
"You are of light, my only 'Re.'
And if but kinder you would be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on 'Mi,'
You are my life, my guiding star,
I love the near, I love the 'Fa.'
My passion I cannot control,
You are the idol of my 'Sol.'"
The maiden said, "Fie! ask papa,
How can you go on thus?" Oh, 'La!'
The major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to 'Si.'
The father thought no match was finer,
This major once had been a "minor."
They married soon, and after that
Dwelt in ten rooms all on "one flat."
So happy ends the little tale,
For they live on the grandest scale.

The wonderfully joined twin babies from St. Benoit, Canada, have been critically examined in Philadelphia by Prof. Pancoast. They are separate to the hips, but have only two legs in the aggregate. The Siamese twins were a distinct pair, as are the negro twins called Millie and Christine, but the Professor says of the Canadian babies: "They have separate lungs and hearts, the union beginning at the edge of the ribs, and forming common digestive and generative organs."

—A recent case by Lady Chan[illegible] against the Princess Theatre the Judge [illegible] a lady ought carry her hat into a theatre with as much justice as a gentleman [illegible] carry [illegible] that some bonnets cannot be removed, and that she might worry if a fine bonnet were left outside.

—I of 49 is to a [illegible]—*Whitehall Times.* [illegible]

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,
OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Moon's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

WM. WRAY,
TOWNSHIP CLERK, HUNGERFORD, Commissioner in C. P., Conveyancer, &c.
TWEED, . . ONTARIO.

GREAM & HENDERSON,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARies, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 55.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, . STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Offices,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

FRALECK & BLAIR,
BARRISTERS, &c., No. 27 Campbell St., (opposite New Opera House,) Belleville.
E. B. FRALECK. HUGH BLAIR.
N. B.—Money to loan at 8 and 8½ per cent on straight loans. 16

E. JAMES,
COUNTY AUCTIONEER, ISSUER OF Marriage licenses, Insurance Agent, &c. Bridgewater, Ont. Sales attended by the day or on Commission. Orders left at the office of this paper promptly attended to. 7-1y

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. | T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Insolvency, Mechanics' lien cases, Conveyancers, &c., &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Bridge and Front Sts., over Clarke's Drug Store, Belleville, Ont.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.
Money to loan on improved farm security. Interest 7½ per cent., per annum. 16

MADOC LIVERY STABLES.
J. SHALTRY, PROPRIETOR
First-class conveyances always on hand, and charges moderate. Give me a call.

CLIPPER MILLS.
ALL kinds of Lumber, Lath, and Shingles, constantly on hand, or cut to order on the shortest notice at the Clipper Steam Saw and Shingle Mills.
Also CASH paid for
PINE AND CEDAR SHINGLE BOLTS, AND BASSWOOD LOGS.
POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.
F. J. DRAKE.
Hog Lake, July 3rd, 1878.

MODEL SCHOOL MADOC.
ALL BOOKS
Required by Pupils
CAN BE OBTAINED AT
PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE.

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column one year,	$50 00
Half column for one year,	27 50
Quarter column one year,	15 00

Business cards of eight lines and under, $4 per annum.

New advertisements must be handed in early on Wednesday morning to insure insertion same week. Changes of advertisements must be in by noon on Tuesday.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 13, 1878.

THE ONLY surviving veterans left to commemorate the seventy-third anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar were Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Rose Sartorious, K.C.B., Admirals R. Patton, W. W. Percival Johnson and Spencer Smyth, Commanders Francis Harris and William Vicary, and Lieut.-Col. James Fynmore, R. M.

HAY, the despatcher, who was arrested on suspicion of being the cause of the recent collision on the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto, whereby a brakesman named Frederick Still sustained injuries from which he soon after died, was discharged on Friday last. The coroner's jury, after deliberating about twenty minutes, returned an open verdict.

THE Jacques Cartier ballot-box stuffing case was brought to a close on Friday last. The four scoundrels found guilty of tampering with the ballot-box were sentenced as follows:—Adelard P. Forget was fined $200 or three months' imprisonment; Alphonse Christin, $100 or 45 days' imprisonment; Adolph Lamarche, $100 or 45 days' imprisonment; Isaie Pilon, $50 or 30 days' imprisonment. The hon. Judge impressed upon the defendants the enormity of their offence. He said if Forget had taken his oath of office as deputy returning officer he would have fined him $1,000 and three years in prison. The prisoners have all paid their fines and been released.

QUITE a sensation was created in New York last week by the theft of the body of the late A. T. Stewart from the vault in which it was placed. It is supposed the thieves committed the dastardly act for the purpose of getting a reward which they expected would be offered for the recovery of the body. Two years ago Mrs. Stewart received a letter demanding money under threat of the desecration of her husband's grave. It is possible, however, that their designs in this direction may be foiled, as, although a reward of $25,000 is offered, the conviction of the robbers is also necessary in order to secure it. The detectives are scouring the city, but so far their efforts have been unrewarded.

IN THE Police Court, Toronto, last week the novel procedure of swearing a Mahommedan was witnessed for the first time in that city. Herman Jacobson, a Circassian, brought action against one Hammond for obtaining goods and money under false pretenses. On being called as a witness Jacobson's oath was objected to on the ground that he was not a Christian. He stated that he was a follower of Mahomet, and was willing to be sworn on the Koran. The manner of administering the oath is described as solemn and deliberate. The one taking the oath bends down and touches the Koran with his forehead three times, pausing between each bow for meditation and prayer. The Koran used was printed in Arabic, and was the property of Prof. Hirschfelder, of Toronto and Trinity Universities. The Professor was required to swear that the book used was the Koran, as there was none other present who could read Arabic.

ON TUESDAY, 5th inst., our American cousins held their general State elections, and the returns show the Republicans to have made a big sweep. The South, as usual, went Democratic; but the solid South is now confronted by a solid North, and the two Sections are once more arrayed against each other. The great Ben Butler, candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, was defeated by nearly 30,000, and in New York city the Tammany ring was left in a large minority. Senator Conkling won a great victory, and it is said his chances for securing the next Presidential nomination, in 1880, were never better. No doubt the recent publication of the cypher despatches has had some effect on those who hitherto supported Tilden and the Democrats. "Ballot-box stuffing," "bulldozing," and other outrages have also done their part in the election, but in that blissful "land of the free" such small matters are of no importance.

GEORGE C. HOLTON, Collector of Inland Revenue for the Belleville District, died at his residence in Belleville, on Wednesday morning last, which sad event is universally regretted. We take the following from the *Intelligencer*:—Mr. Holton, who was the eldest son of E. W. Holton, Esq., of this city, was a native of Belleville, and was but 36 years of age. He was appointed to the position which he lately held only three years ago, and proved himself to be a zealous, painstaking and efficient officer. Personally he was highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities of head and heart, by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Two weeks ago he was seized with what proved to be his fatal illness—an attack of typhoid fever—and it was thought on Monday was progressing favorably; but a change took place on Tuesday, and death resulted as above stated. The sympathy of the whole public will be extended to the widow and children,—two of whom are at present prostrated by the disease from which their father died.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

This subject has been agitating the minds of two classes for the last few weeks to the extent of from one to four letters per day in the Toronto dailies. The two classes are those who think two "fond young hearts" could be welded into one and live comfortably on a moderate income of say from $500 to $800 per year, and those who think such an idea ridiculous in the extreme and not to be ventured on. The pros. and cons. of the question have been discussed in all their various bearings; the wisdom or folly of such a course, according to the ideas or feelings of the writer, painted in glowing colors of future bliss or misery; warnings from those of both sexes now struggling in the toils of matrimony have been given, but notwithstanding all this the ragged truth remains the same—those "fond hearts" whose owners "feel that way" will contract an alliance just whenever the spirit moves them, and leave the question of income to be considered, if at all, at a future period. Of course this step is in many instances to be deplored, as the old adage, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," has been too often verified. A "consuming love," (we have an indistinct recollection of hearing these words once, but we are not posted,) will not keep the larder supplied, as even the most ethereal of our Canadian girls require at least a couple of meals a day, for their cravings of hunger can not be satisfied by "toying with the wing of a partridge, or brushing the bloom off a peach." If such were the case they would have offers enough to satisfy even the ambition of the average young lady, from young men who would be only too happy to have them share their joys and sorrows and their small income. But the butcher, and baker, and grocer *will* intrude on even the most blissful of double bleseedness, and those "two hearts that beat as one" must have something more substantial to back them that that very sweet and very beautiful but withal exceedingly empty theory of "love in a cottage," etc., etc. Different girls, of course, have different theories on this question, and perhaps the wisest, one after all is she who announces her intention of marrying, if she can, some "nice, old, unhealthy, rich man," who will soon die and leave her all his money. This is a charming subject to dwell on, but we are satisfied it is useless to say more as the young men and maidens will do just as they please anyway. But times are hard at present and incomes are coming in considerably below par, yet if any of the Madoc young ladies contemplate linking their fate with some young man, and are content to do so on the following conditions propounded by a Yankee editor, they are all not yet doomed to wither on the virgin thorn:—"The great demand of the times appears to be a girl who can sew wool, clean house, cook for a family of seven, take care of the baby, wash and iron, 'answer the door,' fight flies, work fifteen hours a day, never get cross, never waste, spoil or lose anything, never go out, never want anything, have no company and be happy, smiling, well-dressed and contented for $1.75 a week."

AN ACTION for libel has been entered against the Toronto *Mail* by the Hon. Adam Crooks, $1,000 being the amount claimed. The *Mail's* charge is that he sold Municipal Loan Fund Debentures to or through the Colonial Trusts Company in England, while at the same time he was a stockholder, director, and salaried officer of the Company, and states that they are prepared to go before an intelligent judge and jury and pay $1,000 damages if their statements are proved untrue. Now for war.

HIS Excellency the Most Reverend Laurent Gillooly, D. D., Lord Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, has been named Delegate of the Holy See to Canada and the United States as successor to the late lamented Monsignour Conroy. His Lordship was born at Roscommon, Ireland, May 14, 1819, and was educated at the Irish Seminary, Paris. In 1844 he joined the Lazarist Order of Missionaries in Paris; was ordained Priest in 1847; in 1856 was chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff as Coadjutor to Dr. Brown, Bishop of Elphin, and succeeded to the See, on the death of that prelate, in 1858. He was an active friend of the cause of education in his Diocese, having founded therein a Diocesan College, a Seminary, a large number of primary schools, a Normal School, and a school of Art and Industry.

HON. PIERRE BACHAND, Treasurer of Quebec Province and M. P. P. for St. Hyacinthe, died of consumption at his residence in that city on the 3rd inst. The sad event was not unexpected; during the last session of the Provincial Legislature the hon. gentleman contracted a severe cold from which he never entirely recovered, and his demise, in the early future had been known as a certainty for some months past. Mr. Bachand was born at Verchères, P. Q., March 29th, 1835, of French descent, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1860. He was first returned to the Provincial Legislature for St. Hyacinthe at the general elections in 1867, and was successively re-elected by acclamation in 1871 and 1875. After accepting the portfolio of Provincial Treasurer in Hon. Mr. Joly's Cabinet about six months ago, he was re-elected for the same constituency.

A movement is on foot to induce the depositors of the City of Glasgow Bank to accept a composition of fifteen shillings on the pound, so as to relieve the shareholders.

The REVIEW will be sent free to end of the year to new subscribers for 1879.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Cutters were in the streets in Brighton last week.

Hon. Mr. Bowell left Belleville on Friday last, for Ottawa.

No protest has been entered against the return of Mr. Hooper for the county of Lennox.

Two hundred and nine men passed through the village of Kaneville this fall for the woods.

Sixty-one cars of cattle passed the Belleville depot, G.T.R., one day last week, destined eastwards.

Travel on the Grand Trunk Railway from Belleville was reported unusually brisk during the past few weeks.

A Young Men's Association, in connection with St. Andrews Church, Belleville, was formed a short time ago.

A new grain elevator has been erected at Mill Point, adding much to the business appearance of the village.

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, for Ontario, will meet in Napanee on the 26th inst.

The Napanee Dramatic Company have reorganized, and will open the season this week with an entertainment for the benefit of the poor.

A By-law for the repeal of the Dunkin Act in Peterborough county will be submitted to the vote of the electors on Monday, December 9th.

The Synod of Ontario is to meet in Kingston on Tuesday, December 3rd. The Grand Trunk Railway will issue tickets at reduced rates.

Two car loads of cheese were shipped at Lake's station, Huntingdon, on the Belleville & North Hastings Railway, on Wednesday last.

In Campbellford, according to the *Herald*, "Politically, religiously, morally, intellectually, socially, physically, or financially, not much is being done."

A petition against the return of Mr. McCraig for Prince Edward County has been filed in the Court of Chancery. The petition alleges corrupt practices both by himself and agents.

At a meeting of Conservatives in Campbellford last week it was decided to appoint a local candidate by delegates. They are to meet at Warkworth on the 2nd of December to name their man.

Warren Godfrey, son of the Postmaster at Mountain Grove, in the county of Addington, was arrested on Thursday last by Post Office Inspector Barker, on a charge of stealing $280 from a postal letter on the 20th ultimo.

The friends of Mr. Wm. Sands, of Mill Point, who was lately found drowned in the Oswego harbor, having suspicion of foul play, an inquest was held and after full investigation, the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

The Campbellford *Herald* says "the best time for bathing in the river is early morning, before breakfast." In our opinion the most comfortable time for enjoying this luxury is in July or August, before the weather gets so cold.

We find the following in the last issue of the *Canada Gazette*:—"49th 'Hastings' Battalion of Rifles.—No. 2 Company, Stirling, to be Lieutenant, provisionally, Sergeant Walter Smith Martin, vice Robert James Craigs, whose resignation is hereby accepted."

Special Gospel Meetings are now being held in Belleville. If they could only entice the *Ontario* man into the fold a whole season's work would be accomplished. We know of no one in that city more deserving of some kind of "special" remembrance. But we have our misgivings as to the result.

On Tuesday last a very old man named William Johnson, while on his way from Tyendinaga to some place below Kingston, where he has friends, halted in Napanee. While attempting to get on the side-walk on Dundas street he fell, and striking his shoulder heavily against the edge of the walk, received serious and most painful injuries. He was removed to the Paisley House, his usual stopping place, and treated with the greatest kindness.—*Examiner.*

A young lad named Alex. Scott recently stole a registered letter from the Renfrew post office, containing $50. The theft was soon discovered and the young rascal made to confess, but not before he had spent about four dollars, and divided a considerable amount with some companions and friends. The matter has been investigated by the Post Office Inspector, and warrants issued for the arrest of Scott and a companion named Smith, both of whom have left the village.

The largest maskinonge which we have ever heard of as being captured in the Bay of Quinte was caught at Zwick's Island on Monday morning in a seine by Mr. James Pake, an old fisherman. The fish, which was purchased by Mr. Smith, boat builder, measured 5 feet 4 inches in length, girthed over 26 inches after a 5 pound pickerel, which it had breakfasted upon, had been taken from its stomach, and its weight was 54 pounds. This is one of the very largest maskinonge of which there is any record.—*Intelligencer.*

The lecture delivered last Sunday evening in Bradburn's Hall by a person named Devlin on "The religion of Love and Hate" seems from all accounts to have been anything but productive of the first, however much it may have contributed to the latter. The fact of the matter is, we think these Sunday evening gatherings—even when of themselves of an unexceptional character—would be much better omitted, as their chief effect seems to be to draw people away from their evening services in their own churches, where they would be much better employed.—*Peterborough Review.*

John Smith, of Mill Point, his wife and family, are a bad lot. They came here last spring in a terribly dirty condition, and after inhabiting the cells for some nights they were shipped off to their place of abode. The family consisted at that time of the father, mother and two children, one of 3 and the other of 5 years of age. They returned to this city last night, and again sought shelter in the cells, the family having been increased during the interval by an infant which is now four months old. During the summer they camped out, so they say, their condition is now worse than before, and they now wants to go to gaol. Some place of refuge ought to be provided for such people.—*Intelligencer.*

Since the disappearance of the Yellow fever business in the South has become unprecedentedly active.

The news from Europe continues to be reassuring. Beaconsfield's recent speech has created a favorable impression in England, though by some of the Russian press it is regarded as expressive of enmity towards Russia. The Porte is said to have submitted a somewhat satisfactory constitution for Roumelia, and to be desirous and likely to find an acceptable solution of the Greek frontier difficulty; and the Czar, on his part, has declared his intention of adhering to the Treaty of Berlin.

NEW GOODS!

We have received full lines in Black Lustres, from 14c. a yard. Ladies' Cloth Jackets, very stylish, from $2 each. White and Coloured Blankets, Grey Flannel, All Wool Druggett, Check Wincey, Brown Ducks, Shirts and Drawers, Women's and Girl's Fancy Hosiery, White and Coloured Cotton Yarn, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at low prices.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, November 13th, 1878.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS TAIT,
TEACHER of Instrumental Music, (Piano and Organ), at the residence of Mr. Jas. A. Orr, or will visit pupils at their homes if required. Terms made known on application at her residence, or at the REVIEW Office. Free use of Piano to all scholars to practise.

Strayed or Stolen.
FROM the premises of the undersigned, village of Madoc, on the night of the 3rd of November, a black steer, four years old. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.
GARRET DOREY.
Madoc, Nov. 9th, 1878. 85-3

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late THOMAS CASSIDY, will please call and settle the same with the undersigned, and all having claims against the said estate will present the same to them for payment.
JAMES MAITLAND, } Executors.
CHAS. THOMPSON, }
Bannockburn.
November 9th, 1878. 85-4

ESTRAY!
CAME into the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 7, 8th concession of Huntingdon, on or about the 15th of October last, a Heifer Calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.
HUGH CLOSE.
Huntingdon, Nov. 12th, 1878.

500 MEN WANTED!
IMMEDIATELY,
To pay subscriptions past due on this paper.
Apply at
"REVIEW" OFFICE,
Madoc.

TO BE LET.
A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Hillsbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, in the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to
GREAM & HENDERSON,
84 Solicitors, Madoc.

$5.50 PER CWT.
WILL BE PAID
FOR GOOD BEEF HIDES
AT MULLETT'S TANNERY.
Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1878. 84

Dressmaking & Millinery ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in the above lines, at short notice and on reasonable terms. Also
Felt and Straw Work of all Kinds.
SHOP IN REED'S NEW BLOCK.
MRS TURNER,
MRS HULIN.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878. 84m3

$1.50
Will pay for the REVIEW to January 1st, 1880, to all new Subscribers beginning any time between this and the New Year.

LOTS FOR SALE
In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Hunsel Estate)
AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal 11-6m

FARM FOR SALE!
THE Executors of the late Lawrence Quirk offer for sale the north-west quarter of Lot No. 11, in the 9th con. of Madoc. Good house and outbuildings. TERMS EASY.
For particulars apply to the Executors, Jas Thompson, Madoc, and Patrick McElroy, Elzevir, or to the undersigned,
GREAM & HENDERSON,
71 Solicitors, etc., Madoc.

BLACKSMITHING
THE undersigned having rented the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing on shortest notice and at reasonable rates. First-class Horse shoeing a specialty. Resources, Debts, cash; 12½ credit. New shoes, 25cts.
Give me a trial; satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES JOHNSTON.
Madoc, May 9th, 1878. 56-1m

REMOVED!!
N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
NB. CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-3m 907 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.
BEING Lot No. 8, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing 150 acres, 500 apple trees on the premises. Good frame barn and log house, well fenced. Also 200 acres composed of Lot No. 10 in the 13th concession, same township. Title to the above indisputable. For further particulars apply on the premises.
47. JOHN BAILEY.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.
BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared; 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON,
Huntingdon, Dec. 20th, 1877. on the premises. 39

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Cannifton. The gravel road passing from Cannifton to Bow's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 19th, 1878. 51

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession, Township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage-house, Stables, and all necessary out-buildings; some Fruit Trees, well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd Concession. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.
JAS O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877. 1-tf

NOTICE!

Parties in need of Furniture will find it to their advantage to call on

W. T. White,

Durham Street, Madoc.

THE BEST AND LARGEST!
ASSORTMENT OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
Fancy Goods, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.,
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC,
WILL BE FOUND AT
G. D. RAWE'S.
THE FALL STOCK IS
Complete, Varied, and Extensive,
AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

Robes, Robes, Robes

A large selection of No. One Buffalo Robes at Exceedingly Low Prices, can be seen at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S.

New Butcher Shop.

The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.

Give him a call.

G. M. BROOKS.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
JAS. MOORE, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
J. G. LOVELESS, Secretary, St. Ola P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070.
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge P. O.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRELL, D.M., Millbridge P. O.
P. M. GUNTER, District Sec, St.Ola P.O.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
R. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139. O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, December 5th,

at 8 o'clock, p. m. sharp. Visiting members cordially invited.

J. R. ORR, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No.179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov. 25th

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above Lodge will be held at the Masonic Hall,

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3rd,

at the hour of 8 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAS. O'HARA, JR., Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Instrumental Music—Miss Tait.
Strayed or Stolen—Garret Barry.
Notice—Maitland and Thompson.
Estray—Hugh Close.
New Goods—Sydmer Ross & Co.
Notice—W. T. White.
Selling off at cost—Thos. Cross.

Early Skating.

There was good skating on the mill pond last week, and while it lasted the boys enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. We believe one or two of them venturing too near the edge, broke through, but with no serious results beyond wet feet.

The Cemetery.

We were pleased to notice a few days ago that the village cemetery has at last undergone a much-needed improvement. A new picket fence runs along the entire front, while the side and back fences has been thoroughly repaired, adding much to the appearance of that sacred plot.

What's the Name?

An exchange says the style the girls have adopted of wearing their hats pulled over their eyes is called the "None of your business." We wonder if any name has yet been given to that fashion they have of wearing a portion of their dress in their left hand with a firm yet dainty grasp, and a slightly ascending tendency? Will some young lady please explain.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

We have received the November number of this excellent Monthly, which fully sustains its high reputation as a first-class literary magazine. The table of contents embrace the continuation of "The Haunted Hotel," and "The Monks of Thelema." "Chester and the Dee," illustrated, by Blanch Murphy, is exceedingly interesting, as is also all the other selections comprising the number. Price only 25 cents. Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto.

Got his Deserts.

James Claremont, who appeared to be leader of a gang of rowdies who broke into the cook's van on the Belleville and North Hastings on Tuesday of last week, was brought before A. F. Wood, Esq., J. P., the following day and fined $10 and costs or 20 days in gaol. Not having the wherewith to ensure his liberty he was taken to Belleville the same afternoon by Constable Sills, where, let us hope, twenty days' in durance vile will have a satisfactory effect upon himself and companions.

Free Fair.

The fair held here yesterday was in some respects a success. Buyers were present from Belleville, Canifton, and other places, and a large number of cattle were offered for sale, but the majority were in poor condition, consequently, prices were low, and fewer sales made than otherwise would have been. However, a large number changed hands, getting their fingers on some hard cash being the main object of many having animals to dispose of. Mr. H. Corby, Jr., was a heavy purchaser, having bought about thirty head here yesterday, as well as being in the back townships for some days past buying. Farmers and others having stock to dispose of at these fairs, and expecting high prices, should endeavor to have them in good condition, and then buyers will be found both ready and willing to purchase them at their full value.

Village Improvements.

We have heard some people say the village of Madoc was at a standstill, but we are happy to point out that such is not the case. Signs of increasing prosperity are to be seen on every side, and, we believe, this will be even more marked when the railway is in regular running order. The vacant houses are being rapidly engaged, scarcely one to be found at present unoccupied. Quite a number of new houses have gone up during the past year, and many more are contemplated for next year, while a great many additions and substantial improvements have been made to those already existing. All this argues well for the advancement of our village, and all that is required to shove it ahead is a little push and enterprise on the part of those who have its welfare at heart, and who expect to share in its prosperity. Madoc has a brilliant future before it if her citizens but act their parts well. Destined at some future time to become the county town of North Hastings, it behooves us to bring the consummation of that event as near as possible,—and certainly it ought to be in the near future. In a future issue we purpose giving an extended account of the new buildings and improvements completed since we commenced the publication of the paper nineteen months ago.

A Remarkable Pig Story.

The following strange story was told us by Mr. W. Unwin, of Keller's Bridge, who, with others, vouches for its truthfulness. A pig belonging to W. A. Roblin of that place, was missed some two months since, and no trace of it could be found, until a week or two ago it was discovered in an old prospecting mine on Mr. Unwin's place. The entrance to this mine was open on the day the pig was first missed, but has been closed since that time, so that it must have existed for forty days without food of any kind.

New Buildings.

A. F. Wood, Esq., has now in course of construction, on his property south of the Masonic Hall, a one-storey brick building, which will be divided into two compartments for separate offices. One of them, we believe, he will occupy himself, and the other will be to let. We notice also that E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., has commenced operations on the lot next to his store for the erection of a three-storey brick building, to be divided into three stores, which will be completed early next season. These gentlemen evidently have faith in the future progress of our village.

Earl Dufferin's Orations.

The New York *World* says, a collection of Lord Dufferin's Canadian Speeches carefully and intelligently made, would be a popular book on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. George Stewart, Jr.'s book on "The Earl of Dufferin's Administration in Canada," published by The Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto, will have a full collection, carefully revised by Lord Dufferin himself. The book will be issued very soon after His Excellency's departure, and will contain his farewell address. A few first-class Agents wanted.

Gentle Reader, is it You?

It may have been observed that the greediest man after a newspaper is the one who is too mean to subscribe and pay for his paper like a man. He is always in waiting for the latest paper, and it scarcely reaches the owner's premises before the paper fiend pounces upon it, and never lets up until the last line is read. Then he casts it aside with the remark that he could make a better paper himself. Why not also borrow his neighbor's horse and plough, and the use of his barn, and his hired man "for a few minutes." What a saving it would be.

B. & N. H. Railway.

On Friday last Mr. Cowan, Mr. Bickford, and some other gentlemen passed through here on the North Hastings Railway to inspect the road as far as completed. We understand the rails are now laid to within a mile or two of Eldorado, and the ballasting is also being pushed on as rapidly as the nature of the work will permit. Mr. Pusey visited the iron mines at the same time with a view to placing men at work removing the ore, which, we are informed, he has completed arrangements for having conveyed direct from Madoc to Pennsylvania.

Rowdyism.

We have been requested to state that those persons who have lately been in the habit of congregating near the house of Mr. James C. Dale and annoying the inmates by throwing small stones or sling shot against the windows, are well known to the constable, and if the practice is persisted in they will find themselves some morning in the presence of one of our magistrates. The nuisance is not committed by small boys alone, but by some pretty large ones, who certainly ought to have more common sense and decency than to be found engaged in such miserable amusement.

Sale of Real Estate.

The auction sale of lots on the Cross estate, on Saturday last, was not very largely attended, but what was sold brought a very good price. Nine lots were sold by public auction and a few others, we believe, were disposed of by private sale. Commencing at the west, at the railroad track, the first, second, and third lots were bought by W. H. Tumelty, at $110, $235, and $205, respectively. No. 4 was bought by Jno. Mouncey at $160; Nos. 5 and 6 by Orrin Dunn, at $165 each; No. 10 by Jas. O'Hara, Jr., for $195; No. 13 by Orrin Dunn for $225; and No. 21 by Robert Sagar, for $150.

On Monday a number of lots on the Russel estate were also offered at auction, nine of them being disposed of. Nos. 22 and 23, west side of Queen Victoria street, were purchased by D. Ross for $270. Lots 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, south side of Prince Albert street, between Nelson and Davidson streets, were knocked down to Bristol & Bro. for $450. John Harper got lots 5 and 6, Davidson street, for $250.

From Manitoba.

A gentleman in this village has kindly allowed us to make the following extract from a letter received by him a few days ago, from a party who passed through here on his way to Manitoba two years ago. The writer is located in Southern Manitoba, near the Pembina Mountain:—

* * * * We enjoy good health, and are contented and pleased with our new home, for, although we labor under disadvantages at present, in two or three years at most we will surmount a great many of them. At present we have preaching within 2½ miles of us every Sabbath by the Presbyterians. They are about building a church within 3 miles of us, and another within six. The English Church have service occasionally within two hundred yards, and the minister is to board in the same place. The Episcopal Methodists hold their meetings in the same place with the English Church occasionally, and are about to build a church within about 6 miles of us. A young man by the name of Franklin is their minister. We will have a school next spring less than a mile of us. Our Post Office (weekly mail) is less than a quarter of a mile. We have two stores within three miles of us and several within the range of 8, 12, and 14 miles. A grist and saw mill within 12 miles and another saw mill within 14 miles. Shoemaker, blacksmith and waggonmaker shops are getting plentiful. The hay and grain is all cut by machinery in this country. We can hear the whistle of four steam thrashing machines; one of them is owned by nine of the farmers. I have a share in it, and am secretary of the company. It is a twelve-horse power, and can do double the work that the common ten-horse power run by horses can do, and cost $1400. We get three years to pay for it. We will have our own grain thrashed free this year. We expect a local railway in about two years. Summing up everything it is not backward for a country which has only been settled 4 years. We have had a nice summer, all through seasonable showers and no more. The wheat is yielding about 30 bushels to the acre; oats, between 50 and 60; potatoes, I do not know how much, I planted 14 bushel and I had I am sure 400. I had 6 acres of wheat, but have not thrashed it yet so that I cannot tell how it will yield. I do not believe that the valley of the Nile would beat this country for crops. We had about 600 heads of cabbage, also cauliflowers, cucumbers, onions, carrots, beets, radish, beans, turnips and corn planted on the first ploughing, and I never saw anything to equal them in Ontario. We had a fall of snow last week of about six inches, but has all disappeared. It has been cloudy and cold for a week past. The leaves have fallen, and prairie fires are illuminating the country. They are beautiful to look at, as you can see them 25 miles distant over the prairie. Where I live I can see 8 Mennonite villages to the east and northeast. To the north about two miles distant over the prairie is a strip of oak timber; to the south, and on my own land is another strip of oak timber about half a mile long, with a splendid creek running through it; and to the west and southwest, and about two miles distant, is the Pembina Mountains, clothed with oak, poplar, hazel, willow, and patches of prairie, and attaining a height of about 150 feet.

J. W.

Stodderville, Oct. 21st, 1878.

Original.

Lines Written on First Settling in Canada.

Our own dear cottage in the wood
How welcome is to me;
Our future prospects too seem good,
We give thanks, oh God, to Thee!

The simple round of daily toil
But doth increase our love,
And far from cities' dread turmoil,
We look to thee above.

'Tis true our hearts will often dwell
On visions of the past,
Sorrows that oft us befel,
Or joys that could not last.

Then the whisper sweet of the forest calm
Comes stealing through the soul,
And is a pure and healthful balm
For one who can the heart control.

But a safer balm is Thy holy word,
For erring christians written,
It sustains the heart by gladness stirred,
Or early sorrows smitten.

And tho' while here we're nought but dust,
And much to evil prone,
In Thee our good we'll hope and trust,
We may not live by bread alone.

But in thy heavenly name confide,
And live by the sacred word,
That nothing here may e'er divide
Or take us from our Lord.

Great God! our strength omnipotent
To Thee our guide we come
To ask for grace, peace, and content
To bless our cottage home.

A. N.

Hastings Road, Nov. 8th, 1878.

An Interesting Work.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that during the stay of our esteemed Governor-General in Canada, he has given to the various Societies, Religious Institutions and Educational Establishments of the country upwards of five hundred beautiful medals in gold, silver and bronze. We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. George Stewart, Jr.'s great work "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," will contain a complete list of these medals with the names of the parties who have received them, the object for which they were given, and the various dates of issue. This will add largely to the interest of Mr. Stewart's book, which we learn is being eagerly subscribed for.

Madoc Branch Bible Society.

The annual meeting of the Madoc Branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held in the Methodist Church, on Friday evening last, and at which, we are sorry to say, there were but few present. The chair was taken by the President, A. F. Wood, Esq., and opening services conducted by Rev. Mr. Marsh. The Secretary, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., read the minutes of last meeting, which were confirmed, and also a statement of the amount collected at that time and by the Collectors, and amount received for Bibles sold, which is as follows:—amount collected, $43.44; amount received for Bibles sold, $29.58; total, $73.02. The following officers were then elected:—A. F. Wood, President; E. D. O'Flynn, Secretary; M. Wilson, Depositary; Jas. O'Hara, Jr., Dr. Loomis, A. B. Ross, E. Mouncey, J. R. Ketcheson, W. Bristol, F. E. Seymour, and the resident ministers of the village, Committee. The Misses Francis, Taber, Riddell, and Seymour were appointed Collectors. Excellent addresses were then delivered by the Agent of the Society, Rev. John Young, and Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the E. M. Church, this village, and the meeting closed with the benediction by the latter gentleman.

Suicide.

On Wednesday morning last, 6th inst., Mrs. Wilson, wife of Mr. W. H. Wilson, residing about four miles from Bannockburn, was missed from her bed, and on search being made her body was shortly afterwards found in the River Moira, about 60 rods from her own house. Coroner Sutton of this village was notified of the sad event, and an inquest was held the next day, when the following particulars were elicited from witnesses. After being missed it appears that Wm. McLure and others searched for Mrs. Wilson and found her dead body in the Moira as described above. A handkerchief belonging to her husband was over her face like a vail and brought round her neck and tied. With the assistance of Mr. Unwin and others the body was removed to her house. It was stated in evidence that deceased and her husband had repeatedly quarrelled, but soon made it up again; that she was frequently despondent, and at those times would threaten to make way with herself, at other times cheerful and apparently happy. She complained that she had to undergo hardships which was not right for a woman to undergo; her husband was going to the shanty and was leaving her and the children to take care of the cattle, and she did not know how to get along. She was annoyed in consequence, and said she could not live through the winter, and that she would get rid of herself. When her eldest daughter went from home about the first of October she (deceased) told her she would never see her alive again. The daughter did not pay any attention to it as she had made the same threat so often before. A post mortem examination was held, and it was found that deceased came to her death by suffocation through drowning. The jury returned, in substance, the following verdict:—"That the deceased, Emily Wilson, on the night of the 5th November, 1878, during a fit of despondency and distraction, did kill herself by casting herself in the River Moira, and that death resulted from suffocation through drowning, from said cause." The funeral took place on Saturday last to Parks' burying ground, and on Sabbath evening the funeral sermon was preached in Bannockburn by Rev. Mr. Wilson, a large number being present on each occasion.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 80 to	$0 90
Barley,	0 60 to	0 75
Rye,	0 45 to	0 50
Oats,	0 30 to	0 31
Peas,	0 55 to	0 00
Butter,	0 15 to	0 20
Eggs,	0 12 to	0 00
Potatoes, per bush	0 43 to	0 53
Flour, per bbl	4 50 to	4 80
Sheepskins,	0 65 to	0 75
Hides,	4 00 to	5 50

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00 to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90 to	0 00
Rye, "	0 40 to	0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70 to	0 00
Peas, "	0 60 to	0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to	0 40
Eggs, per doz	0 10 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to	0 13
Hides, per cwt	4 00 to	0 00

MADOC & YORK RIVER R. R.

APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislative Assembly, at its next session, for a Charter to build a Railroad from the terminus of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway, to the Hon. Billa Flint's mill on York River, by way of L'Amable.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Oct. 10th, 1878. 81

Strawberry Plants.

A NUMBER of First-Class Strawberry Plants for sale, Apply at the REVIEW OFFICE.

FOR SALE!

A SPAN OF HORSES, aged seven and five years. For further particulars apply to JAS. THOMPSON,
78-4t s w ¼ lot 11, 6th con. Madoc.

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best run in the county, and lots of feed.

FRANCIS NEWELLS.

Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the subscriber, by Note or otherwise, are hereby notified that the same must be paid on or before the 1st of December next, or their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

C. THRASHER.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

Stolen! $5 Reward!

STOLEN, from the premises of the undersigned, in this village, on Friday or Saturday night last, a Black-red Game Cock.—The above reward will be paid for his retovery, or information that will lead to the identity of the thief.

CHAS. C. CRAWFORD.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

CARDING AND FULLING.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do Fulling or Carding on short notice. All cloth or wool left at E. D. O'Flynn's will be taken and returned as usual.

WILLIAM H. PRINGLE.

Madoc, Oct. 8th, 1878. 80-6t

BRIDGEWATER

WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and customers that he is still prepared to do Carding, Weaving, Fulling, etc., with neatness and despatch, and would beg a continuation of their favors. Wool taken in exchange for work.

Wool or Cloth left at Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara's, or J. Dale & Son's, Madoc, will be promptly attended to, at which places I will call for and deliver every Saturday.

G. C. WOLFE.

Bridgewater, October 1st, 1878. 79-m3

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

TAKE NOTICE, that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Hastings will meet at the Shire Hall in Belleville, on

Tuesday, 12th day of November next,

for the despatch of general business.

All parties having accounts against the Corporation, are requested to hand them in not later than the second morning of the Session.

By order,

J. T. BELL,
County Clerk of Hastings.

Shire Hall, Belleville, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT CHOWN'S,

DIVISION ST., REED'S BLOCK

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

Railway Bakery.

THE undersigned having been disappointed in visiting the old country this summer intends giving the public the benefit of it in

CHEAP BREAD,

and having purchased

100 Barrels of Flour

at a low figure, is prepared to furnish

BREAD,
CAKES,
PASTRY,
&C., &C.

AT LOW PRICES.

My Bread will be manufactured on the Old Country System.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

A CHOICE STOCK OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

on hand, which will be sold at bottom prices for cash.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, June 27th, 1878. 65

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

Teachers' Examinations

Second Class and Special Certificates.

THE Semi-annual Examination of Candidates for

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES

WILL BE HELD IN THE

MODEL SCHOOL HOUSE, MADOC,

commencing on MONDAY, December 16th.

The Annual Examination of Candidates for

SPECIAL CERTIFICATES

for the remote townships will be held in

L'AMABLE, DUNGANNON,

on December 23rd and 24th, at 1 p. m.

Those who purpose competing must notify the undersigned not later than November 10th. Blank forms of the notice to be given can be procured on application.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector,
North Hastings.

Madoc, October 26th, 1878. 83-2

HATS, FURS,

—AND—

MILLINERY.

THE LARGEST STOCK

—IN—

BELLEVILLE.

EVERYTHING at BOTTOM PRICES.

☞ Old Furs Made into Latest Styles.

MUIR & LAWRENCE,

285, Robertson's Block,
BELLEVILLE

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling

TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.

W. MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 28th, 1877.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

—AND—

LIQUOR STORE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Now carried on by the subscriber, who will conduct the business upon the old established system of always keeping on hand a well selected and full assortment of

WINES,
BRANDIES,
GINS,
SPIRITS,
PORTERS,
ALES,

&c., &c., of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers.

Also a full assortment of

Confectionery & Biscuits

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

FRUITS IN SEASON,

LOUR AND FEED!

All wholesale and retail

Farmers' produce of all kinds taken at the higest market value

JANE WRIGHT.

Wright's Block, Durham street, Madoc

Madoc, March 29th, 1878.

Gray & McGregor,

GROCERS,

OFFER YOU

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
DRIED BEEF,
BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,
CANNED CORN BEEF,
CANNED SALMON,
CANNED LOBSTERS,
BOSTON BAKED BEANS,
SARDINES,
FLOUR AND MESS PORK,

ALSO,

A COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

August 5th, 1878.

THE

RATEPAYERS!

Of Madoc and vicinity, their wives, children, and all their friends, are respectfully solicited to purchase, now that the elections are over, anything they require in the lines of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Rings, Hair Pins, Back Combs—coarse, fine and circular, Pins, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Spectacles and Cases, Thimbles, Beads, Albums, Photo Frames, Dominoes, Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Jews' Harps, Pen-holders and Pens, Machine Needles, etc., from

E. L. WEISS,

who has just received a fine stock of the above mentioned goods.

Repairs promptly attended to as usual.

Madoc, Sept. 9th, 1878.

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

FARMERS' PRODUCE of all Kinds

Taken in Exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

SELLING OFF AT COST!

Goods at less than auction prices!

Must all be disposed of by the 1st of January next.

NOW is the TIME to GET BARGAINS

Thomas Cross.

At Maybee's

At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

"The Pharmacy."

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,
Stationery, Crayons,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Toilet Articles, Garden Seeds,
Wall Paper and Stationery.
Surgery in Store.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.

Cheap Goods.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MADOC.

If you want cheap goods call and see my prices.

I intend to sell my entire stock at Montreal Wholesale Prices.

As the stock is all new and bought at the lowest market prices, and having no old stock, bought at war prices, to dispose of, you will find it to your advantage to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere.

I could give you a list of prices, but to satisfy yourselves call and see and you will be convinced that there is no humbug.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices, such as Lard, Butter, Hams, &c., &c.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

WOMAN.

What is it makes a woman?
A wealth of wavy hair,
A brow of Parian whiteness,
And eyes like diamonds rare?

Is it cheeks that shame the roses,
And lips like cherries red,
With teeth of pearly beauty,
As the poet oft hath said?

A tall and queenly creature,
With a small and taper waist,
A Juno or a Hebe,
Who would a throne have graced?

My beau-ideal of woman
Is a different being far;
And if my views you wish to hear,
I'll tell you what they are.

A heart that's warm and tender,
A pure and holy mind;
A gentle, modest, loving one,
Who is to others kind.

The eye may lose its lustre,
The cheek its rosy glow,
The wavy hair no more be seen
O'er forehead white as snow.

But the pure and gentle spirit
Will e'er be fresh and bright
'Tis this that makes the woman.
Kind reader, am I right?

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—The blue-ribbon movement has begun in England.

—In a population of 40,000, Rutland county, Vt., averages thirty divorces annually.

—The recent inundations of the Nile destroyed 250 human beings and $2,500,000 in property.

—Surprise is one of the principal elements of wit. This is why it always makes a man laugh when he sits down on a pin.

—An eighteen-year-old father and seventeen-year-old mother in Grover County, Ky., are the parents of twins, a boy and a girl.

—The garments belonging to the Moors who die from cholera in Morocco, instead of being burnt are sold by auction in the public market.

—A society and subscription list have been started in London to encourage the planting of the salubrious plane tree in all the suburbs of the city.

—Hon. Mr. Bachand, a member of the Quebec Provincial Cabinet, died at his residence, St. Hyacinthe, Que., Sunday morning, after a long illness.

—"You are the only sensible free trader, I know," Thiers used to say to M. Jules Simon; "and yet when you talk free trade you don't talk sense."

—Yellow fever has thus far carried off fifty-six clergymen. Twenty-four were Roman Catholics, thirty-one Protestants, and one a Jewish rabbi.

—The exportation of American pork has made the keeping of pigs unprofitable in England, and even the Irish farmers are giving up the attempt.

—Eight young men left Hartford last August to nurse yellow fever sufferers in the South. Harry Brooks, the only survivor, has just returned home.

—When your little boy exhibits symptoms of having an ear for the harmonies of sweet sounds, then is your time to sing "There's music in the hair."

—"Marriage?" exclaimed the maiden aunt, "Humph! Don't mention it!" "Don't men shun it?" cried the blooming neice; "no, indeed, they don't!"

—There are fewer blind people in Switzerland, in proportion to population, than in any other European country, and more deaf-mutes, idiots and lunatics.

—It is not true that the world is getting worse and worse. The man who is always looking behind him gets nothing but a bad crick in the neck for his pains.

—A contemporary boasts that his wife is the best in the Province. He says, "She always meets us with a 'smile,' and she knows, too, just how we like it mixed."

—The man whose lame back prevents him from splitting a stick of wood or building a fire is the one who leads an attack on a pile of ten cords of wood to help uncover and kill a frightened rabbit.

—A woman at Burlington, Vt., recently tied the hands of her little son behind his back and chained him to the hitching-post before the house for an hour or so because of some petty fault.

—Necessity has no law.—Parson (sternly): how could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that? Bride (weeping): It was not my fault, sir. I never can get him to come when he's sober?

—Robert Brenson owned property worth half millions twelve years ago. Lately he was buried in Potter's Field of Terre Haute, Ind. Disastrous speculation led him to poverty and despondency.

—The lily droops its gentle head.—*Exchange.*
The mule stands sadly 'neath the shed.—*Ohio paper.*
The north wind makes a feller shiver.—*Detroit Free Press.*
And stops all flirting on the river.

—A friend of ours can't see why it should be a sign of ill-breeding for a man to walk with his hands in his trousers' pockets. It is not. It is simply a sign that he is not a candidate for office and don't want to shake hands.

—"What is home without a mother?" Just wait till the old lady goes down town and leaves her little boy to keep house until she comes back. Ah, 'tis then that home without a mother means jam and jell-cake for the boy.

—A good, honest laugh at a good, honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound and leaves its poison after it has been withdrawn.

—Canon Farrar denies that he has been photographed in the attitude of prayer. "To those who know me," he says, "I need hardly say that I should regard such conduct as inexcusably foolish and disgracefully profane."

—A few months ago the city of Cara, Venezuela, was destroyed by an earthquake. It is now about to be rebuilt, but upon an entirely new site in the plain below, where several villages escaped unscathed, while every town on the hillside was overthrown.

—Mr. Martin was on his way from Madison to Janesville, Wis., to marry Miss Foster, but he chanced to meet Miss Cobbe, whom he once knew and loved, and straightway married her, leaving Miss Foster and her wedding guests to wait in vain for his coming.

—A month ago there were only eight doctors in all Cyprus, and Larnica, the capital, possessed but a single apothecary's shop, the proprietor of which complains of no business. The cause is not in the healthiness of the island, but in the want of faith in medicine.

—Sir Lawrence Palk said, in a recent speech, that his tenants in Devonshire had complained that the wages of the agricultural laborers had risen from ten to thirteen shillings per week. Extortionate laborers! Poor ill-used farmers!

—"What is that?" said a fond mother to her four-year-old son, with whose wisdom she was desirous of charming the company assembled at dinner, as she pointed to a nicely browned sucking-pig. "A bow-wow-wow, maw," replied the dear child.

—The nights are growing cold and frosty and you never think about locking the front door till after you have put out the light and crawled into bed. And then—it would shock a burglar to hear your remarks as you stand shivering in the hall feeling for the key.

—"Show me a people," says Froude, "whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham." All right, Mr. Froude, come out here next spring and take a look at the people who sell a quart of strawberries in a pint and a-half box.

—A tenant had been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort: "Now, you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy up all your old houses."

—Young Bride (much hurt)—"Edwin, you have been whistling and singing all day, and it is our last day, too! Anyone would think you were glad to get back to town again." Young Husband—"So I am. (Happy thought occurs to him here.) With you, pet—with you, of course."

—The Jews' free school, in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London, is believed to be the largest school in England. The average daily attendance last year was 1,248 boys and 850 girls. The government inspector speaks very highly of its efficiency, and advises all interested in education to visit it.

—In Liverpool, many of the street letter boxes now have a door which shuts with a spring and at the same time moves a plate showing the hour of the last clearance. The public can thus ascertain whether letters have been taken out for a particular mail, and the post office has a check upon its men.

—A colonist of Kenchela, province of Constantine, in Algiers, writes that he planted in 1876 a thousand slips of grapevine, one foot long, and without root, and that during the present year he had gathered a crop as large as would have been supplied by a ten years growth of the same slips in France.

—The yellow fever pestilence has afforded persons who desired to do so a chance to be thought dead, for it was easy to get their names fraudulently on the death roll. Many fugitives from justice are known to have endeavored in that way to stop pursuit. One of these was the defaulting treasurer of Bloomington, Ill.

—Since the passing of the Sunday Closing Act, Sunday "travelers" are legion in Ireland. The inhabitants of Armagh last Sunday hit upon the ingenious plan of deserting their own town and walking to neighboring vicinities, where they claimed the right of travelers, and drank to their heart's content.

—If Edison will turn in now and invent some kind of calcium light that will light up all the street except front gates, and leave them in a sombre shadow that will prevent an old man in an upper bedroom window from telling whether two people are close together or wide apart, it will do. Otherwise it will be exceedingly unpopular.

—There may be no more edifying and ennobling sight than to see a lady have a tussle with her best dress on Sunday morning, after the church bell begins to ring, and she finds, at the last moment, it malignantly refuses to hang right behind. Angels couldn't use their tears to better advantage than at such a time—so we've been told.

—Among the scanty recommendations of Cyprus is the quality of its 10,000 mules, which are considered the finest bred in the Levant, and have been much used of late in all Eastern war operations. There are 45,000 asses in the island, and only about 4,000 horses, ill-looking, hardy little ponies. Horned cattle are few, but sheep abound.

—Michael Heraghty, one of the prisoners charged with the murder of Lord Leitrim and his companions last April, died in the county jail at Lifford in Ireland, on Oct. 12. The cause of death was typhus fever. The two other prisoners charged in the indictment with Heraghty—the brothers M'Grenaghan—for the murderers are also suffering from an acute attack of fever.

—One-third of the liquid portion of the sewerage of Paris is conveyed to Gennevilliers, a kind of peninsula made by the windings of the Seine below Asnieres. A medical visitor says that he did not discover as much smell as he has often detected, in walking over farms manured with guano or in the ordinary and he could not learn of any unfavorable effect on the health of the people. Magnificent crops are raised.

Afghan morality, as expounded by one of the most popular of Afghan poets:

Should thou bestow but a drop of water on the thirsty,
It will become an ocean between thee and the fire of hell?
Shouldst thou give but a grain of corn to the hungry,
Verily, it will be hereafter thy provision in eternity.

—Notwithstanding the dullness of trade in England, building is particularly active at present in London. Whole streets and quarters are pulled down and replaced by more expensive buildings. At the same time there are more houses, floors and office to rent then ever. In some parts of the city fully twenty per cent. of the available space seems to be unoccupied.

—Dr. Ayres, the British Government surgeon at Hong Kong, does not find that opium smoking in moderation does harm. On the other hand, in his experience, leaving off the habit at once is not attended by bad consequences, even where it has been persisted in for years, and as much as two ounces have been taken daily. There is much exaggeration as to the evils of opium smoking which is often confounded with opium eating.

—We are beginning says the London *Echo*, to reap the fruits of Mr. Stanley's high-handed treatment of the natives in Central Africa. A Continental paper publishes a letter from Zanzibar giving an account of a Belgian expedition, which had penetrated some distance into the interior, but which, owing to some disagreement with the natives, engaged in a conflict, and had to seek safety by flight. It was not so with Livingstone's expeditions.

—London *World*: "When a woman is spoken of as *passee* she has mostly but herself to blame. It is only the actor who tries to play Hamlet that can fail as Hamlet. It is only the woman who endeavors to elude the inevitable trace the swiftly passing years on whom the years bitterly avenge themselves. It is only when the mothers of adult daughters go out of their way to challenge comparison with their daughters that the comparison is made to their disadvantage."

—According to the Washington *Post*, Brother Talmage was in error when he claimed that in exploring certain haunts "he moved into a world of which he had before been entirely ignorant." The *Post* says that "there must be some mistake about this statement or else Brother Talmage has a short memory. A few years since, while on a visit to this city, he 'took in' its abodes of sin in company with a detective and others, and appeared to be highly delighted with the trip."

—Three ruffians who attacked an old gentleman named Middleton at Sheffield, in England, the other night, met with a warm reception. He lifted his foot up and to use his own words in court, "gave him (his assailant) one fair on the top o' th' nose, marking him so that he could tell him again." The prisoner thus "marked" appeared in the dock with his nose broken and his eye blackened. The three prisoners were sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

—A Glasgow inspector of police has received the following letter: "lochgilphed 1878 mister sergen, I sen yu a fue lin tu sa yull hed a plas tu me un yur ofish un tu polis fort I pe auft gled tu yul tuk me un ta yu ofis I po's 24 yeir an a 6 fits an a stokn. mr. Robirten hes a charetiar 5 yeir lon, an me an mi brodr tunoaul cttm tu yu an he ge as hier a hed as me 6 un his wateffr if yull tuk we tuggigher rot tul me ann wep e kum tu yu ta tay bifor tomoru min tu rot tu me dugald m "Tavish rot son."

—A happy couple married in Cape Town crossed the seas to spend their honeymoon in Merrie England, and halted for a few days in London to see the town shows. A trip down the Thames was suggested, and they went on board the Princess Alice on the evening of the dreadful collision. By the merest chance their bodies were recognized by a friend, likewise on a holiday in England, who from morbid curiosity went to Woolwich to see the bodies and happened to find those whom he knew. If it had not been for this recognition their friends at the Cape would never have known the fate of the bride and groom.

—Smith Reid and seven of his relatives were banished from Henry County, Ky., last year. Reid was a negro preacher, and in sermons and private talk he said hard things about some of the white women of his neighborhood. The women started out one night to tar and feather him; but their male friends took the matter out of their hands, marched Reid and his seven relatives to the railroad station, compelled them to swear never to return, threatened to hang them if they ever did, and sent them away on a train. Reid has sued the leaders of the mob for $10,000 damages, and the trial is in progress in a United States court in Louisville.

—In a wild part of Scotland a dealer in fish used to drive his cart a considerable way inland. On one occasion, when passing a wild moor where, although there did reside a schoolmaster, the knowledge of the inhabitants of affairs in general was not extensive, he dropped a lobster. Some children picked it up, and wondering what the strange creature could be, took it to the schoolmaster. The dominie put on his "sparticles," and, turning it over and over, examined it carefully. "Weel," at length said the oracle, "I ken maist o' the wonderful animals o' creation, except jist twa, and thae twa I never saw. They are an elephant and a turtle dove; and so this must be ane o' the twa."

—Ten and a half tons—or about 7,500,000—of locusts were destroyed at Ajmere, India, in one day, not long ago. The young ones were doing immense damage when the officers of a regiment stationed there got out fatigue parties of men, dug several trenches to leeward of the pests, and sent Sepoys to wave branches and drive the locusts in. As soon as one trench was well packed earth was thrown in, and the mass of hopping creatures, not yet ready to fly, was driven into the next. In two hours 300 feet of trench a foot wide had been filled to a depth of a foot. A finger-bowl dipped into the trench and struck off with a card contained 566 locusts, and from unit of weight and number thus obtained the calculation was made.

—At the Church Congress at Sheffield the Rev. Canon Gover "thought that great tenderness should be shown to honest doubters. He thought, too, that we pressed beyond due bounds belief in the supernatural, where it might be accounted for by natural causes. For instance the vision of Jacob at Mahanaim might have been one of those appearances which were sometimes seen in mountain passes. At all events, we might properly admit that such might have been the case. (Question!) Even in the other case at Peniel he would not insist on any supernatural explanation, but he would admit that Jacob might have had a stroke of paralysis." The Rev. Canon's indulgent hypotheses were met by cries of "Oh, oh," and hisses.

—Has anybody been saying this is a dull, stupid, unromantic world, where nothing unexpected ever happens? Why, an insane patient in the Columbus (Ohio) Hospital has suddenly fallen heir to an estate in Pennsylvania worth $100,000, and is said to be improving steadily. Then, again a Rochester girl, who has been teaching in No. 12 School, and has saved enough money to go to Europe has stumbled across her long-lost father, who had deserted his family many years before, and enabled his wife to marry again, and cultivate a small but select brood of four, his remark on meeting the daughter in an English tavern being, "Me daughter, Oh! me daughter!" Moreover, a lady returning from a Wheeling theatre with her husband in a crowded horse-car pulled the coat-skirts of the gentleman in front of her and murmured sweetly, "You may sit down here in my lap dear," and then discovered that her husband was at the other end of the car, and the creature to whom she had made her hospitable overtures was some other man. There is also a young woman named Gertrude in a remote Italian village of the Apennines who has been "magnetized by an American spiritualist, and who is now extremely irregular in her temper, seeing forty thousand devils one day and sixteen angels the next, and alternately threatening to cut her throat and sighing for her physical complement. 'Tis love that makes the merry world go round.

A MATRIMONIAL ROMANCE.

Love, Marriage, Divorce, Dissipation and Suicide—How a Woman Shipwrecked a Man's Life and Drove Him to His Death.

(From the Boston Herald.)

The suicide of Captain Chas. H. Power of Somerville, committed last Friday, on the steps of his house on Bowe street, ends a personal history, which had in it the elements of romance as powerful as anything ever hatched behind the spectacles of Wilkie Collins. Elaborately worked up, it would furnish the basis for a novel in itself, or a play for a theatre languishing for something besides French adaptations and English classics. Many years ago Charles H. Power, was a sailor lad of 17 or 18 years. With only his youth and good looks to advance his interests he fell in love with a bright, attractive young woman, whom he met at a social gathering of the younger members of the Salem Street Orthodox Church in this city.

Her name was Amelia, and she was the only daughter and heiress of old Dr. Hollis, well-known in the North End, and indeed throughout this whole neighborhood. The Doctor was rich; the roving suitor was poor, and without a profession; but love smoothed out these inequalities. Miss Hollis fancied the young mariner, when he left Boston in a certain memorable month at at the age of nineteen, no prouder or happier mortal ever breathed on this mundane planet, for Amelia was his affianced wife, and he was the first mate of a Liverpool packet, a staunch and goodly vessel belonging to a strong firm and engaged in a profitable trade. The voyage to Liverpool was a long and weary one, but the lover's confidence diminished the suspense he felt. His ship did not return immediately, but carried freight to various parts of Europe. In the meantime he received news from home, and learned that Amelia Hollis had given her hand to a gentleman whose acquaintance, it is said, she formed after Power's departure. His grief and disappointment nearly crushed him. He left the sea, and for eight years led a wild sort of life on the Continent, got into horrible habits of dissipation, and probably permitted his passions to remain unchecked. After the lapse of the period of eight years he straightened up, reformed his ways and determined to be a man again.

Presently he grew restless again; the old feeling gnawing at his heart would not let him remain in Boston, and down to the sea he went again. The "briny" was his home after that. He crossed and recrossed the ocean, and in a few years left Boston as the master of the good ship Archer. Years and years went by. The young man became bronzed and grizzled and spoke in a deep tone. He was still Captain of the Archer when twenty-five years had elapsed since the engagement with Amelia Hollis. One day while he was at his lodgings in this city, he received a letter in a woman's handwriting, inviting him to meet her at the store of Crosby & Lane at a certain time. The letter was not signed. The thought flashed upon him that it was from his old love, whom, in all these twenty-five years, he had not forgotten. The wildest scenes at sea had not dimmed her image in his heart where he still carried it.

He compared the handwriting with that in the love letters of auld lang syne, and had suspicions developed into conviction. He visited the store at the specified time, and there met her for the first time since they parted as lovers. After the greetings were over, and they had talked of their mutual experience during the quarter of a century; the lady informed him that she had been divorced from her husband. What he learned at that interview convinced him that she had always loved him, and that her marriage was not the result of any coldness toward him. Within three or four weeks of this meeting they were married, and the long-delayed happiness of the Captain was realized at last. They went to live at her father's, on Salem street, but subsequently removed to Bowe street, Somerville. The lady was the mother of two grown young people, a son and a daughter. The Captain abandoned the sea at his wife's urgent request, and was without an occupation except that which the management of some property he owned in Colorado supplied him with.

Finally, the Doctor died and left a large sum of money to his daughter. The Captain's family circle was for some time after this a happy one, but the want of a settled occupation at last produced its invariable effects upon him, and shadows began to creep across the threshold of his comfortable home. The time came when the dreadful evil had to be acknowledged as forming a part of their married life, and incompatibility of temper compelled a separation.

From that time until he shot himself on Friday on the steps of his wife's house and his home in Somerville, his comparatively cheerful spirits induced his friends to believe that the weight of his trouble was lightened. He used to say that if he could only secure a hearing with his wife, a basis of reconciliation could be established, but he believed that the last opportunity for anything of this kind had gone by when he committed the fatal act. This was the ending of a romance which began in the old Salem Street Orthodox Church, and the incidental actors in the various of the melancholy drama are probably many of them still among us.

MOUNT VESUVIUS IN FLAMES.

A Vivid Description of the Scene by a Recent Explorer

A visitor, who ascended Mount Vesuvius during an eruption in September last, has described the scene in a letter to the *Pall Mall Budget* in the following manner:—"It is a weary climb up, though, through the loose ashes, and one is tempted to halt and admire the view pretty often before reaching the top. When we had reached it we could see nothing for the smoke and mist that filled the big crater, while, far beneath us, we could hear the lava seething and frequent explosions from the new cone. We were advised at starting not to descend into the crater; but our guide assured us we could quite safely do it, so down we scrambled on to the lava. The floor of the crater has risen in the last few weeks from a considerable depth to within about twenty feet of a gap in the side of the crater wall, looking toward the old left-hand cone of Vesuvius; and it is still rising. As we stood on the comparatively cool blocks of lava, the fresh, red-hot stream was slowly flowing out from cracks around us, moving on in a snake-like, fascinating way, and breaking out in a fresh place as soon as the flow stopped elsewhere. Every crack showed the lava red-hot a foot or so beneath us, but the guides ran about on it, and we followed them, as if we were on the level Campagna. At the upper end of the old crater—that is, just underneath the highest point of the old cone—is the new cone, which has risen in the last week or so; a baby cone, about fifty feet in height, and perhaps 120 yards in circumference at the base, but a very noisy and fiery one, sending out continual puffs of smoke rosy with the flames which frequently rise above its summit, and hurling into the air to a height of 100 feet or so lumps of red-hot stone and lava, which, falling down on to its sides, make them rise higher every day. The wind fortunately blew the smoke away from us, or otherwise we should have been almost, if not quite suffocated where we stood, about thirty yards from the base of the cone; and we were able to enjoy the wonderful sight, which, as a man who followed us down said, one could stay all day to look at. Accompanying the bursts of flame were hollow reports—not loud as I had expected, but smothered, stifled explosions—and as I climbed up the side of the crater, so as to be able to look more into the mouth of the new cone, I could see through the smoke a struggling confusion of flame, which found vent in the ejection of the burning liquid. The crater walls are brilliant with yellow and orange-colored sulphur mixed with basalt and red lava and white salts, forming a bright contrast to the leaden-colored lava which forms the floor and the black cone with its crown of smoke. The guide told us the floor had risen an extraordinary number of feet; but, judging from what we saw of lava flowing, it would take a month probably to reach the gap through which its flow seems indicated, unless it should burst out anywhere on the side of the mountain."

ABOUT CHURCHES AND CLERGYMEN.

Mr Beecher has delivered sixty-five lectures since he left home, and during all the time from New York until he returns there will only have lost seven speaking nights, and six of those were on the Union Pacific Railroad going and coming.

The London *World* says that in the upper circles of English Catholicism a "whip" is being made. A noble Marquis is going to surprise his correspondents by the generosity of his gift, and the Premier Duke will, I hear, deposit his present personally at the Vatican. There is little likelihood of Papal bankruptcy, for I learn that an American prelate has written to Rome to say that, if necessary, the 8,000,000 of Catholics in the States will give his Holiness all the money needed.

The Rev. D. Newman, of New York, recently preached on the question: "Is There a Hereafter?" After expressing his disapproval and saying that scientists devoted too much time to the study of physics, he announced his belief, that the capabilities of mankind will be the same after death as in life; that the individuality of the race shall live forever, and that after the resurrection the soul will be clothed with humanity. As God has implanted in our souls a desire for everlasting life. He has provided a corollary—a place to live in after death. Sweet is existence, said Dr. Newman. "If there were a choice between eternal life and annihilation, no one living would refuse the former. I don't believe there will be a life of unmitigated misery in hell. The desire to live mitigates the torments of the devils. This body may crumble into dust, but in the hereafter we shall have a new body—shall be clothed with immunity and shall recognize each other in Heaven."

The Presbyterian Synod of China, at its recent meeting, considered the question. Is it right or wrong for the women of China to compress their feet in order to render them permanently small? A native pastor moved, "Whereas, foot binding is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, we exhort the churches within the bounds of the Synod to use their influence to do away with this evil practice." Then we are told that Mr. Zia, one of the eldest native pastors, in seconding the motion, remarked that the practice was "sinful, because small feet are much admired by the opposite sex, and it is placing a temptation in their way." After several hours' debate the resolution was carried. Finally, a native elder, in a telling speech, said that binding the feet was not the only thing of the kind to which exception might be taken. Cutting the hair, shaving the head, piercing the ears, compressing the waist, might, he pointed out be put in the same category.

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

Remarkable Determination of Conrad Kapp, a Keokuk Mechanic—His Death from Inanition a Matter of But a Few Days.

A special telegram from Keokuk, Indiana, says: Conrad Kapp, a German, residing in this city, is undergoing a slow process of suicide by starvation. He is a carpenter by trade, and until recently has been employed in the car shops of the Keokuk & Des Moines Road. When it became known in July last that the road had been leased to the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific, and that there was a probability that the shops would be removed from Keokuk, Kapp expressed a fear that he would be thrown out of a job during the winter, and that his family would starve to death. This idea seemed to be uppermost in his thoughts, and weighed upon him until it began to affect his mind. It grew upon him, and his services in the shop became of so little value that it was necessary to discharge him. This made him worse, and he became a monomaniac on the subject of starvation. He refuses to eat or drink, and for fifteen days not a morsel of food or a drop of water has crossed his lips. For two weeks previous to that his diet consisted exclusively an apple occasionally and a drop of water. His friends have endeavored by every possible means to induce him to eat and his physician has tried to persuade him to take medicine and nourishment, but all to no purpose. He stubbornly refuses to take anything or have anything done for him. When urged to do so, his only response is that it is too late. With the view to ascertaining, whether he does not go to the cupboard at night and get something to eat, he has been watched, but it has been found that he does not. The nearest he has been induced to take anything at all was on Monday evening, when he dipped his finger into the water bucket, but, pausing a few minutes, wiped his finger on his pants and went away. Another singular feature of this case is that for over four weeks he has neither taken his clothes off, gone to bed or slept. He sits in his chair all the time and when completely overcome dozes for ten or fifteen minutes but never longer. Kapp is very much reduced from his long fasting. When in health he would weigh 150 or 160 pounds, but he now weighs less than 100. His flesh is dry and wrinkled and his stomach is shrunken so that he does not measure more than five or six inches through. Before his recent affliction he was one of the jolliest men in town, and was always joking and laughing. He formerly drank considerable, but for the last year has been very steady and was not known to have been drunk during that time. His case is one of the most remarkable on record. The physician says that it would probably do no good for him to take food now and that he cannot possibly survive many days longer.

STARTING A BOY.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A lonesome-looking boy was yesterday hanging around a wood-yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philantropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the lad why he didn't peddle apples or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood-yard man took out a nickel and said:

"Now, my boy, I'm going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go and make a purchase of something or other, and I'll buy it of you for 10 cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business head you have on you."

The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug which he had purchased with the nickel.

"Well, you are a keener," replied the man. "I never saw one of those sold for less than 15 cents to any one. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go, now, and lay out your 15 cents in apples, and I'll buy half your stock."

The boy did not return. Perhaps he fell into a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the wood-yard man believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table where the boy had carefully placed it he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black-and-tan terrier.

TERRIBLE ENDING OF A HONEYMOON.

An incident, as pathetic as any legend of Killarney and the Irish lake country, recently occured at Lough Erne. A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, unmindful of the rigid regulations of the police service, took the colleen of his heart to the altar without receiving the permission of his superiors. After his marriage was reported at headquarters, attempts were made to secure a relaxation of the rules in his case, for he was a popular and efficient officer. Not even at the instance of Cupid could the rigid laws of the police be waived. Poor Bow—this was the officer's name—must leave the force; such was the stern order. He prepared to start for Australia with his young wife, consoled by her love for any sacrifice he had made. Happy in their honeymoon, he and his bride sailed up Lough Erne for Enniskillen to make final preparations for their departure from Ireland. At the landing-place his wife fell into the water while stepping from the steamer. With the quickness of thought he plunged in to save her. Losing all presence of mind, she, in her struggle for life, entwined her arms around him, and, before any assistance could be rendered, both sank to rise no more.

—A chemist, Charles Elkin, writes to the London *Times* calling attention to some injurious dyes now in use. He refers to the fashionable green and bronze, the former used chiefly for gloves and the bronze for artificial flowers for bonnets, both obtained from aniline dyes. These colors, he says, have, in several cases brought to his notice, caused troublesome eruptions either on the head or the hands, as the case may be, from wearing a bonnet or gloves.

EVA MAY.

Yes, 'tis long since last we met,
Many a year has passed away;
But I never can forget
Our meeting on that distant day.

Chorus—Angels bright with snowy wings,
Hover o'er thy grave to-day;
While the death bells slowly rings,
Rings the knell of Eva May.

Spring was ripening into summer,
Fresh and green all nature shone;
Loudly in the hawthorne bushes
Rang the blackbird's silvery tone.

While the lark on high was singing
Carols blithe in thankful praise,
Notes of joy to heaven were ringing
Nature's own unstudied lays.

Through the meadow near the river
That fair stream whose water bright
In the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Came thy footsteps soft and light.

That was where I met thee, Eva;
More then years have passed away;
But I shall forget time—never!
For it seems but yesterday.

Thou wert fair as fairest flower,
Yet Death marked thee for his own,
And with strong resistless power
Took thee, leaving me alone.
Chorus—Angels bright, &c.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN

LITERARY.

"Royal Windsor," is the title of Hepworth Dixon's latest work.

Bayard Taylor is about to issue "Prince Deucalion" simultaneously in England and America.

"Pepy's Diary" has excited a vast amount of interest, and is shortly to be completed by the issue of the sixth volume.

A volume of essays, by Matthew Arnold, is announced from the press of Smith, Elder & Co.

The latest British weekly paper is the *Scottish Patriot*, to be published in Glasgow, and specially devoted to the interests of Protestantism.

George Macdonald's latest work is "Paul Faber, Surgeon."

"The Sportsman's Gazette," is a new work of 909 pages, and we have no doubt it will be found acceptable to those for whom it is intended.

"Prince Bismarck's Letters," is a book recently issued by Scribner's Sons, New York, and it is exciting a great deal of interest. The letters are chatty, and show pretty clearly the character of the diplomatist. We quote from one of his latest letters to his wife:

"It is incomprehensible to me how any human being who thinks about himself at all, and who is ignorant or chooses to remain ignorant of God, can live under his load of self-contempt and *ennui*. I do not know how I bore it formerly. If I had to live now as I did then without God, without yourself, without the children, I really do not know why I should not throw off life like a dirty shirt; and still the majority of my acquaintances are of that kind and live! When I ask myself what reasons persons standing quite alone can have for boring themselves, for putting themselves out of temper, for intriguing and spying about, I am veritably at a loss for an answer. Pray do not suppose from the above scribbling that I am in a particularly dark mood. On the contrary, I feel as if I were looking out on the mellowing foliage of a fine September day, health and spirits good, but with a soft touch of melancholy, a little homesickness, a longing for deep woods and lakes, for a desert, for yourself and the children, and all this mixed up with a fine sunset and Beethoven. Instead of the above I must go and call upon the bore, and wade through endless figures concerning German steam corvettes and gunboats now rotting at Premerhaven and devouring money."

Henry James jr.'s latest novel is "The Europeans." No man in America has made a better literary record, and each succeeding work is an improvement on the preceding one.

The indefatigable Smiles has ready the "Life of a Scotch Geologist"—Robert Dick. It will be in keeping with his other works, "Self Help," and the like.

A biography of Warren Hastings, and along with it the famous speech of Burke, will be interesting reading.

"A Memoir of William Cobbett" cannot fail to find readers, for the ancient Radical was an extraordinary man.

Mrs. Kemble is among the most remarkable women of the day. She has written much, and even in her old age writes still. She is about to issue shortly "Records of My Girlhood."

The great historical work of the present time is Mr. Spencer Walpole's "History of England Since 1815." That is a remarkable period, and it is to be hoped that the author will do his subject full justice. No epoch in England's history is fraught with deeper interest, and if properly treated, such a history will command the earnest attention of all.

Perhaps no work of its time had a greater run or was more sought after than Pierce Egan's "Life in London, or Tom and Jerry;" yet how many can say they have read it. Thackeray speaks of going to the British Museum to see it, just as if it were then out of print. An illustrated copy, in two volumes, lies before us, rare as it is; but we will not venture to say that we have scanned every page of those two volumes. The work fairly bristles with vulgarity, yet it recounts the adventures of three notable men of fashion, very possibly it depicts life in London truly, but there does not seem to have been any good reason for taking "Corinthian Tom," "Jerry Hawthorn" and "Bob Logic," through the stews and purlieus of the great metropolis. The illustrations are even worse than the letterpress, for one of them is a picture of a fight between two women in Billingsgate. The contestants both appearing unclothed above the waist. It is to be regretted, if true, that "Tom and Jerry" was the origin of the "Pickwick Papers." There is any amount of true life in Dickens' works, but nothing approaching to downright vulgarity. He could not have taken Pierce Egan for an exemplar, though "Tom and Jerry" ran through several editions, it will probably never be reprinted, as it would find but few to applaud it in this age.

American writers are said to be in demand in England just now, several being on the staffs of the leading magazines. *Macmillan's* has Dr. Bacon, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Moulton, Mr. James and Mr. Nadal, while *Blackwood* is contributed to by Mr. Story. Bret Harte writes for *Belgravia*. Thus it will be seen that American talent is having a successful run in the old land.

MASONIC.

Pleas for non-attendance at lodge meetings are plentiful enough. Some are unquestionably valid, but others are exceedingly flimsy. Sickness, of course, needs nothing in the way of explanation, but want of time or previous engagements are simply no excuses at all. We would, however, excuse a member for absence during the extreme hot weather, and we are not a little surprised that the American system in this respect is not followed. It would be better to call off during the heat of summer, and thus prevent complaints about ill-ventilated lodge rooms. The heat at times, in a closely tucked lodge room, is perfectly stifling, and few members care to risk their health under such circumstances.

Indifferent attendance at lodge may arise from many causes, but, it is mainly based upon a habit members fall into of not caring whether they are present or not. If any friend is about to be initiated, then, as a matter of course all is well, and a visit must be made to the lodge; at other times, it is seemingly of no consequence to be present. This is a mistaken action, and should be eradicated. It is of the utmost importance to every member of a lodge that as many as can possibly attend should be at the regular meetings; and were it not that so much is left to a few, the attendance would be better than it is. We find it the case in all societies that the few have the work to do, the many holding to the idea that their presence is not particularly required. It would be no easy task to disabuse the minds of absenting members on this point. If, however, masters would be stricter in their demands, it would gradually have the desired effect. There should not be as much indifference in the matter, and in all probability a little salutary admonition might have the desired effect.

Bro. Dr. Mackey discourses intelligently and well upon any Masonic subject, but we are not aware of having met with anything he has written that pleased us better than his paper on "The Masonic Funeral Service." The worthy brother considers the Masonic rite essential in all cases of Master Masons, and points out how necessary it is to keep the symbolic service separated from that of the church. Neither fellowcrafts nor apprenticed Masons are entitled to Masonic burial, because these can know nothing of the symbolic death of the third degree.

Bro. Mackey beautifully says: "As we stand around the remains of our brother as he is about to be consigned to the dust, we only consummate this symbolism of death which was begun in the lodge when he was initiated into the sublime mysteries of a Master Mason." Further on he adds: "At the hour of death, however high he may have reached in his Masonic researches, the Mason comes back instinctively to that solemn degree in which alone he has learned the great lessons of life and death."

No lodge need have bad members in it if the Master does his duty; yet we sometimes hear that all is not right, for some erring brother or brethren may be found glorying in wrong doing. We trust there is very little of that sort of thing done. It is the duty of lodges to maintain their reputation, and if any brother should transgress or prove a hindrance to the preservation of good order and the carrying out of the rules of the craft, he should be dealt with in a proper manner and disposed of as may seem best for the welfare of all concerned. It is to be feared that there is not as strict a supervision maintained as there ought to be. The Grand Lodge has much to do in a matter of this kind, and should make it a duty to enquire closely into the standing of members throughout the jurisdiction. Were a plan of this kind followed, there would be less complaint than there is now.

Mrs. Mathews, one of the women Masons of the Eastern Star Order, cannot see why she should not be Right Worthy Grand Patron of the Order of the Eastern Star if Queen Victoria can be patron of English Knights' Templars. The difference is this: Our noble Queen is simply Patron in name, while Mrs. Mathews is a member of the side-show arrangement.

The progress of Masonry is shown in the fact that the number of Masons in the United States is over 700,000.

All the Provinces of Canada have their Grand Lodges, and so of Ireland, Scotland and England; the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of which latter country is the Prince of Wales, the heir apparent of the British Crown, and who is to be the next King of England, should he survive his mother, Victoria, the present reigning sovereign. Masonry also prevails in nearly all the continental parts of Europe, in Asia and Africa, in the islands of the seas, and in nearly all the States and Provinces that comprise South America. And in all these countries and places, and in every masonic Lodge within them, each member of our lodges stands to-day, and has always stood, and will continue while life lasts to stand, upon an absolute level with each and every one of his brethren there. Though he cannot speak his tongue, or converse with him in his vernacular, yet he can, by indubitable, never-failing means, signify to him his Masonic brotherhood, and without fear of denial or refusal, may demand and receive all his Masonic rights and privileges.

Past Grand Master Lounsbury, of Illinois, died on the 4th Aug., at Denver Colorado where he had been residing for two years on account of ill-health. Bro. Lounsbury was a prominent member of the order, and also of the Royal Arch. He was in his forty-second year.

Speaking of the death of the Treasurer of the Masonic Relief Board of Memphis by yellow fever the *Voice* says: "Not singly but by the score have the Masons of the South been swept away by the terrible disease. Thus many lodges are bereft, and some forever closed.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

BEEF TEA FOR CONVALESCENTS.—Cut a pound of lean beef (from the neck) into small pieces and soak it an hour in three small cupfuls of cold water. Press the meat to extract the juice and heat slowly; boil for ten minutes, skim and strain; season with salt and essence of celery, and serve hot with Albert biscuit or toasted soda crackers.

BEEF BROTH WITH TAPIOCA.—A pound of beef cut in pieces, as before directed, must be put into four cupfuls of cold water, set on the back of the stove where it will heat slowly, then boiled gently for two hours or longer, keeping it closely covered to prevent too great evaporation. There should be a pint of broth after it is strained. Set it away until wanted and remove any fat that may rise to the surface. Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca for an hour in a little boiling water, add this to the broth and boil all together for fifteen minutes; season with salt, and if admissible, pepper and a few drops of lemon juice may be added, or, if prefered, the broth may be seasoned in cooking with a bit of celery and a little scrap of onion.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut up an ordinary sized fowl, crack the bones and put it into two quarts of cold, unsalted water. Cover it closely and boil for three or four hours, then strain off the broth, set it away to cool and remove every particle of fat before using. Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley in a little lukewarm water; add it, with four tablespoons of milk to the broth, and simmer all until the barley is well cooked. Season lightly with salt and pepper and serve with crackers or dry toast.

TO COOK A CHICKEN.—Cut the breast from a tender chicken; dip it into melted butter and boil carefully over a bed of live coals; season with pepper and salt and serve it hot. A dish of boiled rice, stewed tomatoes or French peas may be served with the chicken, if vegetables are allowed. If potatoes are preferred, bake two of them to a turn, cut a small slice from the top of each and carefully remove the inside. Mash this smooth, season with butter, pepper, salt and sweet cream, and return it to the skins. Do not pack it in too tight but let it rise a little above the top. Set on the upper grate of a very hot oven for five minutes then serve immediately.

The balance of the chicken may be cut in pieces and put into cold water reserving the second joints. When the water boils add a little salt and put in the reserved pieces, which must be cooked until tender and removed; boil the balance until all the goodness is extracted, when the bones and fragments must be strained out, and the broth set away with the reserved pieces in it. Skim off the fat before using. Put the broth on the fire to heat. Mix some corn starch with a little milk and add the yolk of two eggs. Beat all together, and dip into the mixture a few spoonfuls of the hot broth; mix well and return all to the sauce pan, also the pieces of chicken. Season to taste. Let it come to boil and serve.

FARINA BLANC MANGE.—Mix one ounce of farina and a pinch of salt with a little fresh milk. Heat the balance of a pint of fresh milk in a double boiler, and when simmering add the farina; stir constantly until the mixture thickens, when it must be turned into wet moulds. Serve cold with cream sweetened, flavored, and whipped until light and foamy. Vanilla is said to be injurious and should not be given to invalids.

RICE JELLY.—Mix a tablespoonful of rice flour into a thin paste with cold water. Have ready a double boiler a cup and a half of boiling water, to which add the rice flour. Boil until transparent, sweeten to taste, flavor with lemon juice and pour the mixture into wet moulds.

MILK PUNCH.—Put the yoke of an egg into a goblet, and beat it until very light with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Add a tablespoonful or less of the best brandy, and the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. Fill up the glass with rich new milk, or better still with whipped new cream.

HOW TO PREPARE A RAW EGG.—Beat the yolk with some pulverized sugar and add a little sherry or port wine and some grated nutmeg. Beat the white to a stiff froth and mix the two lightly together. Valuable medicinal properties may be obtained by substituting brandy for the wine, and adding the grated surface of a toasted cracker.

DEAN STANLEY ON METHODISM.

An Eloquent Tribute to John Wesley

The Bishops and pastors of the M. E. Church in the States presented Dean Stanley with an address of welcome on his recent visit to New York.

Dean Stanley in reply said: The aim and career of John Wesley was twofold, and its effect was not upon you, but upon all Christendom. First of all, in claiming him as your founder you enjoy a peculiar privilege among the various communities which have from time to time broken off, or at least varied from the communion of the Church of England. The founder of English Baptists is comparatively unknown. The founder of English Congregationalism, and I say it without the shadow of disrespect, is also comparatively unknown. The founder of Unitarianism is also comparatively obscure. The founder of the Society of Friends even, George Fox, has been superseded in celebrity by William Penn and by other illustrious Friends who have arisen in that society since his departure. It is no disrespect to the great society of Methodists, it is no disrespect to the present men who sit about me to say that no one has arisen in the society equal to the founder, John Wesley. (Applause). It is this which makes his character and which makes his fortune so peculiarly interesting to the whole Christian world. Let me ask in what particular John Wesley has gained this great pre-eminence. First of all, he is to all living persons especially interesting as, if you will allow me, a vindication of the character of the much despised eighteenth century. I know not whether in America, but certainly in England, it is usual to disparage the thought and religious genius of the last century. John Wesley, if any person of that last century was, was a representative of such thought. His long, even life covered nearly the whole of those 100 years, and for no other reason yet even to the philosophical historian it is important as showing that, though that century was no doubt in many respects dry and dull, there was a capability of a religious character such as very few centuries have been capable of producing. He had, as has been well said by one who may be called the first of modern English critics, 'He had a genius for godliness.' (Applause and laughter.) Again, there is this interesting peculiarity of John Wesley, interesting not only to Wesleyans, but interesting to us; he knew how to make a very wide deviation without departing from it. 'I vary,' said he, 'from the Church of England, but I will never leave it,' and this was his desire to persevere in the Church of England to the end. It may be very improper in me to pass any censure, especially in America, as opportunities alter cases, and things which might have been possible in his time may have become impossible since; nevertheless the relations he sustained are encouragements to make the most of the relations so long as you remain with us. (Applause.) There are those in England who think that Wesleyanism or Methodism may possibly be one of the links of the union between the mother church of England and those who are more or less estranged from it. On them I pronounce no opinion. I know that separations once made are very difficult to reconcile. Yet there is much remaining of the old feeling and there is something in the heart of Methodism which responds to the feeling when the mother still goes out to them. (Applause.)

"There is yet another characteristic of John Wesley. I come now to the more distinctive points which he urged upon the Christian world. There are two characteristic points. You will recall that upon his monument is the inscription, 'The world is my parish.' This is a saying which is most important to all Christian teachers. We are not tied in our ministry, but we are teaching, not in a particular sphere; but there is another principle which I hope is not overlooked, that 'the parish is my world.' That particular sphere into which our lot has been cast may be for us the world, the whole world, perhaps, and the only world in which we can make our influence felt or hope to do any good, but nevertheless the counter proposition holds, and the world is my faith is the ambition of every one. We must not confine ourselves to the small sphere in which we are born. If the opportunity is open before us it is then we may step in. I have seen pastors who have grown into vast good, into loving institutions, passing down from father to son, a loving heirloom of peace. With us it may be so, but with you, when public opinion sways, where the opinion of the few are supposed to have so great a power, don't for a moment believe that you can meet a public corruption and yet leave the world far below or beside you. You must bear in mind in giving your votes or in writing in the newspapers or in whatever sphere you may exercise an influence, that it is extensive far beyond the sphere in which you are cast. (Applause.)

"There is one further remark on the character and career of John Wesley. Every one who knows anything of his long and eventful course will know that there are many points in it which it is difficult to defend or reconcile, but upon the whole the best possible testimony is that of the humble Methodist. It is this testimony which endears the memory of John Wesley, not only to his own society, not only to the Church of England, but to all who wish and pray for the progress of humanity over the whole world, It is for this that I am delegated to have received this kindly welcome from you, his followers, and for the cause and because of the keenness with which he enforced this fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion, that he is honored among the great lights, whether of literature or science, that adorn the walls of Westminster Abbey.

THE TRAGIC MUSE ON THE WAR-PATH.

Or a Night in a Thespian Wigwam.

(From the Slabtown Gazette.)

Since the time that our colored brethren convulsed mankind by their *heated* debates, and *red-hot* controversies which fatally resulted in the conflagration and destruction of the Opera House, the patrons of the lyceum have, in sackcloth and ashes, bemoaned the fate, which seemed, by this catastrophe, to foreshadow the utter extinction of the drama. Happily, however, these ominous indications, foreboding ruin and disaster to the stage have proved fallacious. Don Alfonso Richardson, the world-famed Castilian, to whom the people of this continent are indebted for the present dignity and prestige of the theatrical profession, has, with his customary enterprise leased the gorgeous edifice known as Prongney's Hall—which by the way is a magnificent type of modern architecture, its stately proportions having been pronounced by tourists as surpassing in design and beauty the noblest efforts of Grecian or Egyptian splendor—wherein the knights of the sock and buskin nightly disport themselves in the wild realms of tragedy to the vast myriads assembled. Stars of the first magnitude in the theatrical firmament whose marvellous proficiency in the histrionic line has been attested by the patronage of royalty, and whose records in the annals of the stage transcend the genius of a Kean, a Garrick, or a Kemble, have risen at the beck of the magician's wand to grace the boards of the Hamilton Haymarket. From among the shining constellations there are satellites of local repute, whose accurate conception and delineation of character must eventually secure for them the highest meed of praise and the universal plaudits of the nation. Passing this shrine of Melpomene one evening, with a friend, I was induced by his persuasive eloquence to enter, having been faithfully assured that I would witness an entertainment, which, to quote the language of Artemus Ward, was "exalled by few and excelled by none." Presenting our tickets, valued at a dime, to the affable usher in attendance, we were conducted along the tesselated pavement, bedewed with the juice of the myrtle leaf, and through dense volumes of smoke, which, curling in fantastic wreaths between the Corinthian columns, ascended heavenward like sweet incense, to our respective chairs among the gods. Each face in that vast audience, from the legions in the pit to the mighty concourse in the gallery, wore the look of unutterable joy and blissful expectation. An interchange of happy salutations between the distinguished bodies such as 'what's the matter with you, Bolliver'—'Say give us a rest, McGinnis'—and 'Whoa Emma' coupled with the quotations of 'My kingdom for a hoss'—'Go in; lay on McDuff,' proved that this aristocratic assembly was deeply versed in the phraseology of Terpsichorean artists, and the sublimest passages from the pen of the immortal Shakespeare. Before this highly discriminating audience the curtain rose, which ushered in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." Without referring to the merits of the piece I will confine myself to a few critical and appropriate remarks relative to those artists who assumed the leading *roles*. Our friend Hector, more familiarly known as "Hec," is not a success as "Romeo." He is not adapted for a tragedian. His sphere of usefulness rather lies within the pale of a circus or a temperance tent. In this respect he stands without a peer. When "Hec" in the personation of "Romeo" "gets his muscle up" and makes those ariel excursions beyond the clouds, and hobnobs with the tragic muse he becomes a fixture from which altitude no earthly power can dislodge him. For instance, the apostrophe, "I do remember me of an apothecary," even in "Romeo's" mouth is a trivial remark, but the illustrious "Hec," gives it the historic utterance of the Cadi when awarding the retributive sentence of the law, "ten-ah-dol-lar-a-ah or thi-r-ty day-yah." That "Romeo" should have so expressed himself is a supposition too preposterous to entertain, when it is known on reliable authority that he could take his whiskey straight, play a game of 'old sledge' or 'fives up' with the same zest as ordinary mortals. We would advise this artist to forego the stage by pursuing along the cold, sequestered vale of life the noiseless tenor of his way, or peradventure, his vaulting ambition may overleap itself and fall on the other side. To pound sand or to go West and shoot snipe would prove a more lucrative calling. Lady Curran Granger's "Juliet" was a most commendable piece of acting. Her efforts to maintain the perpendicular, and her vague and mysterious migrations over the stage, which seemed to forestall the potion scene by a premature state of somnolency was simply immense. When under the spell of her own excitement and forty-rod, the intensity and sublimity of her emotional nature became thrilling, startling, and unspeakably grand. In the full glory of her war paint she looked the very personification of a Venus. Her trousseau was magnificent in its every detail, having been selected by her sovereign lord, the doughty Colonel, from the West Flamboro emporium. This fair tragedienne in the potion scene received a perfect ovation. From the private boxes, like vast cornucopias sending forth their stores of floral wealth, there descended upon the devoted head of Lady Granger in wild luxuriant profusion bouquets of rarest perfume. The statement currently reported that "chill penury had repressed her noble rage and froze the genial current of her soul," is an unmitigated falsehood. On the falsity of this accusation we are prepared to stake our bottom dollar. [illegible] Forth who had been granted [illegible] of absence by the executive to assume the *role* of the apothecary or herbalist, made a decided hit. This pharmacy not only displayed the alligator and tortoise stuffed with straw, but also his own skin pouch or medicine chest, which, hanging from a saw-horse made up an important item in the interior of the apartment. "Othello" and the "Apothecary" are his two favorite specialties. "Pony" Spriggs, as "Mercutio," was altogether "too fresh." In this character he was constantly spoiling for a fight. Imbued with a spirit of cannibalism he evinced a desire to fall on the love-sick "Romeo" and chaw his ear off. Overlooking this little defect he possesses many qualifications for the dramatic stage, and is "no slouch" on tragedy. As a "Shylock" he would obtain his pound of flesh, avoirdupois, or die in the attempt. Jimmy Hitchcock, K.C.B., inventor of the Centennial striking machine, for which ingenious contrivance he was awarded the bronze medal, has also become inoculated with the stage mania. Thirsting for the transient glory of the drama he has thrown the effigy of "Aunt Sally" to the winds, and turned his back upon peanuts and chimney sweeping. From the common drudgery which characterizes the avocation of "soup" this aspirant for dramatic laurels has been exalted to the dignified position of prompter. His ability displayed in this line in the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was beneath contempt. By what unfortunate circumstances he was assigned this task we know not, but it convinces us that there is something radically rotten in the state of Denmark. Imagine, if you can, dear sir, a minion of his satanic majesty, with soot begrimed face, peering from behind the scenes with a play book in hand and a Worcester's lexicon in the other, and you have but an indistinct portrait of the renowned Hitchcock. If the manager would but consult the fair fame of his menagerie he would, with all due despatch, annihilate this heathen Chinee by clubbing him. To our critical mind Jimmy's penchant or "strong holt" unmistakeably lies in the accomplishment of chawing rags for a paper mill. In compliance with the wishes of the friends of the different actors that we should give a candid and dispassionate criticism as to their relative merits, we have done so with charity in our hearts and malice towards none. In rendering our abje and profound verdict we have been actuated by a feeling akin to that which permeates the bosom of a *pater familias* when seeking by wholesome and judicious chastisement the reformation of his erring offspring. That it will meet with the approval it so well deserves, is our heartfelt prayer. We might add that in the earlier part of next week a benefit will be given to one of our beloved and much esteemed townsmen. We hope that the citizens will turn out *en masse* and give him a bumper house. It is expected that Dr. Talmage, from Brooklyn, will make a tour of inspection, under the supervision of our intrepid Chief of Police.

NOTE.—Our reporter, who staked his little pile and lost it on the stability of the Mackenzie Government and the continuance in office of the Reform candidates, has ever since been in a state verging on *delirium tremens*. The deplorable condition of mind to which he is reduced painfully manifests itself in the above criticism. Pass that decanter.—Ed. S. T. Gazette.

A FAMOUS SCOTCH HERESY CASE.

The Presbytery of Aberdeen has disposed of the remaining particulars of the libel against Professor Smith as follows:—"By a vote of 25 to 17 it decided that the charge that he held 'opinions which contradict the testimony given in the Old and New Testament as to the authorship of the Old Testament Scriptures' were irrelevant; by 28 to 9, that the charge of 'disparaging prophecy' was irrelevant; and, 28 to 10, that the allegations regarding the angelic beings of the Bible were not deserving of condemnation." An English journal, writing of this case says:—"It is confidently affirmed that a new movement of deep significance is about to be made in the Free Church, hostile to the views of Professor Smith and Dr. Dodds, and those who are supposed to sympathize too strongly with them. The lay element is to take the lead, it is said, and the movement will probably take the form of a protest and petition to be signed throughout the church and presented to the next General Assembly."

REYNARD MILKING A COW.

MIDDLEBURG, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Andrew Freemeyer pastures his cow on the flats near this village. It being evident that the cow was being milked every day before she was brought home, a watch was set for the thief a few days ago. Toward evening the person on watch saw a large red fox steal slyly out of a piece of woods on one side of the pasture. Looking carefully about for a few moments, the fox trotted direct to the spot where the cow was feeding. Taking another survey of the field, he took his position under the cow as a calf would, and sucked her milk with evident enjoyment. The cow stood perfectly still until the fox had satisfied himself and trotted back again to the woods, and then went on with her feeding. The day afterward Mr. Freemeyer went on watch with a gun. The fox came out of the woods as he had before, and Mr. Freemeyer shot and killed him.

—The whole area of Great Britain and Ireland under cultivation is, exclusive of space covered by buildings, roads, waters, gardens, wood and waste land, 47,327,000 acres.

—Carlo Gatti, who came to London a penniless boy, and died lately a wealthy man, having made a fortune by selling cheap ice creams, hailed from Ticino, the same canton which produced Delmonico and many more culinary celebrities.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL TEST.—A distinguished phrenologist, while recently dining at one of our large hotels, remarked at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman directly opposite said that he would propound a question, and that if it was truthfully answered, he would forever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said that he was satisfied, and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be after tellin' me am I married or single?"

WHAT THE CAPTAIN TOLD HIS WIFE.—Milliner (to Captain, who has been buying a hat for his wife): "Tell your wife, if she wants it dressy, to put a panache of six feathers curling forward; place a lizard or beetle to hold it, and put another lizard on the band that covers the curtain. That's easy to remember." The Captain (to his wife): "She said, 'if you wanted it dressed up, to put a pancake and sixteen poisoned feathers curled up forrid, clap on some lizards and beetles to belay them with, and cover the lizard on the band with your curtains."—*Boston Globe.*

—For some years the Russian army has been experimenting with passenger pigeons, and have met with much success. Something like 2,500 trained birds are now at the disposal of the military staff. The principal depot is at Warsaw, and there are stations at all fortresses. Each station consists of several dovecots fitted up separately, the number of them corresponding to the directions whence the pigeons will be flown. Each station is in charge of an experienced pigeon breeder, and some stations are imposing buildings.

—Wm. W. Hall, has for several years lived by ingeniously swindling New England railroad companies. His plan is to go to the chief officers with a story of having been injured on their road. The hurt is always internal, and has prevented him from working, besides putting him to expense for doctoring. He talks plausibly, presents forged affidavits in support of his claim, and usually is referred to the company's lawyer, who recommends the payment of $300 to $500, rather than defend a lawsuit. Exposure came of his careless use of aliases, after he had fooled at least five companies.

—Instead of bridesmaids, fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. These are dressed in velvet of the bride's favorite color. At a recent wedding the tiny court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet composed of a rosebud, an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle is attached to the left side. They perform the usual role of the bridesmaid, carry the bride's missal bouquet, and gloves and, in addition, meet her and assist her from and to the carriage step.

—If another lady treads on a bit of orange peel and scatters herself all over the sidewalk you will spend half an hour in putting her together again, bowing gracefully with lifted hat, you will depart with the proud feeling that you have preformed a plain duty. When your own wife, however, treads on a banana, and falls in a promiscuous heap, it is very hard to keep from telling her that if she can't stand on her feet she had better stay at home. [illegible] is one of the peculiarities of married life. [illegible] is only too natural to be a devotee to the politeness when in society and to unmask yourself from the rules of common sense when you are in your own home.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 86. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20, 1878. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE MAIDEN SHAREHOLDERS IN THE GLASGOW BANK.

The following appears in a Scotch newspaper:

Pity us God! Thou are five of us here,
With threescore years on thy pompous head
Five of us sitting here in sorrow and fear—
Well for our widowed one, she is dead.
Day and night sitting, we've not had a head
Down on a pillow this week now and more
Trembling has seized on us, shrinking and dread,
To hear the bell ring, or be seen out of door.
Pity us, pity, O God!

Pity us, God! When our father died
His mind was at ease, for he left us shares,
And a roof o'er our heads, too, and side by side,
Happy and loving, we faced life's cares.
Then we were young, and now feeble and old,
But we never wronged any, as far as we know,
And we trie! to do right with our silver and gold,
And the money had their portion, the Church had its due.
Pity us, pity, O God!

Pity us, God! We would work if we could,
Not supplies' fingers must stitch and hem;
And who would give us our morsel and food?
Though we spun not! knitted all day for them?
We never knew work, but we have yourselves sent!
We never knew want, but our wants are small,
And there's bread in the house yet, if we could eat,
But the sickness of sorrow is mixed with it all.
Pity us, pity, O God!

Pity us, God! Must our little things go?
All—even our mother's things cherished with care?
Must we leave the old home—the one home that we know?
But not for the Poor-House—O surely not there!
Could they not wait a while? We will not keep there long
We could live on so little, too, cheerful and brave,
But to leave the old house, where old memories throng,
For the Poor-House! O rather the peace of the grave!
Pity us, pity, O God!

Pity us, God! As for them who have wrought
All this and pain re-with, let Thy face
O how could they do it and know it not?
How could Michael sleep in peace and think of us deep?
But we would not one of us change this day
Our lot for theirs, for our hands are clean
And the heaviest sorrow we have to bear
Than the way of the honest poor ever hath been.
Pity us, pity, O God!

WALTER SMITH.

A SHOCKING STORY.

(Wilkie Collins in "The International Review.")

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

VII.

That night, lying awake thinking, I made my first discovery of a great change that had come over me. I can only describe my sensations in the trite phrase—I felt like a new woman.

Never had my life been so enjoyable to me as it was now. I was conscious of a delicious lightness of heart. The simplest things pleased me; I was ready to be kind to everybody, and to admire everybody. Even the familiar scenery of my rides in the Park developed beauties which I had never noticed before. The enchantments of music affected me to tears. I felt absolutely in love with my dogs and my birds—and, as for my maid, I bewildered the girl with presents, and gave her holidays almost before she could ask for them. In a bodily sense, I felt an extraordinary accession of strength and activity. I romped with the dear old General, and actually kissed Lady Catherine on my morning instead of letting her kiss me as usual. My friends noticed my new outburst of gayety and spirit—and wondered what had produced it. Is there any limit to the self-deception of which a human being is capable? I can honestly say that I wondered too! Only on that wakeful night which followed our visit to Michael's room did I feel myself on the way to a clear understanding of the truth. The next morning completed the progress of enlightenment. I went out riding as usual. The instant when Michael mounted my horse under my foot as I sprang into the saddle, his touch flew all over me like flame. I knew who had made a new woman of me from that moment.

As to describing the first sense of confusion that overwhelmed me, even if I were a practised writer I should be incapable of doing it. I pulled down my hat, I cut right and left in a sort of a trance. Fortunately for me, our house looked on the Park, and I had only to cross the road. Otherwise I should certainly have met with some accident among the passing vehicles. To this day, I don't know where I rode. The horse went his own way quietly—and the groom followed me.

The groom! There is, I suppose, no civilized human creature so free from the baleful anti-Christian pride of rank as a woman who lives with all her heart and soul for the first time in her life. I only tell the truth (in however unfavorable a light it may place me) when I declare that my consideration was entirely due to the discovery that I was in love. I was not ashamed of myself for being in love with the groom. I had given my heart to the man. What did the accident of his position matter? Put money into his pockets and a title before his name—by another accident. In speech, manners, and attainments, he would be a gentleman worthy of his wealth and worthy of his rank. Even the natural dread of what my relations and friends might say if they discovered my secret, seemed, in the entirely pure and entirely exalted state of my feelings, to be a sensation so unworthy of me and of him, that I looked round, and called upon my friends to speak to me, and asked him questions about horses which kept him riding side by side with me. Ah, how I enjoyed the gentle deference and respect of his manner as he answered me! He was hardly bold enough to raise his eyes to mine when I looked at him. Absorbed in the Paradise of my own making, I rode on gladly, and was only conscious that friends had passed and recognized me by seeing him touch his hat. I looked round, and discovered the women smiling ironically as they rode by. That one circumstance roused me rudely from my dream. I let Michael fall back again to his proper place, and quickened my horse's pace; angry with myself, angry with the world in general, conscious of being changing, and being fool enough and child enough to feel ready to cry. How long these varying moods lasted, I don't know. On returning, I slipped off my horse without waiting for Michael to help me, and ran into the house without even wishing him "Good-day."

VIII.

After taking off my riding-habit, and coaling my hot face with eau-de-cologne and water, I went down to the room which we called the morning room. The piano there was my favorite instrument—and I had the idea of trying what music would do towards helping me to compose myself.

As I sat down before the piano, I heard the opening of the door of the breakfast-room (separated from me by a curtained archway), and the voice of Lady Catherine asking if Michael had returned to the stables. On the servant's reply in the affirmative, she desired that he might be sent to her immediately. No doubt, I ought either to have left the morning-room or to have let my coming know of my presence there. I did neither—the one nor the other. The inveterate dislike that she had taken to Michael had, to all appearance, extended. She had come twice actually taken opportunities of speaking to him kindly. I believed this was due to the caprice of the moment. The tone of her voice suggested, in this case, that she had some baleful object in view, in sending for him. I deliberately waited to hear what passed between them.

The first sentence he began—

"You were out riding to-day with Miss Mina?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Turn to the light. I wish to see people when I speak to them. You were observed by some friends of mine; your conduct excited remark. Do you know your business as a lady's groom?"

"I have had seven years' experience, my lady."

"Your business is to ride at a certain distance behind your mistress. Has your experience taught you that?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You were not riding behind Miss Mina—your horse was almost side by side with hers. Do you deny it?"

"No, my lady."

"Leave the room. No! some back. Have you any excuse to make?"

"None, my lady."

"Your insolence is intolerable! I shall speak to the General."

The sound of the closing door followed. I knew now what the smiles meant on the false faces of those women-friends of mine who had met me in the park. An ordinary man, in Michael's place, would have mentioned my own encouragement of him as a sufficient excuse. He, with the inbred delicacy and reticence of a gentleman, had taken all the blame on himself. Indignant and ashamed, I advanced to the breakfast-room, bent on instantly justifying him. Drawing aside the curtain, I was startled by a sound as of a person coughing. I cautiously looked in. Lady Catherine was prostrate on the sofa, hiding her face in her hands, in a paroxysm of tears.

I withdrew, completely bewildered. The extraordinary severity of her tone to my servant's conduct were not at an end yet. Later in the day, I went to my uncle, resolved to set Michael right in his estimation, and to leave him to speak to Lady Catherine. The interval was in the lowest spirits; he shook his head ominously the moment I mentioned the groom's name. "I fear my the man meant no harm—but the thing has been observed. I can't have you made the subject of scandal, Mina. Lady Catherine makes a point of it—Michael must go."

"You don't mean to say that my aunt insisted on your sending Michael away?"

Before he could answer me, a footman appeared with a message. "My lady wishes to see you, sir."

The General rose directly. My cur iosity had got, by this time, beyond all restraint. I was actually indelicate enough to ask if I might go with him? He stared at me, as well he might. I persisted; I said I particularly wished to see Lady Catherine. My uncle's punctilious good breeding still resisted me. "Your aunt may wish to speak to me in private," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will send for you." My obstinacy was something superhuman; the bare idea that might go with him? He stared at me, as well he might. I persisted; I said I particularly wished to see Lady Catherine. My uncle's punctilious good breeding still resisted me. "Your aunt may wish to speak to me in private," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will send for you." My obstinacy was something superhuman; the bare idea that Michael might go with him! Fault made me desperate, I suppose. "I won't trouble you to send for me," I persisted. "I will go with you at once as far as the door, and wait to hear if I may come in." The footman was still present, holding the door open; the General gave way. I kept so close behind him that my aunt saw me as her husband entered the room. "Come in, Mina," she said, speaking and looking like the charming Lady Catherine of every-day life. Was this the woman I had seen crying her heart out on the sofa, hardly an hour ago? "On second thought," she continued turning to the General, "I fear I may have been a little hasty. Pardon me for troubling you about it again—have you spoken to Michael yet? No? Then let us err on the side of kindness; let us look over his misconduct this time."

My uncle was evidently relieved. I seized the opportunity of making my confession, and taking the whole blame on myself. Lady Catherine stopped me with the perfect grace of which she was mistress. "My good child, don't distress yourself! Don't make mountains out of mole-hills!" She patted me on the cheek with two plump white fingers, which felt deadly cold. "I was not always prudent, Mina, when I was your age. Besides, your curiosity was naturally excited about a servant who is—what shall I call him?—a foundling." She paused and fixed her eyes on me attentively, "Is it a very romantic story?" she asked.

The General began to fidget in his chair. If I had kept my attention on him, I should have seen in his face a warning to me to be silent. But my interest at the moment was absorbed in my aunt. Encouraged by her amiable reception, I should merely unsuspicious of the trap she had set for me—I was actually foolish enough to think that I could improve Michael's position in her estimation (remember that I was in love with him?) by telling his story exactly as I have already told it in these pages. I spoke with fervor. The instant when Michael was mentioned my uncle my foot as I sprang into the saddle, his touch flew all over me like flame. I knew who had made a new woman of me from that moment.

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"You were out riding to-day with Miss Mina?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Turn to the light. I wish to see people when I speak to them. You were observed by some friends of mine; your conduct excited remark. Do you know your business as a lady's groom?"

"I have had seven years' experience, my lady."

"Your business is to ride at a certain distance behind your mistress. Has your experience taught you that?"

"Yes, my lady."

"You were not riding behind Miss Mina—your horse was almost side by side with hers. Do you deny it?"

"No, my lady."

"Leave the room. No! some back. Have you any excuse to make?"

"None, my lady."

"Your insolence is intolerable! I shall speak to the General."

The sound of the closing door followed. I knew now what the smiles meant on the false faces of those women-friends of mine who had met me in the park. An ordinary man, in Michael's place, would have mentioned my own encouragement of him as a sufficient excuse. He, with the inbred delicacy and reticence of a gentleman, had taken all the blame on himself. Indignant and ashamed, I advanced to the breakfast-room, bent on instantly justifying him. Drawing aside the curtain, I was startled by a sound as of a person coughing. I cautiously looked in. Lady Catherine was prostrate on the sofa, hiding her face in her hands, in a paroxysm of tears.

I withdrew, completely bewildered. The extraordinary severity of her tone to my servant's conduct were not at an end yet. Later in the day, I went to my uncle, resolved to set Michael right in his estimation, and to leave him to speak to Lady Catherine. The interval was in the lowest spirits; he shook his head ominously the moment I mentioned the groom's name. "I fear my the man meant no harm—but the thing has been observed. I can't have you made the subject of scandal, Mina. Lady Catherine makes a point of it—Michael must go."

"You don't mean to say that my aunt insisted on your sending Michael away?"

Before he could answer me, a footman appeared with a message. "My lady wishes to see you, sir."

The General rose directly. My cur iosity had got, by this time, beyond all restraint. I was actually indelicate enough to ask if I might go with him? He stared at me, as well he might. I persisted; I said I particularly wished to see Lady Catherine. My uncle's punctilious good breeding still resisted me. "Your aunt may wish to speak to me in private," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will send for you." My obstinacy was something superhuman; the bare idea that might go with him? He stared at me, as well he might. I persisted; I said I particularly wished to see Lady Catherine. My uncle's punctilious good breeding still resisted me. "Your aunt may wish to speak to me in private," he said. "Wait a moment, and I will send for you." My obstinacy was something superhuman; the bare idea that might go with him! Fault made me desperate, I suppose. "I won't trouble you to send for me," I persisted. "I will go with you at once as far as the door, and wait to hear if I may come in." The footman was still present, holding the door open; the General gave way. I kept so close behind him that my aunt saw me as her husband entered the room. "Come in, Mina," she said, speaking and looking like the charming Lady Catherine of every-day life. Was this the woman I had seen crying her heart out on the sofa, hardly an hour ago? "On second thought," she continued turning to the General, "I fear I may have been a little hasty. Pardon me for troubling you about it again—have you spoken to Michael yet? No? Then let us err on the side of kindness; let us look over his misconduct this time."

My uncle was evidently relieved. I seized the opportunity of making my confession, and taking the whole blame on myself. Lady Catherine stopped me with the perfect grace of which she was mistress. "My good child, don't distress yourself! Don't make mountains out of mole-hills!" She patted me on the cheek with two plump white fingers, which felt deadly cold. "I was not always prudent, Mina, when I was your age. Besides, your curiosity was naturally excited about a servant who is—what shall I call him?—a foundling." She paused and fixed her eyes on me attentively, "Is it a very romantic story?" she asked.

The General began to fidget in his chair. If I had kept my attention on him, I should have seen in his face a warning to me to be silent. But my interest at the moment was absorbed in my aunt. Encouraged by her amiable reception, I should merely unsuspicious of the trap she had set for me—I was actually foolish enough to think that I could improve Michael's position in her estimation (remember that I was in love with him?) by telling his story exactly as I have already told it in these pages. I spoke with fervor. The instant when Michael was mentioned my uncle

I was not experienced enough to guess at the truth. A convenient headache saved me from the ordeal of meeting Lady Catherine at the dinner-table. I passed a restless and miserable night; conscious that I was found my way blindly, as it were, to some terrible secret which might have its effect on my whole future life, and not knowing what to think, or what to do next. Even then I shrank insinctively from speaking to my uncle. This was not wonderful. But I felt afraid to speak to Micha el—and that perplexed and alarmed me. Consideration for Lady Catherine was certainly not the motive that kept me silent, after what I had seen.

The next morning, my abundantly pale face justified the assertion that I was still ill. My aunt always doing her maternal duty towards me, came herself to inquire after my health before I was out of my room. So certain was she of not having been observed on the previous day—or so pr ficions was her power of controlling herself—that she actually advised me to go out riding before lunch, and try what the fresh air and exercise would do to relieve me! Feeling that I must end in speaking to Michael, it seemed to me a relief to put off speaking to him in private. I accepted her advice, and had another approving pat on the cheek from the plump white fingers. They no longer struck cold on my skin; the customary vitality warmth had returned to them. Her ladyship's mind had recovered its tranquility.

IX.

I left the house for my morning ride.

Michael was not in his customary spirits. With some difficulty, I induced him to tell me the reason. He had decided on giving notice to leave his situation in the General's employment. As soon as I could command myself, I asked what had happened to justify this incomprehensible proceeding on his part. He silently offered me a letter. It was written by the master whom he had served before he came to us; and it announced that an employment as secretary was offered to him in the house of a gentleman who was "interested in his creditable efforts to improve his position in the world." What it cost me to preserve the outward appearance of composure as I handed back the letter, I am ashamed to tell. I spoke flo him with some bitterness. "Your wishes are gratified," I said; "I don't wonder that you are eager to leave your place." He raised back his horse, and repeated my words, "Eager to leave my place? I am heart-broken at leaving it." I was reckless enough to ask why. His head sank. "I dare n't tell you," he said. I went on from one imprudence to another. "What are you afraid of?" I asked. He suddenly looked up at me. His eyes answered, "You."

Can you fathom the folly of a woman in love? Can you imagine the enormous importance which the veriest trifles assume in her poor little mind? I was perfectly satisfied—even perfectly happy after that one look. I rode on briskly for a minute or two—then the forgotten scene at the stables recurred to my memory. I resumed a foot-pace, and beckoned to him to speak to me.

"Lady Catherine's bookseller lives in the city, doesn't he?" I began.

"Yes, Miss."

"Did you walk both ways?"

"Yes."

"You must have felt tired when you got back?"

"I hardly remember what I felt when I got back—I was met by a surprise."

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly, miss. Do you remember that black bag of mine?"

"Perfectly."

"When I returned from the city, I found the bag standing on the hall, kept in it—the shawl, the linen, and the letter—"

"Gone?"

"Gone."

My heart gave one great leap in me, and broke into vehement throbbings, which made it impossible for me to say a word more. I reined up my horse, and fixed my eyes on Michael. He was startled; he asked if I felt faint. I could only sign to him to go on.

"My own belief," he proceeded, "is that some person burnt the things in my absence, and opened the window to prevent any suspicion being excited by the smell. I am certain I shut the window before I left my room. When I came back, I felt the fresh air, and I felt not entirely removed the smell of burning; and what is more I found a heap of ashes in the grate. As to the person who has done me this injury, and why it has been done, these are mysteries beyond my fathoming—I beg your pardon, miss, I am sure you are not well. Might I advise you to return to the house?"

I accepted his advice and turned back.

In the tumult of horror and amazement that filled my mind, I could still feel a faint triumph stirring in me through it all, when I saw how alarmed and how anxious he was about me. Nothing more passed between us on the way back. Confronted by the dreadful secret which I had forced upon himself so helpless. Of the guilty persons concerned in the concealment of the birth and in the desertion of the infant, my noble-born, highly-bred, irreproachable mother stood revealed before me as one! An older woman than I was might have been hard put to it to preserve her presence of mind in such a position as mine. Instinct, not reason, kept me in my sore need. Instinct, not reason, kept me passively and stupidly silent when I got back to the house. "We will talk about it to-morrow," was all I said, as I left Michael when he gently lifted me from my horse.

I earnest myself from appearing at the luncheon-table; and I drew down the blinds in my bedroom, that my face might not betray me when Lady Catherine's maternal duty brought her upstairs to make inquiries. The same excuse served in both cases—my aunt believed in the reality of my headache. My aunt's brief visit led to one result which is worth mentioning. The indescribable horror of her that I felt forced me to entreat my nurse that we two could live no longer under the same roof. While I was still trying to face this alternative with the needful composure, my uncle presented himself, in some anxiety about my continued illness. I should certainly have burst out crying, when the kind and dear old man kissed me on my forehead, if I had not brought him news with him which turned back all my thoughts on myself and my aunt. Michael had shown the General his letter, and had given him his story. Lady Catherine was present at the time. To her husband's amazement, she abruptly interfered with a personal request to Michael to drink better of it, and to remain in his place!

X.

"I should not have troubled you, my dear, on this unpleasant subject," said my uncle, "if Michael had not told me that you were aware of the secret which his position leads him to feel it his duty to leave us. After your aunt's interference (quite incomprehensible to me) the man hardly knows what to do. Being most grateful to you, he begs me to ask if there is any impropriety in his leaving the difficulty to your decision. I tell you of his request. Mina; but I strongly advise you to decline taking any responsibility on yourself."

I answered mechanically, accepting my uncle's suggestion, while my thoughts were wholly absorbed in the strange, secret proceedings on Lady Catherine's part, since Michael had entered the house. There are limits—out of books and plays—to the influence of a young and inexperienced woman. After what I had just heard, the doubts which this far perplexed me were suddenly and completely cleared up. I said to my secret self, "She knows some intimate feeling left. Michael Bloomfield is her son.

From the moment when my mind emerged from the darkness, I recovered the use of such intelligence as I ever possessed. Strength possessed. From this point you will find that, right or wrong, I saw my way before me and acted.

To say that I felt for the General with my whole heart, is merely to own that I could be commonly grateful. I sat on his knee, and laid my cheek against his cheek, and thanked him for being a long years of kindness to me. He stopped me in his simple generous way. "Why, Mina, you talk as if I was a man going to leave us?" I started up, and went to the window, ashamed of and complaining of the heat, and at meeting from him that he had unconsciously anticipated the event that was indeed to come.

When I returned to my chair, he helped me to recover myself by alluding once more to my aunt. He feared that her health was in some way impaired. In the time when they had first met, she was subject to nervous maladies, having their origin in a "calamity," which was never mentioned by either of them in later days. She might possibly be suffering again from some other form of nervous derangement, and he seriously thought of persuading her to send for medical advice.

Under ordinary circumstances, this vague reference to a "calamity" would not have excited any special interest to me. But my mind was now in a state of morbid suspicion. I knew that my uncle and aunt had been married for twenty-four years; and I remembered Michael had described himself as being twenty-six years old. Bearing these circumstances in mind, it struck me that I might be acting wisely (in Michael's interest) if I persuaded the General to speak further of what happened at the time when he met the woman whom an evil destiny had bestowed on him for a wife. Nothing but the consideration of serving the man I loved would have reconciled me to making my own secret use of the recollections which my uncle might innocently confide to me. As it was, I thought the means would, in this case, be for once justified by the end. Before we part, I have little doubt that you will think so too.

I found it an easier task than I had anticipated to turn the talk back again to the days when the General had seen Lady Catherine for the first time. He was proud of the circumstances under which he had won his wife. Ah, how my heart ached for him as I saw his eyes sparkle and the color mount in his fine rugged face!

This is the substance of what I heard from him. I tell it briefly, because it is still painful to me to tell it at all.

My uncle had met Lady Catherine at her father's country house. She had then re-appeared in society, after a long period of seclusion, passed partly in England, partly on the Continent. Before the date of her retirement, she had been engaged to marry a French nobleman, equally illustrious by his birth and by his diplomatic services in the East. Within a few weeks of the wedding-day, he was drowned by the wreck of his yacht. This was the calamity to which my uncle had referred.

Lady Catherine's mind was so seriously affected by the dreadful event that the doctor's refused to answer for the consequences unless she was at once placed in the strictest retirement. Her mother, and a French maid devotedly attached to her, were the only persons whom it was considered safe for the young lady to see, until time and change had in some degree compassed her. An after-residence in a quiet Swiss valley slowly completed the restoration of her health. Her return to her friends and admirers was naturally a subject of sincere rejoicing among the guests assembled in her father's house. My uncle's interest in Lady Catherine soon developed into love. They were equals in rank, and well suited to each other in age. The parents raised no obstacles; but they did not conceal from their guest that the disaster which had befallen their daughter was but too likely to decline her to receive his addresses, or any man's addresses, favorably. To their surprise, they proved to be wrong. The young lady was touched by the simplicity and the delicacy with which her lover urged his suit. She had lived among worldly people. This was a man whose devotion she could believe to be sincere. They were married.

Had no unusual circumstances occurred? Had nothing happened which the General had forgotten? Nothing.

XI.

It is surely needless that I should stop here, to draw the plain inferences from the even's just related. Any person who remembers that the shawl in which the infant was wrapped came from those Eastern regions which were associated with the French nobleman's diplomatic services—also, that the faults of composition in the letter found on the child were exactly the faults likely to have been committed by the French maid—any person who follows these traces can find his way to the truth as I found mine.

Returning for a moment to the hopes which I had formed of being of some service to Michael, I have only to say that they were at once destroyed when I heard of the death, by drowning, of the man to whom the evidence pointed as his father. The prospect looked equally barren when I thought of the miserable mother. That she could openly acknowledge her son, in her position, was perhaps not to be expected from any woman. Had she courage enough, or, in plainer words, heart enough, to acknowledge him privately?

I called to mind again some of the apparent express and contradictions in Lady Catherine's conduct, on the memorable day when Michael had presented himself to fill the vacant place. Look back with me to the record of what she said and did on that occasion, by the light of your present knowledge, and you will see that his likeness to his father must have struck her when he entered the room, and that his statement of his age must have correctly described the age of her son. Recall the actions that followed—the withdrawal to the window to conceal her face; the clutch at the curtain when she felt herself sinking; the cry, out of terror and of pain, at the resemblance of her father's nervous irritability reappearing in the son; the harshness of the manner under which she concealed these emotions when she ventured to speak to him; the reiterated inconsistencies and vacillations of conduct that followed, all alike due to the protest of Nature in a desperately resolute but a helpless woman, against the fatal act by which she had sacrificed her child! Remember that we believe her to be incapable of running the smallest risk of discovery at the prompting of maternal love.

There remained, then, only Michael to think of. I remembered how he had spoken of the unnatural parents whom he neither expected nor desired to discover. Still I could not reconcile it to my conscience to accept a chance outbreak of temper as my sufficient justification for keeping him in ignorance of a discovery which he had himself brought home. It seemed at least to be my duty to make myself acquainted with the true state of his feelings, before I decided to bear the burden of silence with my secret alone.

What I felt it my duty to do in this serious manner I determined to do at once. Besides, let me honestly own that I felt lonely and desolate, oppressed by the sad situation in which I was placed, and eager for the relief that it would be to me only to hear the sound of Michael's voice. I sent my maid to say that I wished to speak to him immediately. The crisis was already hanging over my head. That one act brought it down.

He came in, and stood modestly waiting at the door.

After making him take a chair, I began by saying (it at I had received his message, and that, acting on my uncle's advice, I must abstain from answering in his question of his leaving his place. Having in this way established a reason for sending for him, I allowed next to the loss he had sustained, and asked if he had any prospect of finding the person who had entered the room in his absence. On his reply in the negative, I spoke of serious results to him of the act of destruction that had been committed. "Your last chance of discovering your parents," I said, "has been cruelly destroyed."

He smiled sadly. "You know already, miss, that I never expected to discover them."

I ventured a little nearer to the object I had in view.

"Do you never think of your mother?" asked.

"At your age, she might still be living. Can you give up all hope of finding her without feeling your heart ache?"

"If I have done her wrong, in believing that she wished me dead, I feel it, at times, the heartache is but a poor way of expressing the remorse that I should feel."

I ventured nearer still. "Even if you were right." I began—"even if she did desert you—"

He interrupted me sternly. "I would not cross the street to see her," he said. "A woman who deserts her child is a monster. Forgive me for speaking so, miss! When I see good mothers and their children, it makes me when I think of what my childhood was."

Hearing those words and watching him attentively while he spoke, I could see that my sorrow would be a mercy, not a crime. I hastened to speak of other things.

"If you decide to leave us," I said, when shall you go?"

His eyes softened instantly. Little by little the color faded out of his face as he answered me.

"The General kindly said when I spoke of leaving my place—" His voice faltered, and he paused to steady it. "My master," he resumed, "said that I need not keep my employer waiting by staying for the customary month, provided—provided you were willing to dispense with my services."

So far I had succeeded in controlling myself. At that reply I felt my resolution failing me. I saw how he suffered; I saw how manfully he struggled to conceal it. All my heart went out to him in spite of me.

"I am not willing," I said. "I am sorry—very, very sorry to lose you. But I will do anything that is for your good. I can say no more."

He rose suddenly, as if to leave the room; mastered himself; stood for a moment silently looking at me—then looked away again and said his parting words.

"If I succeed Miss Mina in my new employment—if I get on perhaps to higher—socia—is a pleasanter lot to me than to ask if I might, some day—perhaps when you are out riding alone—if I might speak to you—only to ask if you are well and happy—"

He could say no more. I could see the tears in his eyes; saw him shaken by the convulsive breathings, which break from men in the rare moments when they cry. He forced it back even then. He bowed to me—oh, God, he bowed to me, as if he were only my servant! as if he were too far below me to take my hand, even at that moment! I could have endured anything else; I believe I could have still have restrained myself under any other circumstances. It matters little now; my confession must be made, whatever you may think of me. I flew to him like a frenzied creature—I threw my arms around his neck—I said to him' "Oh, Michael, don't you know that I love you? and then I laid my head on his breast, and held him to me, and said no more.

In that moment of silence, the door of the room was opened. I started and looked up. Lady Catherine was standing on the threshold.

I saw in her face that she had been listening—she must have followed him when he came in his way to my room. Time convinction steadied me. I took his hand in mine, and stood side by side with him, waiting for him to speak first. She looked at Michael, not at me. He took a step or two, and addressed him in these words: "It is just possible that you have some sense of decency left. Leave the room."

That deliberate insult was all that I wanted to make me completely mistress of myself. I told Michael to wait a moment, and opened my writing-desk. I wrote on an envelope the address to London of a faithful old servant who had been with my mother in her last moments. I gave it to Michael. "Call there to-morrow morning," I said. "You will find me waiting for you."

He looked at Lady Catherine, evidently unwilling to leave me alone with her. "Fear nothing," I said; "I am old enough to take care of myself. I have only a word to say to this lady before I leave the house." With that I took his arm and walked with him to the door, and said good-bye almost as composed as if we had been husband and wife already.

Lady Catherine's eyes followed me as I shut the door again, and crossed the room to a second door which led into my bedchamber. She suddenly stopped up to me, grasp I my wrist with violence, and laid her hand on my arm. "What do I see in your face?" she asked, as much of herself as me—with her eyes fixed in keen inquiry on mine

"You shall know it presently," I answered. Let me get my bonnet and cloak first."

"Do you mean to leave

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New advertisements must be handed in early on Wednesday morning to insure insertion same week. Changes of advertisements must be in by noon on Tuesday.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 20, 1878.

ANOTHER REGICIDE ATTEMPT.

Socialism appears to be spreading to an alarming extent in Europe. Following close upon the attempt on the life of King Alfonso of Spain, come the news of a similar attempt to assassinate Humbert, King of Italy, only in this instance the mode of accomplishing the deed was slightly changed. As the King was entering Naples in state on Sunday, a poorly clad man named Giovanni Passanante, who was bearing a banner among the trade associations which paraded to meet the King, attempted to stab him with a dagger which he had fastened to the end of the flag staff, and succeeded in wounding His Majesty in the arm. The Prime Minister, who was in the carriage, in attempting to save the King was also wounded in the thigh. The King drew his sword and struck the assassin, who was immediately secured. Passanante is 29 years old, and by occupation a cook. He said he belonged to no society, but being poor nourished a hatred towards Kings. From several letters found at his abode, however, it has been found that he was a member of the International Society, and several of his accomplices have since been arrested. The belief is gaining ground that a gigantic plot exists for the assassination of all sovereigns. If this is so, and certainly appearances indicate that way, few would be found at the present time who would be anxious to accept an empire's crown in exchange for their more humble sphere.

THE elections for the Dominion Parliament in British Columbia are over, and it is said that all the members from that Province are supporters of the Macdonald Government. Bunster has been re-elected for Vancouver District by a large majority.

THE Government at Ottawa has appointed Wednesday, December 4th, to be observed as a day of national thanksgiving throughout the Dominion. Proclamations will, it is understood, be issued by the Provincial Governments, giving legal effect to the holiday in their several Provinces.

THE City Council of Kingston recently passed a by-law to compel parties to sell potatoes by weight instead of by the bag, as it was found that many bags of potatoes being sold were less than ninety pounds weight. A farmer named William Jackson was fined $2 and costs for selling bags which were short weight. A similar by-law passed in other places than Kingston would not come amiss.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The last session of the County Council for 1878 was held last week, commencing on Tuesday, November 12th. Below we give a condensed account of the proceedings from the *Intelligencer*, relating chiefly to North Hastings.

The Warden addressed the Council as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—During the long interval between the last session and the present the business of the County has gone on in the ordinary way, and I think it did not suffer by the omission of the August session.

The heavy summer rains caused a few unexpected breaks in our leading county roads, and also increased the expense and lessened the value of the work done thereon this season to some small extent.

I have countersigned requisitions on the Treasurer for the County Surveyor since our last meeting to the amount of $3,723.80, the greater part of which sum has been expended as before authorized by this Council, and the balance in the repairs on the Snow road in Tudor and on Chisholm's Rapids bridge, as well as $350 towards getting timber for the Stoco bridge, which has been found since our last meeting to need rebuilding.

The moneys have been drawn for nearly all the grants on roads outside of the gravel roads.

I carried out the instructions of the Council by writing the Warden of the County of Northumberland and Durham in the matter of the Sidney and Murray boundary road, but he has not yet informed me what that County will do.

The auditor's report and last year's accounts have not been published yet because just after our last meeting it was noticed that a few items had been omitted in the statement which affected the balance due the estate of our late Treasurer, but the Auditors have carefully gone over the accounts again and have now handed in a report of the true balance due said estate, which will be read to you.

The solicitor of a company that offered as much as any other company to which the Treasurer and I decided to sell the $20,000 debentures, to be issued under By-law No. 332, made some technical objections to said By-law, and to get over the same with the least possible expense we had the said By-law promulgated.

The Gravel Roads and Public Accounts Committees will submit their respective reports in a very full and complete form.

The business of this session so far as I know will be of the usual nature, which I trust may be disposed of in such a manner as to prove most beneficial to the interests of the County.

He also intimated that the solicitor of the Grand Trunk Railway stated that as soon as the boundary road between Trenton and Murray had been completed the company would fulfil what was required of them in accordance with the wishes of the Council.

Among the communications presented were one from James Tulloch, of Huntingdon, asking to be remunerated for damage sustained by the breaking of a culvert near his premises, which destroyed a culvert on his premises. He asked $100.

From Philip Clapp and others asking that the Council assume as a County road that across lots 18 and 19 in the fifth, sixth and seventh concessions of Madoc, and asking an appropriation from time to time for the maintenance of the same.

From Adam McGowan and others, asking that a quarterly fair be established at the village of Tweed and that Wm. Wray be appointed to superintend the same.

From the City Clerk of Belleville, approving of the appointment of a short-hand reporter and stating the city's proposal to pay its necessary share for that purpose.

Mr. White moved, seconded by Mr. Caskey, that the County Treasurer furnish this Council with the amount taken from the Sinking Fund in order to keep down taxes that should have been collected each year from 1866 to 1877 and a statement of the amount estimated to be expended on the gravel roads, county roads and bridges for the years 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, and the amount expended in each of these years over and above the amount collected, the report to be made on Thursday.

WEDNESDAY.

The following is a synopsis of the County Surveyor's report:

Since the June Session the bridge at Allan's and its approaches had been repaired, six new culverts built and two repaired on the road from Madoc to the Allan settlement at a cost of $103.86; the old bridge at Bannockburn has been removed and a larger culvert built in its place, and the road thereat raised and widened at a cost of $42.80; the bridge at Vankleek's was built by contract for $75; Bonetrau's bridge was repaired for $50.76; repairing done at Jones' Creek bridge cost $84.77; planking O'Brien's bridge cost $42.57; a new bridge at Geddes', near Shannonville cost $68.92; a new one on the 4th concession line of Tyendinaga cost $74.15; the planking of Deer Creek and Madoc village bridges cost $70.40, and that at Queensboro $15.73; Trenton bridge was repaired for $11.10; the painting of bridge, and other repairs to them cost $503.64; the repairing of Canifton bridge $610.51; work around the gaol $241.13; the work on the new bridge, etc., on the Ridge road $174.93; that at Norman's $15.70; the repairs to Beaver Creek bridge $135.69; that over Bond's Creek for repairs $69.50; cost for wood at the gaol, and for pumps, etc., $174.02; timber for Stoco bridge $250; repairs to Bridgewater bridge $60. A number of smaller items were also noted in the report, but of trifling amounts. A number of recommendations for work on several roads and bridges in various parts of the County accompanied the report. This was referred to the Committee on Roads and Bridges.

The Gravel Roads Committee reported that $11,317.31 had been expended on the gravel roads—an excess of $317.31 over the appropriation. The report among other matters stated the quantity of material placed on the roads; it recommended a grant of $240 to repair the roads this fall and also the advisability of making an appropriation to bank gravel and stone on the roads this winter. Statements of each month's work and expenditure accompanied the report.

On motion the report was received and adopted.

The report of the Public Accounts Committee was read. It detailed the amounts of accounts contracted for work on bridges, culverts, &c. The total expenditure reported was $7,227.32.

The work causing the above was performed under the supervision of the County Surveyor, all of whose accounts were found correct. The estimated expenditure was $8,000.

Mr. White deprecated the building of culverts in Madoc in particular, where culverts in Tyendinaga, even to the number of 50, required attention equally as much at the hands of that official. Every effort should be made to keep within the estimates, and though the committee made every effort to do so yet small items would creep in which swelled the excess.

Mr. Ashley said all repairs on County roads, no matter in what township they were situated, should at all times be attended to, and though he had no doubt the necessary efforts were made to keep within the expenditure, small matters would occur that required attention.

Mr. Vankleek considered that where necessary, the Surveyor should be permitted to make the necessary repairs at once; he considered that the Surveyor performed no work but what was necessary for the safety of the travelling public.

Mr. Vankleek moved, seconded by Mr. Caskey, that the Treasurer furnish a statement of the saving effected by the holding of one session in the fall instead of two, and also the sum paid for mileage etc., to the Chairman of Gravel Roads for 1877 and 1878.

A letter from Chas. Sine was read, stating that on July 6th last, whilst travelling on a road north of Stirling, one of his horses was seriously injured, so that it had to be destroyed, and that it was through the state of the road that such horse was lost. Referred to Committee on Ways and Means.

With regard to the question of having two Boards of Examiners for this county the Warden asked that the Inspectors be heard.

Mr. Johnston was heard. He said that it was through Dr. Ryerson that two Boards were in existence. With regard to the matter of expense, were there only one Board the expense would not be much less. Now there were only three members in each Board, but if there were only one five members would be required. As far as the interests of education were concerned he considered that they would be better served by two Boards than by one.

Mr. Mackintosh said the question of expense was an important one to the Inspectors and the educational interests as well. He considered that the expense would not be materially lessened by the existence of one Board instead of two. He thought that the educational interests of the district would be enhanced by the existence of one Board, as this would eventually have a tendency to secure uniformity without sacrificing local or peculiar interests. The interests of North Hastings would, in his opinion, be conserved by only having one Board, and he also thought this remark would apply to the whole County. He considered the existence of two Boards illegal, and if that were determined and it was desirable to sustain the two Boards, an effort should be made to change the law.

Mr. Peck read the law bearing on the point in question, which defines that there shall be one Board and that it shall consist of the Inspector and four qualified members. The speaker said there were two Inspectors in this County, and it was a question whether these two would be members of the Board. He favored the limiting of the number of members of the Board to three. In that case it should be determined who was the County Inspector.

The question was laid over till the March meeting.

A claim from Richard Taylor was read asking compensation for an ox which broke his leg on a county gravel road in Madoc. He asked $30.45. After considerable discussion the amount was ordered to be paid.

Mr. Sine's petition was not entertained.

James Tulloch's petition was laid over.

The matter of appointing a short-hand writer for the County Courts was left in the hands of the Warden to ask the Lieut.-Governor to make an appointment.

Mr. Vandervoort moved, seconded by Mr. Peck, that the Legislature be memorialized so that the County Council can have the privilege of regulating the width of tyres to be used on waggons.

Mr. Anderson said it would not be wise to pass such a law as people would then be compelled to dispense with the waggons they at present own. The weight of the load to be carried should be regulated.

Mr. Peck said it was only proposed to ask authority to regulate the size of tyres and if permission were granted a discussion would then follow, which would result to the benefit of the people.

Mr. Ashley considered that if the proposal in question were accepted it would not injure the roads so much as those at present in use and besides waggons with wide tyres would be better for farmers on the roads as well as on their own property. Were this scheme accepted, in ten years a general benefit would follow.

Mr. Anderson disapproved of the motion, as he considered in a country where there were mud roads waggons with wide tyres would not prove acceptable.

Mr. Flint said the wider the tyre the better it would be for the roads, and also for the horses, and in his opinion the wider the tyre the more our farmers would be benefitted. His experience favored the use of wide tyres, and if that principle were adopted it would be a great saving to the people.

Mr. Kavanagh considered that the matter should be left to the discretion of the people who used waggons.

Mr. Ashley said if the power asked was conferred on the Council it would in the end redound to the benefit of the people generally.

Mr. White said that in all likelihood many years would elapse before such a result as that asked would be attained.

The matter was referred to a Committee to make the necessary memorial and the motion passed.

THURSDAY.

Mr. Emo moved, seconded by Mr. Robinson, that the Surveyor be instructed to have opened up the boundary line road between Madoc and Huntingdon, so that the obstructions on that road may be removed.—Carried.

Mr. Pearce moved, seconded by Mr. Flint, that the Governor of Ontario in Council be asked to amend the law respecting the duties of County Treasurer so that in case of that official's death another can be appointed and tax sales go on.—Carried.

Mr. White moved, seconded by Mr. Currie, that the Legislature be asked to give power to Township Councils to collect interest on overdue taxes, from the date on which they should have been paid.—Carried.

Mr. Armstrong moved, seconded by Mr. Gross, that the By-law to accept as a County road the road from the Jordan to Murphy's Corners be not passed, and that the Government be asked to aid this road.

The motion was ruled out of order.

A communication was read asking that the debentures to be granted the Belleville and North Hastings Railway be put in the hands of Trustees.

The Warden said he had been asked to place these debentures in the hands of the Trustees at once, all of whom had not as yet been appointed. One or two Wardens preceding him had not issued these debentures though the By-law asked it, and he would now say that he would hand the debentures over if the Council authorized him to do so. The interest on these debentures would begin when they were handed over.

Mr. Francis said if the date from which the interest was to run was not mentioned in the By-law it would date from the passage of the By-law—unless no interest was to be paid.

The Warden said whatever interest accrued on these debentures before the completion of the road should be used for the benefit of the County, and read the Act passed which recites as stated above. He also said that the debentures were not to be handed over to the road till it was accepted by the Government Engineers and the Government bonus paid. In justice, all municipalities should pay the interest which the By-law stipulates they should do.

Mr. White contended that no interest should be asked until such time as the debentures were given, as if that were not done we would be paying interest on what we did not owe. Some townships had paid the interest for the last three years—one of them was Tyendinaga—and now these debentures should be issued for seventeen instead of twenty years.

[Concluded next week.]

THE following appointments have been gazetted:—Hon. John H. Hagarty, at present Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to be Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, *vice* the Hon. R. A. Harrison, deceased.—The Hon. Adam Wilson, at present a Puisne Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, to be Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. The Hon. M. C. Cameron has been appointed to fill the position vacated by Hon. Adam Wilson.

AT a meeting of the Directors of the *Intelligencer* Printing and Publishing Company held last week, a letter was read from Hon. Mr. Bowell, resigning his position as Director in and President of the Company. The resignation was accepted, and Mr. J. W. London was appointed Director in his stead. Thos. Wills, Esq., M.P.P., was elected President of the Company.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL parties having claims against the estate of Lawrence Quirk, deceased, are hereby requested to forward the same, postpaid, to the Executors, James Thompson and Patrick McIlroy, or to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of December next, or they will be excluded from any benefit arising from the estate.
GREAM & HENDERSON, Solicitors for the Executors.
Madoc, November 20th, 1878. 86-4t

TENDERS

WILL be received up to Monday evening, the Second of December next, for supplying Forty cords of green beech and maple wood to the Model School. The wood must be sound body wood, four feet long, and must be delivered and piled in the basement of the Model School Building for measurement.—Wood to be all delivered before the first of March. Only fifty per cent of price of wood delivered to be payable until the contract is completed. Tenders must be in writing and addressed to
FRED. E. SEYMOUR, Secretary Madoc School Board.

North Hastings Election 1878.

To George Taylor, Esq., Returning Officer, North Riding, County of Hastings.

THE following is an abstract statement of the Election expenses paid by me as agent for Mackenzie Bowell, Esq., in respect of the Election for North Riding of County of Hastings:

Scrutineers and canvassers' expenses,	$77 40
Horse hire and Livery expenses,	91 00
Printing,	26 00
Agent's expenses,	6 50
	$200 90

Certified correct.
W. A. SHEPARD, Agent.
Belleville, Nov. 16th, 1878. 84-3

The Scientific American

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Most Popular Scientific Paper in the World.

Only $3.20 a Year, including Postage. Weekly. 52 numbers a year. 4,000 Book Pages.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large first-class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including new and interesting facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

Terms, $3.20 a year, $1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discount to Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS. In connection with the Scientific American the Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 34 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. We also send free our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents,
MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.
Branch Office, cor. F & 7th streets, Washington, D. C.

Subscriptions to the above will be received at the REVIEW Office.

NEW GOODS!

We have received full lines in Black Lustres, from 14c. a yard. Ladies' Cloth Jackets, very stylish, from $2 each. White and Coloured Blankets, Grey Flannel, All Wool Druggett, Check Wincey, Brown Ducks, Shirts and Drawers, Women's and Girl's Fancy Hosiery, White and Coloured Cotton Yarn, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at low prices.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.
Madoc, November 13th, 1878.

MISS TAIT,
TEACHER of Instrumental Music, (Piano and Organ), at the residence of Mr. Jas. A. Orr, or will visit pupils at their homes if required. Terms made known on application at her residence, or at the REVIEW Office. Free use of Piano to all scholars to practice.

Strayed or Stolen.
FROM the premises of the undersigned, village of Madoc, on the night of the 3rd of November, a black mare colt, four years old. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.
GARRET BARRY.
Madoc, Nov. 9th, 1878. 85-4t

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late THOMAS CASSADY, will please call and settle the same with the undersigned, and all having claims against the said estate will present the same to them for payment.
JAMES MAITLAND, } Executors,
CHAS. THOMPSON, }
Bannockburn.
November 9th, 1878. 85-4

ESTRAY!
CAME into the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 7, 10th con. of Huntingdon, on or about the 15th October last, a Heifer Calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
HUGH CLOSE.
Huntingdon, Nov. 12th, 1878. 85

500 MEN WANTED!
IMMEDIATELY,
To pay subscriptions past due on this paper.
Apply at "REVIEW" OFFICE, Madoc.

TO BE LET.
A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to E. M. Norman, of same place, or to
GREAM & HENDERSON, Solicitors, Madoc.
84

$5.50 PER CWT.
WILL BE PAID
FOR GOOD BEEF HIDES
AT MULLETT'S TANNERY.
Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1878. 84

Dressmaking & Millinery
ESTABLISHMENT.
THE Subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in the above lines, at short notice and on reasonable terms. Also
Felt and Straw Work of all Kinds.
SHOP IN REED'S NEW BLOCK.
MRS. TURNER,
MRS. HULIN.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878. 84m3

$1.50
Will pay for the REVIEW to January 1st, 1880, to all new Subscribers beginning any time between this and the New Year.

LOTS FOR SALE
In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate)
AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11-6m

FARM FOR SALE!
THE Executors of the late Lawrence Quirk offer for sale the south-west quarter of Lot No. 11, in the 9th con. of Madoc. Good house and outbuildings. TERMS EASY.
For particulars apply to the Executors, Jas. Thompson, Madoc, and Patrick McIlroy, Elzevir, or to the undersigned,
GREAM & HENDERSON, Solicitors, etc., Madoc.
71

BLACKSMITHING.
THE undersigned having rented the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing on shortest notice and at reasonable rates. First-class Horse shoeing a specialty. Removes, 10cts., cash; 12½ credit. New shoes, 25cts.
Give me a trial; satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES JOHNSTON.
Madoc, May 9th, 1878. 58-6m

REMOVED!!
N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
N.B. CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467, St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER, Madoc.
49-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.
BEING Lot No. 8, 14th concession of Huntingdon, containing 150 acres, 500 apple trees on the premises. Good frame barn and log house, well fenced. Also 200 acres composed of Lot No. 10 in the 13th concession, same township. Title to the above indisputable. For further particulars apply on the premises.
47. JOHN BAILEY.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.
BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared; 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON, on the premises.
Huntingdon, Dec. 24th, 1877. 29

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 53

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession, Township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage-house, Stables, and all necessary out-buildings; some Fruit Trees, well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd Concession. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877. 1-3m

NOTICE!

Parties in need of Furniture will find it to their advantage to call on

W. T. White,
Durham Street, Madoc.

THE BEST AND LARGEST!
ASSORTMENT OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
Fancy Goods, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.,
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC,
WILL BE FOUND AT
G. D. RAWE'S.
THE FALL STOCK IS
Complete, Varied, and Extensive,
AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

Robes, Robes, Robes

A large selection of No. One Buffalo Robes at Exceedingly Low Prices, can be seen at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S.

New Butcher Shop.

The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.

Give him a call.

G. M. BROOKS

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best run in the county, and lots of feed.

FRANCIS NEWELLS.

Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT CHOWN'S,

DIVISION ST., REED'S BLOCK

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE! IN THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of *Farms for Sale* are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., *Seed for Sale*, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

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HATS, FURS,

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THE LARGEST STOCK

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BELLEVILLE.

EVERYTHING at BOTTOM PRICES.

Old Furs Made into Latest Styles.

MUIR & LAWRENCE,

285, Robertson's Block,

BELLEVILLE

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do wel by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD, Manufacturer, Mitchell, Ont

21

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling

TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.

W. MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 28th, 1877.

WRIGHT'S *Grocery, Provision,*

—AND—

LIQUOR STORE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Now carried on by the subscriber, who will conduct the business upon the old established system of always keeping on hand a well selected and full assortment of

WINES, BRANDIES, GINS, SPIRITS, PORTERS, ALES,

&c., &c., of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers.

Also a full assortment of

Confectionery & Biscuits

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

FRUITS IN SEASON,

FLOUR AND FEED!

All wholesale and retail.

Farmers' produce of all kinds taken at the highest market value.

JANE WRIGHT,

Wright's Block, Durham street, Madoc

Madoc, March 20th, 1878.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. JAS. MOORE, Sec., Elzerado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BELSTON, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN McCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. E. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389. Meets every first Monday in each month. J. G. LOVELESS, Secretary, St. Ola P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1079. Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge P. O.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.

J. F. MORRELL, D.M., Millbridge P. O.

F. M. GUNTER, District Sec., St. Ola P.O.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.

R. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.

JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, *No. 139. O. Y. B.*

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, December 5th,** at 8 o'clock, p. m. sharp, for the Election of Officers and other important business. Every member is required to be present.

J. B. ORR, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE *No. 179, I. O. O. F.*

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov. 25th

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48 A. F. & A. M.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above Lodge will be held at the Masonic Hall,

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3rd,

at the hour of 8 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tenders—F. E. Seymour.
Executors' Notice—Green & Henderson.
North Hastings Election—W. A. Shepard.
Scientific American—Munn & Co.

Found.

A gentleman's mitten. Enquire at this office.

Tenders Wanted.

The Madoc Board of School Trustees ask in another column for tenders for forty cords of green beech and maple, to be delivered before the first of March, 1879.

The Scientific American.

Attention is directed to the advt. of the above first-class weekly scientific journal, which is without doubt the best of its class in the world. Subscriptions will be received for it at this office.

Personal.

We were pleased this week to receive a call from Mr. W. S. Volume, formerly of this place, now engaged on Section 15, Canada Pacific Railway. Mr. Volume speaks in the highest terms of Manitoba and the North-West, and intends to make his future home there.

Seasonable Advice.

A bit of advice which is worth the farmer's while to regard, is thus given by an American paper:—"After your crop has been raised it will be wisdom to raise any mortgage which may be resting upon the farm. This will raise a heavy load from your mind, and raise your courage and spirits beyond measure."

Game.

Bears are reported to be unusually plentiful this season in different parts of the country, and large numbers have been killed whilst foraging about in the vicinity of the settlements. A few days ago four of these animals were killed whilst prowling around a settlement in the township of Cashel. Deer are not over plentiful, whilst partridge are reported as very scarce.

Obstructing the Railway Track.

We are informed that a number of railway ties were found across the track on the bridge crossing the river between Dr. Loomis' and F. Gillen's, on Monday morning last, and that had they not been discovered in time the engine would have been thrown into the river. If true it is to be hoped the perpetrator of such an outrage will speedily be discovered and due punishment meted out to him.

That Superb Monthly.

The November number of that superb monthly, *The Housekeeper*, is brimful of good things, including a bill of fare for every day in the month, a rousing one for Thanksgiving, and the fullest chapter on oysters we have ever seen in print. The publishers offer to send it *free for two months* to any lady who sends them the address of two ladies at each of five post offices. The offer is good to January 1st, 1879. *Address Buckeye Publishing Co'y*, Minneapolis, Minn.

Committed.

On Monday last Constable Sills arrested two railroad employees, one for breaking the windows of a car at the station, and the other for fighting and disorderly conduct. They were brought before Messrs. Cross and Wood, and fined $5 and costs, or twenty days in jail. Although they had got their pay the Saturday night previous for their work on the railway, it was all gone on Monday, so they were taken to Belleville yesterday by the Constable, and placed in durance vile.

Writing School.

Mr. Martin Seeley, one of the most successful graduates in plain and ornamental Penmanship of the Ontario Business College, has opened a writing school, for both ladies and gentlemen, in Bristol's Hall, this village. We think we can confidently recommend him to the general public, a very marked improvement in the writing of his scholars being already manifest. Parties wishing to join his class to-morrow evening will get the benefit of eight lessons, for the sum of one dollar, payable on entering first evening. This an opportunity which may not occur again for some time, and we advise all who can to take it.

A Nuisance.

We have noticed frequently, more especially since the last wet weather set in, that a large number of those who drive into the village with teams always manage to stop for a more or less lengthened period on some of the street crossings, to the intense disgust of pedestrians who may have occasion to pass over at the same time. It is just a little too bad that ladies are often obliged to wade through the mud in order to get past, or remain standing on the sidewalk until it suits the convenience of the drivers to move on. Street crossings are made for the use of foot passengers, not for lumber wagons, etc., and we would suggest that our constables make it their business to inform those who are as yet apparently ignorant of the matter.

Disgraceful.

Owing to the mildness of the weather on Monday to work, a number of the men employed in ballasting on the railway near this place availed themselves of the opportunity to indulge in a good old roaring "spree." This step was rendered the more easy as they all received their pay Saturday night previous, and it seems a large number of them are quite averse to carrying too much of the "tiger" about their persons at one time. We have been informed of a number of instances where they attempted to enter private dwellings in their drunken state, and at night a number of them were to be found lying on the sidewalks in different parts of the village, while others vented their feelings in yelling and singing until far into the night. If we had a good lockup for such emergencies our villagers would feel greater security on retiring for the night.

"What's in a Name?"

The following in reply to our local last week, "What's the name?" has been sent us for publication. We need scarcely add that the authors are all young ladies:

MR. EDITOR,—The young ladies of Madoc were delighted to at last find a name for that most becoming fashion of wearing the hat over the eyes. According to an "exchange" it is "Mind your business," which we consider very good. The REVIEW requests some young lady to give them a name for the latest style of holding a trained dress in the left hand, with "a firm yet dainty grasp." We beg to say the name of that style is also, "*Mind your business.*" TRIO.

Our object last week was, on behalf of the uninitiated portion of our readers, to have light thrown on a hitherto impenetrable darkness, and now—well, both they and ourselves have got it. It is hard to fully comprehend the depth of meaning contained in the above "name;" to thoroughly appreciate it you must, we presume, imagine yourself politely requesting the name of the fashion alluded to from the first young lady you meet tripping gracefully along as described, and she, quite as politely but with stinging emphasis, informs you in the three freezing words at the end of the above letter! Such "flashes" are well calculated to unnerve the most unfeeling person, and it is a matter of deep regret that in future sensitive young men will feel obliged to turn their faces when they encounter either of the above "Trio," or, in fact, any young lady sporting this modern symbol of *le beau monde*, lest they experience the silent, yet withal so full of meaning, reproof from soft eyes by simply glancing at it. We live in Madoc, enjoying the boasted freedom and enlightenment of the afternoon of the nineteenth century, and yet, unhappy fact, "pull-backs," "frizzes," "beef-eaters," "mind your businesses," and a host of other exquisite sounding but incomprehensible names are given to the crowning adornments of the female form divine! After all there is much, much too much, in a name.

We have been requested to publish the following communication which appeared in the *Intelligencer* last week, in reply to an article in the *Ontario* criticising the work on the B. & N. H. Railway:—

SIR,—My attention was directed, the other day, to some editorial articles in the *Ontario* newspaper, criticising the alignment and superstructure of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway. The writer of the articles in question evidently imagines that he understands what he is writing about; but, as in many other instances, his imagination has misled him.

As to the curve at Lake Moira, the radius is about 620 feet. Many of the principal railways in the States and in Europe have curves with very small radii. On the Pennsylvania Centre are several of 637 to 717 feet radius; the Reading has several of 800 feet; on the New Jersey Central is one of 400 feet; on the Baltimore and Ohio are many from 490 to 600 feet; on the Lehigh Valley road is a curve of nearly a semi-circle—the ends of which have radii of 717 feet, thence decreasing both ways towards the centre, where it is only 359 feet. About half this curve has a grade of 10 feet per mile, and the other half has 30, both in the same direction. Descending trains of 110 four-wheeled load-of coal cars, 900 tons in all, have no difficulty in passing this curve. On the Mahoney and Broad Mountain road, tank engines draw 40 empty coal cars, weighing 100 tons, up a continuous grade of 175 feet to a mile, for three and a half miles around an almost constant succession of curves from 450 to 600 feet radius at eight miles an hour, as a regular business.

As to the iron—the whole of it is inspected before it is laid, by a competent engineer. That portion on this side of Madoc has also been examined by the Government Inspector. Both these gentlemen are satisfied with the material; and I really believe that both of them are more capable of giving a correct opinion in the matter than the editor of the *Ontario*. I would advise that gentleman to get a first-form boy to construe for him the sentence,—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

Yours truly,

O. BARTLEY, C. E.

Belleville, Nov. 12th, 1878.

Notices of the Press.

ENLARGED.—The Madoc *Review*, published by the Messrs. Orr, formerly of Milton, has been considerably enlarged and otherwise improved. It is a first-class country newspaper, and does its publishers great credit.—*Milton Champion.*

The North Hastings *Review* appears this week enlarged in a new form and dress. We congratulate the Messrs. Orr on the success of their enterprise and hope the series may be progressive.—*Trenton Courier.*

ENLARGED.—The *North Hastings Review* has been enlarged to a 32 column paper. The *Review* is a good family paper, and we wish the proprietors, Messrs. Orr Bros., Madoc, much success in their enterprise.—*Woodville Advocate.*

ENLARGED.—The Madoc *Review* has been enlarged, and now appears as a thirty-two column paper. The improvement is considerable, and ought to bring additional success to the publishers, who conduct their paper with ability.—*Intelligencer.*

MARRIED.

ELLIS—HOWARD.—At the parsonage, Madoc, by Rev. H. Kenner, on the 18th inst., Mr. Walter Ellis, of Madoc, to Miss Isabella Howard, of Huntingdon.

DIED.

JAMES—On Sunday, 17th instant, Henry, second son of E. James, Postmaster, Bridgewater, aged 12 years, 9 months, and 4 days.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 75	to $0 80
Barley,	0 55	to 0 75
Rye,	0 45	to 0 00
Oats,	0 32	to 0 35
Peas,	0 55	to 0 00
Buckwheat,	0 15	to 0 20
Eggs,	0 12	to 0 00
Potatoes, per bush	0 45	to 0 55
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to 4 80
Sheepskins,	0 65	to 0 75
Hides,	4 00	to 6 50

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 00	to $0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to 0 00
Rye, "	0 40	to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to 0 00
Barley, "	0 60	to 0 00
Peas, "	0 60	to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 40	to 0 40
Eggs, per doz	0 10	to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12	to 0 13
Hides, per cwt	4 00	to 0 00

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

A movement is on foot to organize a brass band in the village of Brighton.

The Episcopal Methodists of Campbellford have put a new organ in their church.

A Poor House has been established in Napanee. It will be opened this week.

Hen-roost robbers have been plying their vocation successfully around Egansville lately.

Two lady Evangelists, from England, were announced to preach in Campbellford last Sunday.

The next meeting of the County Court and General Sessions of the Peace will commence on Tuesday, December 10th.

The new four-storey woolen factory in Campbellford is nearly completed, and it is expected it will shortly be ready for business.

The Mill Point *Echo* says:—"A man by the name of Bartles died of smallpox in Napanee on Wednesday. His wife is now down with the same disease."

A By-law for the prevention of profane cursing and obscene, blasphemous and insulting language, was brought before the City Council of Belleville last week.

Work on the Grand Junction Railway, between Stirling and Campbellford, is progressing rapidly. The grading is well advanced, and the rails have been laid for about seven miles from Stirling. Track-laying goes on at the rate of about a mile per day.

We passed through Hell a few days ago.—It was Hell Hollow. Actually Seymour people know a certain locality in the township, where is the confluence of four roads, by this naughty name. It is inhabited, too. Change the name, reader, call it Satan's leap after dark. —*Herald.*

Mr. John Morton, of Rawdon, sent a stalk of cabbage to Mr. Wm. Wray, Tweed, with 13 heads growing on one stalk. The centre or parent head is of a large size and surrounding it were 12 lesser, though well developed and good hard cabbage. It really looks nice and is quite a curiosity.—*Intelligencer.*

A skunk got into the basement of Grace church, Gananoque, one night last week, while a prayer meeting was in progress. When the discovery was made it took but a few minutes for the crowd to get outside. His skunkship was then shot by Mr. Taylor, the Reeve. As a disorganizer of meetings a good, healthy skunk may fairly be termed a success.

Some one has been making the innocents of Picton happy by selling "genuine ostrich plumes" at 25 cents each, which causes the conscientious *New Nation* to draw attention to the reckless manner in which the South Africans have been swindled. Plumes are sold there for $338.75 per lb. The wicked shall not prosper if the *Nation* can prevent it.

The deer must be in great abundance in our back woods this season. A bevy of these noble denizens of the forest passed through our village on Tuesday morning last, not on foot, however, as the *dear* animals fell a prey to the rifles of some sportsman from Cobourg, accompanied by the celebrated Indian hunter from Alnwick. The party report the deer to be quite plenty and in fine condition; they bagged eight altogether, and were conveying five of them to Capt. Gifford, of Cobourg.—*Norwood Register.*

A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* writes from Tweed as follows:—A fire occurred on the morning of the 14th inst., about 8 o'clock, in a straw stack belonging to Mr. Adam Wilson, on lot 16, in the 7th concession. Before anything could be done to stop its progress the barn and sheds were in flames, causing their total destruction with their contents, consisting of wheat, peas, oats, rye, barley and corn, with a large quantity of hay, likewise a good many farming implements. The total loss is not less than $2,000. No insurance. It is not known how the fire originated.

The Eganville *Freeman* is responsible for rather a strange story. An old woman in that village a few days ago received a letter containing a ten dollar bill from a son in a foreign country. So exultant was she over the circumstance that she could not refrain from going amongst her neighbors proclaiming the good news and exhibiting the money in proof of what she said. But what was her great grief and sorrow when on leaving a neighbor's house she found she had lost her money. She then charged her neighbor with taking the money from her and afterwards denying that they had seen the money at all. As the poor old woman appeared somewhat weak-minded the belief gained ground that she had dropped the money on the street. A night or two after the accused is said to have had a dream, and in that dream saw a ten dollar bill under a certain part of a certain sidewalk or platform. An examination of the place was made the next morning, to the amazement of the party after a little search, he found the old woman's ten dollar bill rolled up in a piece of rag just as the dreamer had dreamed.

Strawberry Plants.

A NUMBER of First-Class Strawberry Plants for sale.

Apply at the REVIEW OFFICE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the subscriber, by Note or otherwise, are hereby notified that the same must be paid on or before the 1st of December next, or their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

C. THRASHER.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

Stolen! $5 Reward!

STOLEN, from the premises of the undersigned, in this village, on Friday or Saturday night last, a Black-red Game Cock.—The above reward will be paid for his recovery, or information that will lead to the identity of the thief.

CHAS. C. CRAWFORD.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

CARDING AND FULLING.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do Fulling or Carding on short notice. All cloth or wool left at E. D. O'Flynn's will be taken and returned as usual.

WILLIAM H. PRINGLE.

Madoc, Oct. 8th, 1878. 80-6t

MADOC & YORK RIVER R. R.

APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislative Assembly, at its next session, for a Charter to build a Railroad from the terminus of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway, to the Hon. Billa Flint's mill on York River, by way of L'Amable.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Oct. 16th, 1878. 81

BRIDGEWATER

WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and customers that he is still prepared to do Carding, Weaving, Fulling, etc., with neatness and despatch, and would beg a continuation of their favors. Wool taken in exchange for work.

Wool or Cloth left at Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara's, or J. Dale & Son's, Madoc, will be promptly attended to, at which places I will call for and deliver every Saturday.

G. C. WOLFE.

Bridgewater, October 1st, 1878. 79-6t

Arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 18.—Great preparations are being made for the reception of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess. Workmen are now employed on twenty street arches, and gas-fitters and decorators are busy in all directions. Should fine weather continue, Halifax will make a grand show.

H. M. S. *Black Prince*—captain the Duke of Edinburgh—came to anchor off the dockyard shortly after four o'clock this afternoon, when the Vice-Admiral's flag was saluted by the *Black Prince*, and immediately returned by H. M. S. *Bellerophon*. The Duke of Edinburgh shortly afterwards landed and drove to the Admiralty House.—The wharves along the harbour were crowded with spectators as the ironclad passed up.

Remember,

that $1.50,

CASH,

from new

Subscribers,

will pay

for the Review,

to the

1st of January,

1880.

JOHN G. DEANS

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

Railway Bakery.

THE undersigned having been disappointed in visiting the old country this summer intends giving the public the benefit of it in

CHEAP BREAD,

and having purchased

100 Barrels of Flour

at a low figure, is prepared to furnish

BREAD, CAKES, PASTRY, &C., &C.

AT LOW PRICES.

My Bread will be manufactured on the Old Country System.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

A CHOICE STOCK OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

on hand, which will be sold at bottom price for cash.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, June 27th, 1878. 65

Gray & McGregor,

GROCERS,

OFFER YOU

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,

DRIED BEEF,

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,

CANNED CORN BEEF,

CANNED SALMON,

CANNED LOBSTERS,

BOSTON BAKED BEANS,

SARDINES,

FLOUR AND MESS PORK,

ALSO,

A COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

August 5th, 1878.

THE

RATEPAYERS!

Of Madoc and vicinity, their wives, children, and all their friends, are respectfully solicited to purchase, now that the elections are over, anything they require in the lines of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Rings, Hair Pins, Back Combs—coarse, fine and circular, Pins, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Spectacles and Cases, Thimbles, Beads, Albums, Photo Frames, Dominoes, Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Jews' Harps, Pen-holders and Pens, Machine Needles, etc., from

E. L. WEISS,

who has just received a fine stock of the above mentioned goods.

Repairs promptly attended to as usual.

Madoc, Sept. 9th, 1878.

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

FARMERS' PRODUCE of all Kinds

Taken in Exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

SELLING OFF AT COST!

Goods at less than auction prices!

Must all be disposed of by the 1st of January next.

NOW is the TIME to GET BARGAINS

Thomas Cross.

At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

At Maybee's.

"The Pharmacy."

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,

Stationery, Crayons,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Toilet Articles, Garden Seeds,

Wall Paper and Stationery.

Surgery in Store.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.

Cheap Goods.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MADOC.

If you want cheap goods call and see my prices.

I intend to sell my entire stock at Montreal Wholesale Prices.

As the stock is all new and bought at the lowest market prices, and having no old stock, bought at war prices, to dispose of, you will find it to your advantage to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere.

I could give you a list of prices, but to satisfy yourselves call and see and you will be convinced that there is no humbug.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices, such as Lard, Butter, Hams, &c., &c.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

A Narrative of Personal Adventure.

BY DONA FRANCISCA.

The bombastic skipper, certainly did look played out; but go on we must. He strongly suggested our striking into the country, but Jake and I were against altering our course. We only rested a few minutes, taking a very engaged inspection of the surrounding prairies, without discovering the slightest clue to help us, or sign of what we were searching for. Onward, and slowly dragged our weary steps, making but little progress; faint, hungry, hopeless. Jake took the lead; I was close behind him; the captain some distance astern. Simultaneously, Jake and I caught sight of footprints in the sand. They were the footprints of Indians; the wild man's tread is so different to the civilized man's, that the most inexperienced person can see at a glance, the difference between the two. Generations of boots, and bootmakers (who will twist and distort the human foot) have completely spoilt the tread of civilized man; hence he shuffles, turns his feet out, sticks his heels into the ground, in short, walks just the way nature never intended he should. Nothing shows this peculiarity as the footprint of the reed and the white man, seen side by side in sand.

For the first time during our weary march, we had something tenrible to show us, that those desolate regions, had ever been inhabited, at least visited by human beings, perhaps in search of game. It was quite possible they might be beyond our reach, tired and famished as we were. Still, we had a trail to follow, and that gave us courage.

The sun had sunk, and darkness was already overtaking us. It would be useless attempting to follow the trail that night, we might lose it, and with it our last chance. A large tree stood near, and we sought shelter under its friendly branches, and weary enough we had to lay on the cold ground, keeping guard by turns. At least, ostensibly so, but I firmly believe we all slept, for no one woke me by my turn, and no one woke Jake, the great quadruped afterwards, which looked suspicious. At the time I never heeded this, my ideas were in a haze. I was getting callous—very bad sign. Jake, I noticed, seemed to rise vividly, as all minor details will, when a great danger has been past.

Morning found us exhausted, but anxious to follow the trail. We had doled out our supply of tobacco very meagrely, going supperless to bed, that we might have something to satisfy the cravings of hunger when we woke. And very acceptable we found that last chew. It gave us courage and enabled us to walk faster than we could otherwise have done, considering the fast failing energies we had so painfully felt pinning upon us step by step the day previously.

Hope is the great key note of the whole existence. When we lose it; life succumbs. The footprints soon vanished, and we had to retrace them for miles over the prairie, till they came to some dense woods. We pushed through them, the briars tearing our clothes and hands, and rent them in tatters, so intent on following the trail, which grew fainter and fainter, till we lost it altogether.

Our forlorn hope had failed us; we could advance no further, the woods beyond were impenetrable, hunger and despair, stared us in the face. The skipper pointing to the sun, said Minititlan lay in an opposite direction; it would be madness to try and reach it, we must return to the wreck or perish.

For two days and nights we had not tasted food, but had subsisted on water and a small allowance of tobacco, and had walked an incredible distance, fording and swimming, through the streams and rivers which lay across our path. It would be quite as impossible for us to return to the wreck, as it would be to reach Minititlan. Strength was failing us every hour, and we only too well knew, we should soon succumb, and sink to the ground from exhaustion, never again to rise. Our minds terror stricken, refused to believe the awful doom which lay before us. Lost in the desolate wilds, a prey to the wild beasts, a meal for the loathsome vultures. Never; life, dear life, we could not die!

A horrible idea shot through my brain. The skipper and Jake were walking ahead of me; they were talking earnestly together in a low tone, but no words reached me. Could it be possible, did they think my powers were giving way, that I should be the first to fall? Or, were they thinking of leaving themselves though me? They were two to one. It would be impossible for me to defend myself if they tried to make away with me. Men have often, in the extremities of hunger, turned cannibals, and will do anything to save themselves from a horrible death.

The idea was so appalling, that I glanced round to make my escape, but there was nothing to hatching no good; and, the woods still surrounded us, I could easily hide myself in them and die alone. Breathless, I stood ... till; the brothers never heeded my sudden stop, but walked on with their heads together, taking neither to the right nor the left. I ... afraid to move, but stood watching them ... they slowly progressed, till a rustling and smashing of the bushes attracted my attention. Was it a wild beast advancing to ... me? Had I to face two dangers, each ... horrible than the other? Nothing could ... even through the evergreen mass of tangled leaves and branches, which were looped and interlaced in wild confusion. But the ... approached nearer and nearer, the ... and briars bent and cracked, as an Indian ... blow and arrow, suddenly stepped out from amongst the trees, followed by several others.

The skipper and Jake had turned at hearing the unexpected sound, and we stood face to face with deliverance.

The Indians with amazement, stared at the three dirty, wet, exhausted white men, while the skipper explained our position to them, requesting help and food. They muttered a few words amongst themselves, and gave us some sugar canes which they were carrying in bundles on their backs. We sucked only a little at first, for fear of bad effects. After a few hours, we could satisfy the cravings of hunger, or you will suffer very serious, if not fatal consequences. The red man having recovered from the first effects of their astonishment, commenced making signs of pity and succor. Their chief could speak a few words of Spanish, and we understood from him, that their camp was distant some fifteen miles, and if we followed them, they would put us up for the night, and send us on to Minitilan next morning, with guides and ponies.

We gladly accepted their offer, and followed the Indians in single file, feeling refreshed and invigorated by the timely meal we had made. And we often had recourse to the sugar canes, before we reached the encampment.

The chief led the way, walking quickly with a peculiarly light tread, gliding through the briars like a snake. These were no idle remarks, notions, so far as I could see, to tell him the way, but he led us towards his home with unerring instinct, through the dense woods, over the boundless prairies, never faltering once.

Notwithstanding my delight at falling in with the Indians, I was disappointed in them, for all this weary march, I had been looking out for Indians clad in feathers and paint; and here were copper-colored gentlemen in full costume, who might have passed muster anywhere but for their hair, which was long and matted, and evidently unacquainted with that most useful appendage to the toilet—the comb! Still, there are many of our countrymen, living, let it be said, in the cities, who have no use for a brush or comb, so that was nothing wonderful, after all.

We reached the encampment, after a long and tedious walk, and found it consisted of a few mud huts. The chief took us to his abode, which boasted two rooms. We were welcomed warmly by his squaw, a fat lady in a coloured petticoat. All this space in front of the rooms of all the braves in the camp, came crowding round the door, to see the white men. They were immensely amused at our appearance, and titters and smothered laughter, nudging each other, but it we turned to look at them, they would scamper away and run hiding out of sight.

Our old lady was shocked at their behavior, and nodded them in a high pitched, shrill falsetto, as she ran nimbly across the mud floor, after four skinny chickens, who objected being caught. But they were born to be eaten, and our good dame made short work of them, popping them one after the other into a large cauldron of boiling water, and remarking to the poultry in general (Jake reflated, looking on with ruffled feathers, at being a few feathers and reproachful croaks, by way of protest.

Their lives were sacrificed in a good cause, for we enjoyed them amazingly, though they were tough and skinny; and the elderly party was delighted at the praise she received, for her good cooking. A large bonfire was after-wards made in front of the hut, we stood round it to try and dry our wet clothes, but were afraid to take them off, for fear our host might request the loan of them, and we objected to lend them again, for it really was hard work getting accustomed to the right way of moving, so as not to upset us, and we ran considerable risk of ongoing through my experienced and accomplished, for I was always forgetting the necessity of balancing one's movements, until called to order by a chorus of Indian warnings. In despair, I lay down at last full stretch, but whether from watching the movements of the men, or from becoming accustomed to movement, I can't say, but I soon became nearly as agile as the men, who would jump from side to side without causing the canoe to rock so much as a hair's breadth out of place, so nicely do they balance themselves.

An awning had been raised at the canoe's stern, to keep off the sun's rays, and protect us from inclement weather. This precaution was a very necessary one, the sun at times being overpowering hot, and we were often visited by heavy and unwelcome showers.

Wishing to get on as quickly as possible, arrangements had been made for us to travel night and day; so the men paddled two at a time, changing places constantly, and we sped through land and water at a rapid pace.

Every evening towards sunset, the air was darkened by hosts of mosquitoes, who fastened ravenously upon all bare flesh exposed to their query. The blood of the white man is most keenly relished by them. They do not seem to interfere with the natives, and left Pancho and the crew alone, attacking me perfectly indefatigably, covering my face, hands and face were soon swollen and disfigured beyond recognition. The pain and irritation caused by such an onslaught was very great, but I dare not, for fear of my life, and tried to smoke them off with but little effect. The number of cigars I smoked that trip, would have lasted many men a lifetime. In several places we had to walk the banks of the river, the vegetation was most luxurious, and we passed long stretches of fine prairie land. I often thought what a pity it was, that such a country should be peopled by the mongrel descendants of the Spaniards, instead of a race like the Anglo-Saxons.

We saw but little of animal life in our passage. Long and lazy looking alligators lined the banks of the river, but only twice was I called up, lions having been sighted during the night. They could be plainly seen, but at a distance. I fired at them, though they were too far away to be touched. They did not appear the least afraid of firearms, but remained motionless, staring after us, till we lost sight of them; the second time I missed seeing them. The South American lions are said to be harmless unless attacked, but they are such ravages on the poultry and cattle. The "ranchero" keeps up hunting parties twice a year to destroy them, and as many as twenty and thirty are sometimes killed in a week. They are not nearly so large or ferocious as the lions in India, and rarely if ever, attack human beings.

We reached the Isthmus in the time specified, and were very glad to be able to stretch our cramped limbs without fear of an impromptu bath, or the loss of our eatables. An old Indian was awaiting us who was to act as guide, and he led us to his hut, where we were to pass the night. One of my men was to be married to his daughter, on his return. The young lady was now acting as house-keeper, and bustling about the city to prepare our dinner. She was rather a nice looking girl, and tripped smilingly about in a linen body and gay petticoat, throwing a few coquettish glances at her intended, as he was particular. Her astonishment when our knives, spoons and forks were unpacked, was most genuine, and I promised them to her as a wedding present.

The hut, Pancho told me, was a sort of saloon, belonging to Senor Moldonado. The Indian was only a peon, and gave his master what he collected from passers by.

Senor Moldonado, is one of the largest land owners, in Mexico. He has six brothers, who are all married and have large families; and as they never marry any but relations, they have been working for years in the country. They are said to own four thousand Indians. Unfortunately, they bear a bad name (so another told us), for they keep the whole country side in a continual turmoil; and, as they own all the canoes on the rivers, it is impossible for travellers to pass on without their consent. Money is frequently withheld, on account of "party questions" and "faction fights," which take place perhaps as often in those remote districts, as they do nearer home.

Human passions, desires, ambitions and wishes, are the same everywhere, and are not limited, as we are prone to think, to a narrow area.

Slavery still exists in a mild form. When any of the large planters require hands, they have only to lend ten dollars a head to a batch of Indians. Till the money is paid, the debtors are in the lender's power. Of course the money is never paid, and so they become slaves for life.

Personally, we had every reason to speak well of the Moldonado family, for I had dispatched a man to the "hacienda" on landing, with a letter couched in the most polite language I could muster in Spanish, asking for the loan of ponies, and got back a reply in kind invitation from the Senor, and a promise of horses to arrive early next morning to carry us there.

We caught some very fine fish, while waiting for the answer to my note. The bride cleet cooked them, and they were pronounced excellent, and that night I am glad to say, we were able to enjoy a few hours really good rest, without being tormented by those pests, the mosquitos; for we had taken the precaution to bring nets with us, and though unable to use them in the canoes, we found them very useful in the hut, and arranged them so well, that ne'er a bite did they get.

The Indian woke us at daybreak, when the ponies arrived, and after a cup of hot coffee, we mounted. The ponies seemed quiet, patient animals; but one, whose looks belied his character, gave his master a parting specimen of abundant fat, and lifting his hind legs with a sudden and unexpected kick, sent our majordomo flying over his head onto the soft, pulpy ground, where he lay like a lump of humanity, his hat—nowhere leaving nothing but his legs visible. Pancho being as good-natured, as he was short and fat, soon picked himself up, and mounted amid much laughter ruthfully from his face and clothes. He was always careful about his get up, particularly when any of the fair sex were about; and it certainly was very hard lines, that his personal appearance should have been so spoilt by that rascally pony, when he was going as factotum of an English expedition to visit the grand Senor and his family. I felt for him, and would be sure to see him, and would be much amused.

Still, he couldn't help joining in the general laugh, as he inquired whether his mamma nerly steed, who stood blinking and winking with a sleepy imperturbable countenance, apparently quite unconscious of the mischief it had done.

It took about three hours to cross the Isthmus, passing through rich pasture lands, thickly wooded, and dotted with cattle.

On reaching the "hacienda" we found it "hacienda," I was agreeably surprised to find I had again struck civilization. The huts and houses of the employees, had more the appearance of a small town, than the buildings and surroundings of a planter.

I was most kindly welcomed by the Senor and his belongings, who I found hospitable and agreeable people. The young ladies were charming and accomplished. They played and sang well, and I was much pleased with their lady-like, unaffected manner. It seemed surprising, to see pianos and music in the very heart of Mexico, and so far from civilization, so well up in the ways of the world.

My stay was a very short one, necessarily so, as the train was expected in late, and we had no time to lose. Next morning we were under way again, in a perfect deluge of rain. As the storm of the canoe (for we had again to row) was considerably well covered in, we did not get the least bit wet; but the poor Indians were never dry. It took us two days to reach the head of the river. The scenery was most lovely, the rain ceased, and the sun once more shone forth. The banks of the river rose on either side like walls of tropical vegetation; dewdrops in crystals sparkling and twinkling on the delicate green, leathery leaves; while the soft splash of our paddles, sounded so pleasant, that I could but fancy I had entered some peaceful dreamland. The Senor, and his daughter, watching the shifting scenery, and listening to the men chanting their tender, mournful Indian songs, keeping time with their paddles, as we glided noiseless, down our way, often passing from the blue vault of heaven, and brilliant sunshine, into the sombre gloom of a dense forest, where tall, stately trees reared their massive heads, till they met and entwined their sheen like canopies. Some sinuous creeper would be seen twisting and winding like a huge snake, till it lost itself in the unfathomable darkness of a Mexican forest. Many beautiful birds were flitting up the majestic trunks, interlacing themselves with the branches, hanging suspended in the air, like lovely brocaded ribbons strewn in wild confusion amongst the verdure, to form a very lacework of nature, starred with the most beautiful and delicate flowers.

I was never tired of watching the lovely panorama, it was so ever lovely than art can devise, or picture paint.

At the head of the river, stood a thoroughly native Indian village. Such a rascally looking set of ruffians, I think I never saw before, and that was at dinner time, when they are at their best. It

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors.

"PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."

VOL. II., NO. 87. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1878. POSTAGE PREPAID.

TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

A GOD AFTER ALL.

—

OSAN SMITH.

We laid in a cell, Mr. Judge, all night long
Jimmie and me waitin' and wishin' for the morn
ly to dawn
Cause we could ain't sleep, Mister Judge, in that
cold, clamy place.
And Jimmie was most scared to death at the
wild, mad rage
That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark
night
That's why we were glad, Mr. Judge, to see the
daylight.

Please, Mr. Judge, we are not very bad little
—
And the policeman what took us said we're some
mother's joys.
He was wrong, Mr. Judge, and should only have
said
That we are two little outcasts, and our mother
is dead
And there's no one to care for us, at least here
below,
And no roof that shelters us from the rain and
the snow.

A preacher once told us that way up in the
blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little
boys do;
And that He loved little children, and His love it
was free;
But I guess, Mr. Judge, He don't love Jimmie or
me.
For I prayed and I prayed till I was most out of
breath
For something to eat, and to keep Jimmie from
death.

And that's why we're here, Mr. Judge; for you
know
There was no help from above, I spose God is
below.
I'was no use beggin' and he told in God I must
trust,
For I'd begged all the day and got never a crust
And there was poor Jimmie, holdin' his cold
little feet,
And cryin' and moanin', for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
And saw, Mr. Judge, that the back door was
ajar
And a table was settin' right close to the door,
I set loaded with eats, about twenty or more.
So I quickly slipped in and grabbed one for my
boy
The policeman then caught me, and you know the
rest.

Discharged, did you say, Mr. Judge? both Jimmie
and I?
And—and we ain't got to be jailed 'cause I took a
pie?
And we can eat all we want?—how funny we'll
seem—
Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I—I think it's a
dream.
And you'll give us work, summer, winter and
fall—
Say, Jimmie, I think there's a God after all!

LUKE ANDERSON'S LUCK.

Luke was in luck.

Luke, I must tell you to begin with was a South Carolina boy whose family had been broken up and made poor by the war. His parents were dead; and his two older brothers had lost their lives in the Confederate service. He lived with his sister, who was married to a poting man, once rich and aristocratic, but now glad to earn a small salary as an agent of the railroad that passed through the town.

Luke had not been brought up to any sort of work; and when he was fourteen there seemed to be nothing which a boy of his age and habits could turn his hand to. But he was a brave little fellow, and he did not like all like the idea of being a burden to his good brother-in law. Meanwhile kept his bright eyes open, looking for any sort of a chance which would him to earn his own living; and at last he was in luck.

The village where he lived was in one of the southern counties, or "districts," of the state; and being beautifully situated in a hilly region, is a favorite resort for summer visitors. Some curious varieties of colored sand are also found there; specimens of which are gathered by the natives and young and poor whites, put up in vials or small glass tubes, and sold to the strangers, who usually like to have some such little souvenirs of the place to carry away with them.

The summer when he was fourteen, Luke had, like so many others, gone into the sand-business on his own account. His bright face might have been seen among the rest—white, black and yellow—that appeared around the hotel steps, accompanied by hands of correspondingly colored, holding up their pretty glasses for sale. Luke, I must own, was a good deal ashamed of his business and company at first; but he had the courage to do the only honest thing by which he could earn any money.

But Luke was ambitious; and he wasn't at all satisfied with the small profits of the trade, spoiled by so much competition. Often there were more sellers of sand-tubes in public places than there were people to buy them.

"Oh!" said Luke, "if I could only get a new kind of sand, prettier 'n anything yet!"

Suddenly in the spring when Luke was fifteen, he made his appearance with a tube of solid which drove his rivals almost to despair.

"Where-ye get it?" cried a little mulatto; and all the other sand sellers crowded around the lucky Luke echoed, "Where ye get it? Where ye fin' dat?"

But Luke blushing a little, shook his head mysteriously and said; "Do you s'pose I'm going to tell where I found sand of that color? You go and look for yourselves!"

They had looked; and it was a wonder to all where he could have discovered a variety of sand of that beautiful violet tint. Their wonder and envy were not at all diminished when they saw that Luke's sand sold more readily than they could procure.

One day a stoutish, well-dressed gentleman in glossy black whiskers, accompanied by a lady almost to gorgeously jewelled, got out of carriage and were going into the hotel, when the little sand-sellers ran forward to attract their attention.

"Look at mine, sir!" cried Luke. "I've some different kinds mixed in with mine—some they haven't got."

And again the violet sand eclipsed all the rest.

"You clear out!" said the man, shaking his fist at Tommy, who was crowding in before him. "And you clear out, I tell that boy," who happened to be Luke, "if you want to sell your specimens, just you come to my room and well talk."

Luke followed him of course; and as the gentleman and lady walked on up the stairs before him, he heard him say to her in a low voice, "It's just the thing; it's what I've been looking for; I'll stop here."

Entering their room, they examined his tubes more carefully, and the man said, "I noticed some of the boys had different sized tubes, but yours all the same size."

"I've some tubes at home larger than these," Luke replied; "but my sand is hard to get, and folks don't like to pay more for a large tube than a little one."

"What's the price of these?" the man asked.

"Half a dollar a piece. You see my specimens are a new kind, and I have to charge more than the other fellows do."

"That's all right. Business is business. Now, what's the size of your other tubes? Could you put one of those inside of one of them, and leave room for some sand packed around it?"

"You mean," said Luke, "for me to fill one of the bigger tubes, but instead of having it all sand inside, I'm to put one of these smaller tubes in the centre?"

"That's just what I mean," said the man. "And the inside tube is to be empty. You understand?"

"I reckon I do," replied Luke; with an intelligent smile.

"Well I want four of your large tubes put up in that way; each with a little one inside of it, you understand, and packed in such a way nobody would guess there was anything but sand there. Put up some of your loveliest specimens, do it nicely, bring the four packages to me at this time to-morrow, and I'll give you five dollars."

"Five dollars!" faltered Luke in great amazement, having never made any such bargain as that in all his life. Surely he was in luck.

As he was leaving the hotel, a red-whisker ed man in gray clothes followed him, under the pretence of looking at his curious sand.

"You didn't sell any to the stout man with dyed whiskers, after all, did you?," said the stranger.

"O, yes," cried Luke; "I got a magnificent order from him, and I'm to bring him his sand to-morrow and get magnificent pay."

"Oh! are you?" said the stranger. "Well, he looks as if he had lots of money, and your sand is something not every body can have the luck to find, eh?"

"And he looked at Luke so sharply and knowingly that the little sand-merchant blushed to the tips of his ears.

The next day Luke delivered his "order" to the stranger at the hotel, who examined the tubes carefully, smiled and nodded with satisfaction at his wife, and paid the delighted boy five crisp and fresh one-dollar bills.

Again as he was going away from the hotel the red whiskered stranger in gray clothes followed and accosted him.

"Did you get your pay?" he asked.

"I reckon I did! handsome!" returned Luke, proudly.

"Are you sure he gave you good money?"

"Course I am. He's a gentleman, he is. Why shouldn't I be sure?"

The stranger regarded the little sand-peddler with a stern look, and replied:

"I thought perhaps his money was no more genuine than your sand. Let me look at it.

He seemed to know so much of what other people suspected, and spoke in such a tone of authority, that Luke turned pale.

"You mean—you want to look at—my sand?" he stammered.

"No; I know enough about that already. Let me see the man's money."

More and more surprised and afraid, Luke produced the five crisp and fresh bank notes.

"Put them into your pocket and come with me," said the man, after a sharp glance at them.

Luke followed tremblingly, and the man led him to a private room in another hotel.

"Now, my boy," said he, "I am going to be your friend, but you must promise to do just what I say. Can you write?"

"I never had much chance of learning," replied Luke. "But I can write a little."

"Very well. Take this pen. Write here on this bill—"

Luke wrote with a trembling hand as he was told.

"Now on this bill—*A*. On this one—*N*. On this one—*D*. Now on the last one put all together—*Sand*. That's all right. We shall both know these bills if we ever see them again. But to make sure, I'll write something on them. Let me see,—*L, U, C, K, —Luck*."

The man wrote each of the letters separately on four of the bills, and the whole word on the fifth, saying with a smile:

"Now we have your sand, and your peculiar luck, associated with the bills in such way that we can't forget anything. Three of the notes, the *S, A, N*, and the *L, U, C*, you may keep. The other two—*D, Sand*, and *K, Luck*—I'll take. Don't look frightened. I am going to give you five good bills for these five bad ones—on one condition. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I—I reckon so," faltered poor Luke.

"In the first place, you are not to pass those marked bills, nor show them to anybody; nor tell anybody about them; but just keep them a little fellow, and he did just all like the idea of being a burden to his good brother-in law. Meanwhile kept his bright eyes open, looking for any sort of a chance which would him to earn his own living; and at last he was in luck.

The village where he lived was in one of the southern counties, or "districts," of the state; and being beautifully situated in a hilly region, is a favorite resort for summer visitors. Some curious varieties of colored sand are also found there; specimens of which are gathered by the native children

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GEO. W. WALKER,
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One column one year,	$50 00
Half column for one year,	27 50
Quarter column one year,	15 00

Business cards of eight lines and under, $4 per annum.
New advertisements must be handed in early on Wednesday morning to insure insertion same week. Changes of advertisements must be in by noon on Tuesday.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 27, 1878.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR.

The Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise safely landed.

On Saturday evening last the good ship *Sarmatian*, having on board Canada's new Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and his Royal wife, the Princess Louise, and suite, arrived safely in Halifax harbour, having encountered exceedingly rough weather on the voyage. Halifax, thronged with thousands of visitors from all parts of Canada, as well as the United States, had been on the tiptoe of expectation for some days previous, and the most elaborate preparations had been made to greet the daughter of our beloved Queen as a loyal people should. Thousands of dollars were expended in decorating the city, and, according to reports, scarcely anything could be seen but arches, flags, and bunting of every conceivable hue and description.

DR. HANEY, M. P. P. for Monck, died on the 18th inst.

THE MESSRS. ALLAN receive $10,000 for bringing the Marquis of Lorne and party to Canada. The *Sarmatian*, the fastest and most powerful vessel of the Allan Line, was specially chartered and fitted up for the trip.

THE HALIFAX Fisheries Award, $5,500,000, after a good deal of undignified whiffling, and threatening, and bombast by United States politicians and journals, was paid in gold on Thursday last to the British Government. It would have been more to the credit of our neighbors if this had been done in the first place.

HON. MR. TILLEY, Minister of Finance, and Sir A. T. Galt sailed for England on Saturday, 16th inst. Mr. Tilley, it is understood, goes to raise a loan for the purpose of providing for obligations shortly falling due, and the latter, it is said, goes to confer with Her Majesty's Government as to the best means of opening up and developing trade with the British and Foreign West Indies.

THE *Register* says that on Saturday, 16th inst., a numerously attended meeting of the ratepayers of Norwood and vicinity took place in the Town Hall, the object being to discuss the propriety of making overtures to the Directors of the Grand Junction Railway Company to divert the line of that enterprise so as to pass through or near the village of Norwood. Mr. Reeve Pearce was appointed chairman, and Mr. Thos. Burke secretary. A number of gentlemen addressed the meeting, all favoring some decisive action whereby railway communication could be secured to a community so isolated from that much coveted desideratum. The meeting was also addressed by Messrs. Wm. Sargent, P. M. Grover, J. P. Brown and others, all of whom had confidence in the proposition, and urgently advised some line of action whereby the desired end would be secured.

TALMAGE, the great Brooklin preacher, lately delivered a series of sermons at the Brooklin Tabernacle having for their special object the enlightenment of the masses in regard to the many exciting barriers which obstruct the onward march of christianity. In the course of one of these sermons the eloquent speaker thus alluded to the power and influence wielded by the members of the Fourth Estate:—"Another rectifying influence is to come, will come, from a Christianized printing-press. There are but few people who read books in our day. Take a hundred business men; ninety-nine do not read one book a year. It is the newspapers that are educating the people, either in the right or in the wrong direction. A bad newspaper is an angel of darkness. A good newspaper is an angel of light. No man is any better than the newspaper he continually reads. When you see the printer's boy, with inky fingers setting up the type, you do not put him down as one of the forces in our civilization; yet he is. That newspaper lad, running along the street with a roll of papers under his arm—although he may be barefooted and bareheaded—is irresistible in his power, and at every step the city is elevated or depressed. Oh! for a Christianized printing-press. The whole responsibility comes down upon the heads of editors, and authors, and publishers, and writers, and compositors in our day. If in any city the newspaper is polluted, the city is polluted. We should do well, in all our prayers before God, to solicit the Christianization of all the printing-presses in the country. By that power the world is to be redeemed."

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Last week we heralded the near approach of the railroad, and now we are able to announce its completion much nearer. The rails have been laid to within about four miles of this village, and including delays, work is going on briskly. Less than a week hence, probably, will bring us in full view of the train. A gang of railway men just from the North Hastings road passed through here on Tuesday. They were on the way to the Grand Junction construction gang, with whom, we believe they will unite in carrying the line through to Campbellford.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

MR. VANKLEEK'S ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN.—It is now a year since a Reeve, whom all respected; whom the majority had for years trusted; on whom had been heaped every distinction that a local man could receive, was opposed in his canvass for the following reason:—It was generally—and with reason,—thought that his ambition and avarice had jostled him out of the straight line of duty; that personal interest was the sole cause of him urging the people to grant a bonus to the R. & N. H. Railway; and that where the public's interests collided with the railway's he would not prejudice his personal interests for the sake of the public's. But the most effective charge was that in deference to an ambitious scheme he had not taken advantage of an opportunity whereby he might have greatly improved the roads of this township—or in other words, he had neglected the improvement of the roads, which is the most important duty of a Reeve.

I, as Deputy Reeve, was as guilty of the last charge as he, and in justice should have been equally condemned. But I excused myself by saying, "I well knew his abilities; and like the rest of the township put implicit trust in him, and depended on him doing all that could be done in the interests of the township." I don't know that the people thought this justified me, nor that they pardoned my negligence, but they were put to the necessity of a choice between two evils, and chose me as the least.

It is now my duty to examine my conduct for the past year, and if you too do not examine it you neglect your interests. At this time I think it expedient in the public's, though not in my personal interests, to be as candid as possible.

The principal subject on which I have to speak is the County appropriations; how much money was secured for the roads of this township; with what judiciousness it was expended; and the improvements made in the roads this year through the management of myself and deputy, as compared with the improvements of former years.

I believe the conditions we obtained when the county appropriations were made have given general satisfaction, and will pass on to our scheme for the disbursement of the money secured.

When we were determining what improvements we should make in the roads last summer, money was very scarce, and not only was labor cheap but plentiful, and knowing there would be a great deal of competition for the jobs, we resolved to award them to the lowest bidder, thereby hoping to have much more work done than the money was worth. But when letting the contracts we neglected to take security for their fulfilment. Our negligence in this matter was the foundation for all this dissatisfaction that threatens to send our popularity to an early grave. A prudent man, whose ambition is to secure popularity, will not run a risk that may be fatal to it. But in our eagerness to have more work done than the money was worth, we allowed a delusive hope to confound our judgment, and awarded contracts in some cases to men whose only object in bidding was to have us trust them; whose worldly wealth was all on their backs, and who had no means for fulfilling their contracts.

You say "the township should show its gratitude for the concern we then evinced for its interests by relieving us of our offices at the coming election." It may be true, but I'll proceed to the improvements that have been made in the roads.

The first job of which I will speak was one taken by Mr. C. Harris, of gravelling that part of the road running alongside his farm. This was the only job in which the work was done according to agreement. But as Mr. Harris had a personal interest in having the work well done I will say no more about it. Mr. McClure's job at Hazzard's Corners, though not done according to agreement, may pass. So may the rest of the list down to the Queensboro job.

The road entering Queensboro from the Allen Settlement, though well gravelled, was very flat, narrow and crooked. It being desirable to have a good road there we promised to gravel all the pathmaster would straighten and grade. He took advantage of this promise, and by applying all the statute labor upon this work did an excellent job. Our mind was not very clear when selling the job of gravelling this grading, and knocked it down for half its value to a poor old Scotchman who was drunk at the time. As he had no earthly means for doing the work, and merely bid it in for fun, there was of course nothing done at it, and it is now almost impassible for mud. Not only the villagers but all whose business takes them there piteously cane us for having the gravel all covered with muck and clay.

Some, like Gil. McCoy, refused doing anything at their jobs, and I wish they were the worst I had to speak of. But Tim Lynagh and others who would not do their work in time to have it settled before the fall rains came on, are now (22nd Nov.) filling mud into the centre of the roads, which on a warm day looks as if some old woman, after mixing ink with a lot of pancake batter, emptied it into the roads, over which it is impassible to haul a heavy load.

Of course I knew we were making a mess of it when we were selling the jobs; and knew that I could afterwards have had the road at Queensboro gravelled by expending on it the money set aside for Gil. McCoy's job; and knew that I could have prevented the spoiling of the roads by Lynagh and others, had I exercised my authority as Reeve, which I heedlessly neglected to do.

If the work done on the roads this year was to be compared with that done in former years, I confess so far as we are concerned the comparison would be odious. If Mr. Wood never did much to improve the roads, he certainly did nothing to injure them. We have done little or nothing to improve them this summer, but have succeeded in spoiling them in several places.

Before I finish I wish to call your attention to some bungling of the Deputy-Reeve's. In Union School Sections, when the assessments of the different townships are unequal, the Public School Inspector, with the assistance of the Reeves of the respective townships, make such an adjustment of the assessments as will cause each part of the section to bear an equal share of the burden of maintaining the school. By mistake a gross wrong was done the part of a S. S. lying in another township, in a case of this kind in which Mr. Caskey acted for Madoc. Afterwards when requested by the P. S. I. and others to rectify the mistake he positively refused doing so. The Reeve of the other township, who is experience and municipal knowledge equals the rest of the County Councillors combined; had not attended this meeting, and being piqued at Mr. Caskey's unfairness, resolved to force him to equitable terms by putting the case in Chancery. In Mr. Caskey to be credited for genius and saving, without showing how, why, and with what safety they were made! If he is, while being praised for acuteness, shrewdness and disinterest, the township may be ruined by his blundering. In this case he was penny-wise and pound-foolish. For the sake of putting a few cents into the pockets of a few Madoc farmers, he has got the whole township into a Chancery suit, which it is sure to lose.

Gentlemen, I know I have been careless, negligent, and inattentive to my duties as Reeve. Should I be re-elected your interests will again be slighted, for I am painfully aware of my inability to serve you faithfully and well. I am one of that class whose intellectual powers deserts them in controversy; whom questioning confuses, and objection disconcerts; whose bashfulness suffers them not to speak till the time for speaking is past, and in conclusion advise you to choose a fitter man to represent you in the County Council than I.

SICKLE.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The Kingston Presbytery will meet in the John Street Church, Belleville, on the first Tuesday of January, 1879.

The Campbellford Fire Company last week notified the village that they would disband forthwith unless sufficient encouragement was given by the Council to assist in defraying necessary expenses.

A By-law for the prevention of blasphemous and obscene language within the limits of the city, and also for the abolition of disorderly houses, has passed its first reading before the Belleville Council.

Some Napanee young ladies were promenading the streets one evening last week smoking cigars. The *Beaver* volunteers the information where they can procure second-hand pantaloons, in order to complete the effect.

The By-law granting a bonus of $10,000 to the Prince Edward Railway was voted on in Trenton last week, and carried by a majority of 95, 24 voting against and 119 for the by-law. A large staff of men are at work in the village.

From the official accounts of election expenses now being published, we notice that in Kingston Mr. Gunn's expenses were $614.38; Sir John Macdonald's $195.59; Mr. McRorey, for Addington, $200.99; Mr. Hooper, for Lennox, $294.04.

The License Inspector of Peterborough opened a fresh campaign against the liquor traffic last week, and had fifteen hotel-keepers summoned for exposing or selling intoxicating liquor. Peterborough carried the Dunkin Act a few months ago by a large majority.

The Campbellford *Herald* thinks Thanksgiving Day would be a suitable time for giving the first excursion over the Grand Junction Railway from that village. The editor anticipates a free ride, and takes this means to intimate his willingness to return thanks in advance.

This is the way the Lakefield *News* refers to the slaughtering of hogs in that neighborhood:—"A fatal disease has been attacking the pigs around this locality during the past three weeks. It originates by getting too much steel on the chest, and attacks the best and fattest hogs more readily than the common kinds."

The Port Hope *Times* says: "The steamer Persia landed 86 casks of beer on Monday last. Sixty-eight of these (two car loads) were for our sister town of Peterborough, where the Dunkin Act was in full force, and only 18 for Port Hope, where the same Act was defeated last year. How is that for Dunkin?"

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars will be held at Napanee, commencing yesterday, 26th inst., and will probably continue in session three days. This is the largest temperance organization in Canada, and the meeting is expected to be one of much importance. There are about 25,000 Good Templars in this Province.

A number of the citizens of Brighton have mutually agreed to "swear off" the use of tobacco in any form for one year, and to make the agreement more binding they went before a commissioner and made a joint declaration in writing to that effect, which was then and there duly "signed, sealed, and declared." All, save one, were married men.

The Brighton ladies have inaugurated a new process of raising money at Church socials. It is called a "Fish Pond," five cents being the charge for the privilege of casting in the hook;—the angler, however, never failing to secure a prize of some kind. This novel experiment was introduced there a week or two ago and was a success.

The Conservative supporters of Campbellford and of Seymour, will convene in the Town Hall next Saturday, 23rd inst., for the purpose of electing delegates for choosing a candidate to represent the Local Legislature. The Reformers will hold their meeting in the same place, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of December, for the purpose of organization.—*Herald.*

The County Council of Hastings have been discussing the amount they are paying themselves and their officials, and from the report thereof in the *Intelligencer* we gather that the Warden gets $400 per annum, and the Councillors $3 per day. A by-law to reduce the Warden's allowance to $300, and the pay of Councillors to $2 was denounced as claptrap, and received a three months' hoist without a division.—*Peterborough Review.*

Nos. 1 and 4 Companies of the 49th Battalion were inspected on Wednesday last by Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzie, Deputy Adjutant General. The *Intelligencer* says the parade presented the best military spectacle that Belleville has seen since old No. 1 returned from active service at Amherstburg in 1866. This was the first time the Companies drilled together as a Battalion, but notwithstanding this drawback the officers and men were highly complimented upon their efficiency.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. W. Salter, of Richmond, met with a singular mishap while slaughtering pigs. As he was attempting to catch a large, aged hog, he stretched forth his right hand to seize the brute, when the latter turned suddenly and snapped savagely at the hand, and with such success that it bit the third finger off at the first joint; bone and all. The cut not being a very clean or carefully made one, Dr. Rattan amputated the wounded finger between the first and second joints.—*Beaver.*

The Campbellford *Herald* had a strong article last week on the amount of rowdyism prevalent on the streets of that village, and calls on the authorities to take steps for the suppression of the shocking profanity indulged in by young men and boys. Ladies and others passing along the streets at night are subjected to all kinds of insults by gangs of rowdy Arabs, who are characterized as a "mockery of law, a disgrace to the community, a curse to parents." This kind of thing will soon make Campbellford as noted as Belleville.

MISS TAIT,
TEACHER of Instrumental Music, (Piano and Organ), at the residence of Mr. Jas. A. Orr, or will visit pupils at their homes if required. Terms made known on application at her residence, or at the REVIEW Office. Free use of Piano to all scholars to practice.

Get Your Printing
DONE AT THE
Review Office.

LADIES' JACKETS.

Received by Express, on Monday last, full lines in

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS,

in all the latest styles,

AT LOW PRICES.

Sydmer Ross & Co.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$20,000 TO LOAN.
AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
87 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

FOR SALE!
THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, WILL BE SOLD CHEAP. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
87-4 Shannonville.

Estray Heifer.
CAME into the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 18, 3rd con., Madoc, about the 1st Nov., a two-year old Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
DAVID MOORE.
Madoc, Nov. 26th, 1878. 87-4t

NOTICE.
PARTIES indebted to the undersigned are respectfully requested to call and settle without delay. All accounts not settled by payment or note before the first of January next, will be placed in Court for collection.
THOS. CROSS.
Madoc, November 25th, 1878. 87

North Hastings Election 1878.
STATEMENT of expenses incurred in behalf of E. D. O'FLYNN, Esq., a candidate for North Hastings in the Dominion Election held on 17th September, 1878:
Expenses of Canvassers and Livery, as per vouchers, ... $92.69
THOS. CROSS,
Nov. 16th, 1878. Agent.

WANTED!
10,000 BASSWOOD SAW LOGS.
—AND—
2,500 Cords of Pine or Cedar Shingle Bolts.
THE subscriber is prepared to contract with parties wishing to furnish any portion of the above timber.
F. J. DRAKE.
Madoc, Nov. 26th, 1878. 87-4t

NOTICE.
WE HEREBY FORBID any person buying or trading in any way for a Promissory Note made on the Seventh day of October, 1878, and signed by Prosper Poitras and Louis Lachapel, said Note made jointly and severally for the sum of Eighteen Dollars and Sixteen Cents, and payable to John Bowell, said Note being fraudulently obtained and no value received for the same.
PROSPER POITRAS,
LOUIS LACHAPEL.
Tweed, 29th Nov., 1878. 87-1

$7,000 IN
VILLAGE OF MADOC
DEBENTURES FOR SALE.
APPLICATIONS for Debentures of the Village of Madoc, in sums of one Hundred Dollars and upward, will be received by the undersigned
Until the 1st of January, 1879.
These Debentures will be sold so as to nett the purchaser Seven per cent. interest, payable half-yearly.
THOS. CROSS,
Reeve.
Madoc, Nov. 25th, 1878. 87

Strayed or Stolen.
FROM the premises of the undersigned, village of Madoc, on the night of the 3rd of November, a black mare colt, four years old. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.
GARRET BARRY.
Madoc, Nov. 9th, 1878. 85-4t

NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late THOMAS CASSADY, will please call and settle the same with the undersigned, and all having claims against the said estate will present the same to them for payment.
JAMES MAITLAND, CHAS. THOMPSON, } Executors.
Bannockburn.
November 9th, 1878. 85-4

ESTRAY!
CAME into the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 7, 10th con. of Huntingdon, on or about the 15th October last, a Heifer Calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
HUGH CLOSE.
Huntingdon, Nov. 12th, 1878. 85

LOTS FOR SALE
In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate)
AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to E. D. ROSSI, Montreal. 11-6m

REMOVED!!
N. D. PETERS,
Having removed to a more commodious room in
DALES' BLOCK,
(One door north of the Hardware store), will have pleasure in furnishing his customers with
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
Provisions, Crockery,
Stationery, &c.
FARMERS' PRODUCE
Taken in exchange for goods.
Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878.
M. MAYBEE.

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gelling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to E. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc.

BLACKSMITHING.
THE undersigned having rented the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by Mr. C. Thrasher, is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing on shortest notice and at reasonable rates. First-class Horse shoeing a specialty. Remember, 10cts., cash; 12½ credit. New shop, 25cts.
Give me a trial; satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES JOHNSTON.
Madoc, May 9th, 1878. 48-6m.

FARM TO RENT OR SELL.
BEING lot 16, in the 12th concession of Huntingdon, containing 200 acres, 100 of which are cleared; 20 acres of cedar swamp, the remainder heavily timbered with maple and beech, and a great quantity of white oak. On the premises are a good log house and a never-failing well, also two springs. For further particulars apply to
JAS. LANDON,
on the premises.
Huntingdon, Dec. 24th, 1877. 39

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 19th, 1878. 51

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE,
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession, Township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage-house, Stables, and all necessary out-buildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd Concession. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it specially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 26th, 1877. 1-3m.

Great Clearing Sale
—OF—
MILLINERY
LADIES' HATS, New styles in Great Variety.
Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnet Shapes, Silks, Trimmings, &c.,
ALL TO BE SOLD WITHOUT REGARD TO COST.
Thomas Cross.

I AM GIVING
Extra bargains in furniture for the Holidays. Those in need of any would study their interest by calling. A lot of new style Patent Spring Beds very cheap.
A beautiful Piano Box Cutter for sale very cheap for cash, only run one season.

THE BEST AND LARGEST!
ASSORTMENT OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
Fancy Goods, Toys, Musical Instruments, &c.,
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC,
WILL BE FOUND AT
G. D. RAWE'S.
THE FALL STOCK IS
Complete, Varied, and Extensive,
AND AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.
AGENT FOR THE
NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
Madoc, November 5th, 1878.

New Butcher Shop.
The subscriber has opened in connection with his present business a shop where he will keep all kinds of Fresh Meat, of the best quality and at lowest prices.
Give him a call.
G. M. BROOKS.

NOTICE.

I AM prepared to take any number of good Sheep on shares, also I will take ten of the best milch Cows on shares. I have the best run in the county, and lots of feed.

FRANCIS NEWELLS,
Tudor, Oct. 18th, 1878. 82

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT CHOWN'S,

DIVISION ST., REED'S BLOCK

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

HATS, FURS,

—AND—

MILLINERY.

THE LARGEST STOCK

—IN—

BELLEVILLE.

EVERYTHING at BOTTOM PRICES.

Old Furs Made into Latest Styles.

MUIR & LAWRENCE,

285, Robertson's Block,

BELLEVILLE

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

SIGN OF THE

BLUE BOOT!

Opposite Harper's Brick Block.

Owing to the hard times for money I am selling

TEN PER CENT. BELOW FORMER PRICES, FOR CASH.

CUSTOM WORK, REPAIRING,

Etc., done in first-class style and on short notice, as I keep none but first-class workmen.

POSITIVELY NO CREDIT.

W. MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 28th, 1877.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

—AND—

LIQUOR STORE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Now carried on by the subscriber, who will conduct the business upon the old established system of always keeping on hand a well selected and full assortment of

WINES,
BRANDIES,
GINS,
SPIRITS,
PORTERS,
ALES,

&c., &c., of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers.

Also a full assortment of

Confectionery & Biscuits

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

FRUITS IN SEASON,

FLOUR AND FEED!

All wholesale and retail.

Farming produce of all kinds taken at the highest market value.

JANE WRIGHT,
Wright's Block, Durham street, Madoc
Madoc, March 29th, 1878.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 487,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
JAS. MOORE, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
J. G. LOVELESS, Secretary, St. Ola P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070.
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge P. O.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRELL, D.M., Millbridge P. O.
P. M. GUNTER, District Sec., St. Ola P.O.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
E. J. CRAIGE, Co. Master, Stirling P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, December 5th,** at 8 o'clock, p. m. sharp, for the Election of Officers and other important business. Every member is required to be present.

J. E. ORR, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I. O. O. F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Nov. 25th

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above Lodge will be held at the Masonic Hall,

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3rd,

at the hour of 8 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAS. O'HARA, JR., Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice—T. Cross.
For sale—H. Holden.
Estray—David Moore.
Wanted—F. J. Drake.
Bargains—M. Maybee.
Village Debentures—T. Cross.
Notice—Poitras and Lachapel.
Money to loan—Geo. A. Skinner.
Great Clearing Sale—Thos. Crosg.
North Hastings Election—T. Cross.
Ladies' Jackets—Sydmer Ross & Co.
Queensboro L. O. L.—W. J. Wiggins.

Do You Want Money?

Mr. Geo. A. Skinner, of Stirling, advertises in this issue that he has $20,000 which he wishes to loan on favorable terms. See his advt. for fuller particulars.

Municipal.

A meeting of the Township Council will take place on Saturday next, in the Town Hall. The Village Council will meet on Monday evening, at the same place.

Thanksgiving Service.

On Wednesday, Dec. 4th, (Thanksgiving Day), a united service of the C. M. and M.E. congregations in this village, will be held in the Church of the former, at 10.30 a. m. The sermon will be preached by Rev. R. W. Marsh.

Quarterly Meeting.

The third regular quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church, Madoc, will (D.V.) be held on Sabbath, Dec. 1st. Love-feast and Sacrament service at 9.30 a.m., preaching at 11 by Rev. Wm. Pirritte, Presiding Elder. Business meeting on Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2 p.m.

New Advertisements.

We would call the attention of our readers to the various new advertisements in this issue. By reading them you will undoubtedly learn something interesting and profitable. Note those of Messrs. Cross, Sydmer Ross & Co., and M. Maybee.

Rare Avis.

Last evening we were shown by Mr. T. P. Hicks, of Madoc, a magnificent specimen of the Horned or Arctic Owl, which he was fortunate enough to shoot on Friday last, a short distance from his premises. It was sent to Belleville this morning where it will receive the attentions of a taxidermist. Mr. H. is particularly lucky at this sport, this being the third one, he informs us, secured this fall.

Bears Shot.

Bruin seems to be unusually cheeky this season, but he cannot encroach too far into the settlements with impunity. On Saturday last two bears were shot about lot 23 in the 1st concession of Madoc, one by Robt. Nichol and the other by Robt. Nelson. Others have also been seen in this township, but so far as we have heard these are the only ones captured as yet.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

The December number of the above first-class Magazine will contain the opening chapters of James Payne's great story, "Under one Roof;" a masterly and pertinent paper by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the Afghanistan question; a delightful study of Shelley by Walter Townsend; an able Review of Mr. Stewart's "Canada under the administration of the Earl of Dufferin," by Wm. J. Rattray; a beautiful poem by H. L. Spencer; an idyl by Fidelia, &c., &c.

O. Y. B. Meeting.

The members of Hearts of Oak Lodge, Orange Young Britons, are requested to remember that the regular December meeting of the Lodge will be held on Thursday, 5th prox., when every member is requested to attend. The election of officers for the ensuing year, and other important business will be transacted, after which it is the intention of the Lodge to adjourn to Hudgins' Hotel, where an Oyster Supper will be in waiting for members and their friends. Every member should endeavor to be present.

The Beautiful.

The slight fall of snow this week was the means of enlivening at least one branch of industry (?) in the shape of the irrepressible small boy (and girl too) with his little sled in unlimited quantities on the sidewalk wherever a hill was to be found sufficiently steep to ride down. This system of coasting on the sidewalk, and Madoc offers many material advantages in this respect, may be the essence of fun for the urchins, but its death, or near thing to it, to the unwary pedestrian. A few farmers came into the village yesterday in their sleighs.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Mr. Francis said it was only supposed that as there were deficiencies in the Broken, those municipalities which did not pay interest should not hereafter be asked to pay it.

Mr. Ashley said that the backward municipalities should pay the interest in arrear in justice to the other townships that had met their payments properly.

Mr. White advocated the refunding of the interest to those municipalities which had paid. He approved of the issuing of debentures for 17 years, the return of the interest to those municipalities that had paid it, and those which had not paid it should not be charged interest.

Mr. Flint said these debentures were as safe in the hands of the Council as well as in those of Trustees. In the interests of the county these debentures should not be given over until the road was satisfactorily completed and the Council was satisfied the work was properly done. He had heard that the fencing posts were driven in the ground six or eight inches, whilst the grading was deficient. If the Company had acted in good faith the results would have been different. After many promises the road was not yet done, though it had been stipulated that it should be completed by the first of the month.

Mr. Cross said we would fill our measure of the law when we handed the debentures over to the Trustees, who would not deliver them over till the road was finished according to law. What we should do now was to give the Warden the instructions asked for, as the Company could compel us to issue the debentures.

Mr. Francis favored the holding of the debentures by this Council.

Mr. White said a little charity should be extended to this Company, as the road was built through the centre of the County, and over a most difficult section, and it had cost a large sum of money to its promoters with all the difficulties the Company had to contend with,—yet there was no road but what was deficient at first. This Company and the road should be encouraged and assisted, and whilst we can be just let us also be generous. A large sum of money was spent amongst us, and we should encourage all who bring capital into the County and spend it amongst the people, and this road itself would tend to the development of the mineral regions, enable back residents to bring their produce to market readily, as well as tend to settle the back country, which in itself would populate our County and therefore increase the taxable property, and reduce the heavy travel on our gravel roads, and the expenditure on them. He sincerely regretted that the projectors of this road, Messrs Lloyd and Pardee, were not now the owners of the road, and we should not forget that we owed much to the energy of Mr. Lloyd in this matter, and we should all regret that Mr. Pardee was such a heavy loser by the enterprise. He favored the issuing of the debentures.

Mr. Ashley had confidence in those nominated as Trustees last June, and it only rested with us now to authorize the issuing of the debentures.

Mr. White said that Messrs. Wood and Falkiner had promised to accept as Trustees those whom the Council nominated, but they had not done so, as Mr. Pearce had been nominated by the Company in place of Mr. Emo.

Mr. Ashley said the probable reason of this was that as Madoc was giving $20,000 it was only right it should name one Trustee, particularly as it was largely interested.

The Warden said the Council had named Mr. Emo as its Trustee for the County and Madoc. This was not acceptable to Mr. Wood, and the time having elapsed the Company named Mr. Pearce, although they had formerly also nominated Mr. Farley, who was acceptable to the Council.

The matter then dropped.

FRIDAY.

Mr. Emo presented the memorial which is to be sent to the Lieutenant-Governor asking that power to regulate the size of tyres on vehicles be granted to County Councils.

Mr. Vankleek moved that the road from Philips' Corners to Madoc, and that from Eldorado to McCoy's Schoolhouse, be assumed as County roads.

Mr. Parkhurst moved, seconded by Mr. Kavanagh, that the Council of Carlow and Mayo be allowed to maintain a road in Carlow at a width of 20 feet, a By-law ordering the same having been passed by the Council of the municipalities named.

Mr. Flint moved, seconded by Mr. McDavitt, that as the Ontario Government has already given $1,500 to aid the work on the Hastings road, which sum has been judiciously expended, the Legislature be requested to make a like grant next year.—Carried.

Mr. Pearce spoke in regard to the discussion on the B. & N. H. R. matter. He declared that had his appointment as Trustee been an imputation against either Mr. Emo or Mr. Cross, he would not have accepted the appointment. If he acted as Trustee he would faithfully fill the requirements of the law. The three Trustees, he might now state, were appointed, and were Mr. Farley by the County, Mr. O'Flynn by the government and himself by the Company.

Mr. Vankleek's By-law to assume as a County road that leading from Eldorado to McCoy's corner was read a first time, as was also that of Mr. Caskey for the assuming of the road from Madoc to Cook's corners.

The By-law to repeal the By-law assuming the road between the 9th and 10th cons. of Huntingdon and leading from Tweed to the Belleville and North Hastings Railway depot in Huntingdon was read a second time.

After a very lengthy discussion of almost a similar purport to that which took place when the new line was assumed, the By-law was carried.

Mr. Armstrong demanded the yeas and nays on the adoption of the third clause of the report regarding his motion to reduce the pay of members of the Council and the County officers.

YEAS.—Flint, Cross, Pearce, Gunter, Emo, Kavanagh, Vankleek, Parkhurst, Anderson, Caskey, Weese, Peck, Fitzgerald, McDavitt, White, Currie, Murphy, Craig, Cook, Gordon, Francis and the Warden.—22.

NAYS.—Ashley, Vandervoort, Armstrong, Grass, Robinson, Kingston.—6.

Some further clauses were read, when Mr. Pearce called for the yeas and nays on the clause relating to the rejection of the By-law assuming the road from Marmora to the Madoc boundary and Eldorado and from Rawdon Town Hall to Emo's corners as County roads.

YEAS.—Flint, Ashley, Weese, Peck, White, Anderson, Armstrong, Vandervoort, Murphy, Grass, Gordon, Currie, Francis, Lee and the Warden.—15.

NAYS.—Cross, Vanklcek, Caskey, Pearce, Fitzgerald, McDavitt, Gunter, Craig, Cook, Kavanagh, Robinson, Kingston, Parkhurst, Emo.—14.

Mr. Vankleek demanded the yeas and nays on the rejection of the By-law to assume the road from Madoc to O'Hara's corners as a County road.

YEAS.—Flint, Ashley, Weese, Peck, White, Anderson, Armstrong, Vandervoort, Murphy, Grass, Gordon, Currie, Craig, Robinson, Lee, Francis and the Warden.—17.

NAYS.—Cross, Vanklcek, Caskey, Pearce, Fitzgerald, McDavitt, Gunter, Parkhurst, Kavanagh, Cook, Kingston, Emo.—12.

An abstract of the Auditors' accounts was ordered to be published in the *Review*, *Echo* and *Courier*, the cost not to exceed $15 each.

The Government was requested on motion to grant $3,500 to assist the road leading from the 7th cons. of Cashel to the Marmora road.

The yeas and nays were called on a motion ordering that no more portraits of the members of the Council or its officers be taken at the expense of the County.

YEAS.—Ashley, Cross, Caskey, Armstrong, Vandervoort, Grass, Robinson, Cook, Peck, Emo, Kavanagh.—11.

NAYS.—Flint, Weese, Fitzgerald, Gordon, McDavitt, Gunter, Anderson, Currie, Francis, Lee and the Warden.—11.

The motion was declared lost.

A motion thanking the Chairmen of the various Committees of the Council was passed and duly acknowledged.

The width of the Bokom road was altered so that it can be allowed a width of forty feet.

The several By-laws were read a third time, passed and numbered.

On motion the Warden left the chair and Mr. Ashley took the same.

Mr. Flint moved, seconded by Mr. Emo, that the thanks of this Council be tendered the Warden for the efficiency with which he has discharged his duties and for his general courtesy.

The Warden returned his thanks, and said he had endeavored to fill the duties of the office in which he had been placed faithfully and efficiently. He was grateful to all for the order maintained during the year, and he was certain the business of the County had been carefully conducted. He concluded by again returning his thanks.

The minutes of the meeting were read and approved, and the Council adjourned *sine die*.

Original.

LINES

Written to a friend before leaving England, on the death of her only little boy, who was buried on Good Friday. The writer sailed next day.

Thinking, talking, working, walking,
You'll find a time to pray;
Saved at last, when time is past,
And who can tell the day.

Dear friend be sure and find the cure
That for your grief is meant;
And always know, where'er you go,
Things of this world are lent.

Yes, dear, lent, remember lent;
And in Lent I write these lines;
And am sure you would soar, and be seen no more,
To those glorious heavenly chimes.

Those realms on high, where your lovely boy
Is surely gone to dwell;
With the saints above, to share their love,
Oh! who his joys can tell..

Now good-bye, dear friend, and this may tend,
To soothe your mind distrest;
This dark world *here*, was not his sphere,
He's *there* among the blest.

A. N.

Hastings Road, Nov. 22nd, 1878.

Bazaar and Tea-meeting.

On Wednesday next, Thanksgiving Day, the Sabbath School of the C. M. Church will hold a grand Bazaar, Concert, and Tea-meeting, in the Masonic Hall. The Bazaar will open at half-past one in the afternoon, and the Concert will commence at half-past six. Refreshments will be served at half-past seven. We hope to see a large turn out both afternoon and evening, and we are sure all who do so will enjoy themselves. Admission, 25 cents; children 10 cents. For further particulars see posters.

Sad Bereavement.

A correspondent sends us an account of the death of an only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hinchliffe, of the Gunter Settlement, which sad event took place on the 6th of November. A general favorite with her school-mates, and the pride of her parents' hearts, her interment on the afternoon of the 7th was rendered all the more sad to those who attended. She was aged 6 years, 7 months, and 24 days. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Werden. The entire sympathy of that community is extended to the bereaved parents.

Thanksgiving Day.

Wednesday next, December 4th, has been appointed all over the Dominion as a day of general thanksgiving to the Almighty for the prosperity and peace of the past year. Times may be hard, but still we have all much to be thankful for, both individually and as a nation. Our country has been spared the ordeal of war and excitement which other nations have undergone, and our people are, on the whole, contented and happy, while we are also left on the land of the living, enjoying health and strength when hundreds and thousands of our fellow beings have been cut down by war, pestilence, and famine. These are blessings for which we should feel deeply grateful, and we trust our readers will unite in keeping Thanksgiving Day in a becoming manner. There will be the usual services, we presume, in the churches in this village, the hours for which will no doubt be announced on Sabbath next.

A GREAT PAPER.—On most public matters now-a-days there are great differences of opinion, but the people of all classes seem to be quite united on one question. Every person who has seen it admits that the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*, of Montreal, is the very best weekly newspaper in the country. It is really a publication that no man can well afford to do without. Take it all in all it has no equal. The price is only $1.00 a year, and Canvassers get splendid commissions. It is published by the *Family Herald* Publishing Co., Montreal.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$0 75 to $0 80
Barley,	0 55 to 0 75
Rye,	0 45 to 0 00
Oats,	0 32 to 0 33
Peas,	0 55 to 0 00
Butter,	0 15 to 0 20
Eggs,	0 12 to 0 00
Potatoes, per bush	0 45 to 0 53
Flour, per bbl	4 50 to 4 80
Shorepakins,	0 65 to 0 75
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$5 00 to $0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 40 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 60 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 60 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 40 to 0 40
Eggs, per doz	0 10 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to 0 13
Hides, per cwt	4 00 to 0 00

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the subscriber, by Note or otherwise, are hereby notified that the same must be paid on or before the 1st of December next, or their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

C. THEASHER.

Madoc, Oct. 22nd, 1878. 82

The Scientific American

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Most Popular Scientific Paper in the World.

Only $3.20 a Year, including Postage.

Weekly. 52 numbers a year. 4,000 Book Pages.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large first-class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including new and interesting facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

Terms, $3.20 a year, $1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discount to Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS. In connection with the Scientific American the Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 34 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. We also send free our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents,

MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.
Branch Office, cor. F & 7th streets,
Washington, D. C.

Subscriptions to the above will be received at the REVIEW Office.

Strawberry Plants.

A NUMBER of First-Class Strawberry Plants for sale.

Apply at the REVIEW OFFICE.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM, situated at Norman's Corners, Millbridge, 15 miles north of Madoc, on the County Road. 90 acres well cleared and fenced. For particulars apply to R. M. Norman, of same place, or to

GREAM & HENDERSON,
84 Solicitors, Madoc.

$5.50 PER CWT.

WILL BE PAID

FOR GOOD BEEF HIDES

AT MULLETT'S TANNERY.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1878. 84

Dressmaking & Millinery

ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in the above lines, at short notice and on reasonable terms. Also

Felt and Straw Work of all Kinds.

SHOP IN REED'S NEW BLOCK.

MRS. TURNER,
MRS. HULIN.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1878. 84m3

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL parties having claims against the estate of Lawrence Quirk, deceased, are hereby requested to forward the same, postpaid, to the Executors, James Thompson and Patrick McIlroy, or to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of December next, or they will be excluded from any benefit arising from the estate.

GREAM & HENDERSON,
Solicitors for the Executors.
Madoc, November 20th, 1878. 86-4t

TENDERS

WILL be received up to Monday evening, the Second of December next, for supplying Forty cords of green beech and maple wood to the Model School. The wood must be sound body wood, four feet long, and must be delivered and piled in the basement of the Model School Building for measurement.—Wood to be all delivered before the first of March. Only fifty per cent of price of wood delivered to be payable until the contract is completed. Tenders must be in writing and addressed to

FRED. E. SEYMOUR,
Secretary Madoc School Board.

BRIDGEWATER

WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and customers that he is still prepared to do Carding, Weaving, Fulling, etc., with neatness and despatch, and would beg a continuation of their favors. Wool taken in exchange for work.

Wool or Cloth left at Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara's, or J. Hale & Son's, Madoc, will be promptly attended to, at which places I will call for and deliver every Saturday.

G. C. WOLFE.

Bridgewater, October 1st, 1878. 79-m3

North Hastings Election

1878.

To George Taylor, Esq., Returning Officer, North Riding, County of Hastings.

THE following is an abstract statement of the Election expenses paid by me as agent for Mackenzie Bowell, Esq., in respect of the Election for North Riding of County of Hastings:

Scrutineers and canvassers' expenses,	$77 40
Horse hire and Livery expenses,	91 00
Printing,	26 00
Agent's expenses,	6 50
	$200 90

Certified correct.

W. A. SHEPARD, Agent.

Belleville, Nov. 16th, 1878. 86-3

JOHN G. DEANS

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY

LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

Railway Bakery.

THE undersigned having been disappointed in visiting the old country this summer intends giving the public the benefit of it in

CHEAP BREAD,

and having purchased

100 Barrels of Flour

at a low figure, is prepared to furnish

BREAD,
CAKES,
PASTRY,
&C., &C.

AT LOW PRICES.

My Bread will be manufactured on the Old Country System.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

A CHOICE STOCK OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

on hand, which will be sold at bottom price for cash.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, June 27th, 1878. 65

Gray & McGregor,

GROCERS,

OFFER YOU

SUGAR-CURED HAMS,
DRIED BEEF,
BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,
CANNED CORN BEEF,
CANNED SALMON,
CANNED LOBSTERS,
BOSTON BAKED BEANS,
SARDINES,
FLOUR AND MESS PORK,

ALSO,

A COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

August 5th, 1878.

THE

RATEPAYERS!

Of Madoc and vicinity, their wives, children, and all their friends, are respectfully solicited to purchase, now that the elections are over, anything they require in the lines of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Rings, Hair Pins, Back Combs—coarse, fine and circular, Pins, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Spectacles and Cases, Thimbles, Beads, Albums, Photo Frames, Dominoes, Mouth Organs, Violin Strings, Jews' Harps, Pen-holders and Pens, Machine Needles, etc., from

E. L. WEISS,

who has just received a fine stock of the above mentioned goods.

Repairs promptly attended to as usual.

Madoc, Sept. 9th, 1878.

E. D. O'FLYNN,

FROM FAILING HEALTH, finding it necessary to

Close his Business

calls upon all persons indebted to him

FOR EARLY SETTLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT

Great Bargains!

FOR CASH,

COMMENCING WITH THIS DATE

September 25th, 1878.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

FARMERS' PRODUCE of all Kinds

Taken in Exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

Robes, Robes, Robes

A large selection of No. One Buffalo Robes at Exceedingly Low Prices, can be seen at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S.

NOTICE!

Parties in need of Furniture will find it to their advantage to call on

W. T. White,

Durham Street, Madoc.

"The Pharmacy."

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,
Stationery, Crayons,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Toilet Articles, Garden Seeds,
Wall Paper and Stationery.
Surgery in Store.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.

Cheap Goods.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MADOC.

If you want cheap goods call and see my prices.

I intend to sell my entire stock at Montreal Wholesale Prices.

As the stock is all new and bought at the lowest market prices, and having no old stock, bought at war prices, to dispose of, you will find it to your advantage to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere.

I could give you a list of prices, but to satisfy yourselves call and see and you will be convinced that there is no humbug.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices, such as Lard, Butter, Hams, &c., &c.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

A Narrative of Personal Adventure.

BY DONNA FRANCISCA.

PALO TINTO—(SEQUEL TO FERRO CARRIL).

News of our advent had been sent on, and the horses were purposely kept out of the way; these Indians never did get a chance of fleecing travellers, and they were not going to let an Englishman off so easily. This was the news that reached my unwilling ears. Pancho was of opinion some horses would turn up, as he had threatened to go on without them to the next village. The rascals were only causing the delay, to get the most out of us they could. It was hardly likely they would let such a chance of making money escape. But for the time being, they looked on us as legitimate prey. A dilapidated cock, cooked for my dinner, cost me six shillings. Many a mile had that poor bird hopped or run, for he was elderly and tough, but we ate him, and were thankful for small mercies.

Faithful Pancho and your humble self, slept at the hut of the boss of the village a skinny old wretch, with a placid and meek countenance which veiled a multitude of sins. He quite understood that two and two made four, but he seemed to think like a good many other people, it should make a little more besides.

Two days we stayed waiting for horses, growling, grumbling, abusing everyone; savage at the delay. Happily, the hut was water tight, but that is all that can be said in its favor, for it was disgustingly dirty, and over run with numerous light and hungry gentlemen.

The next day would be the third day, and we had made up our minds to go on at all hazards, horses or no horses. The rainy season had set in, and what were now only streams, would soon become rivers, and be impassible. Outside the prospect did not look inviting, for in some places the water stood two feet deep.

We were objects of great curiosity to the inhabitants, who, not deterred by the bad state of the weather, stood in groups outside the door, bewailing with expressions of sincerity, the non-appearance of the horses, though at the same time, they were doing all they could to delay their arrival.

To pass the time, we chatted amicably with them. One old man in particular, attracted my attention. He had a more honest expression than the others, and he tried to make me understand that he wanted me to buy some cinchona bark, he had for sale. Humbolt states that none of this bark is to be found in Mexico; so for curiosity's sake I promised to buy some if it were the right thing; and he trotted off delighted to fetch some samples, which smelt strongly of quinine. Thinking this might prove a valuable discovery, I gave him a few dollars, and sent him off with the samples to Messrs. Samson's agents at Minitilan; asking them to forward it to New York. The report which did not reach me till some months later, stated, that the bark on analysis, was found to contain quinine, but not in sufficient quantities to make it pay the transport.

Late that night, the horses arrived, and next morning we started, anxious to make up for lost time; though our guides vehemently persisted it was extremely hazardous, continuing the journey until the rivers had subsided a little. But as by waiting, we should only get into a worse fix we made up our minds to hurry on at all risks. The first river we came to, we dismounted, and unsaddling the horses, tied them together with a long rope, and jumping into canoes pulled them across after us as we paddled, reaching the other side safely. Any assistance on their part, would have upset the canoes. The rain still came down in torrents, and the prospect on all sides was most dreary; the country in many places was under water, and we stood up to our knees in mud as we again saddled the horses. Nearly the whole of this miserable trip, we hardly ever enjoyed the luxury of dry clothes.

But we were determined to push on, and thought little of discomfort if we could only advance without unnecessary delay. A long, uninteresting ride brought us to another river, some thirty or forty yards wide. The slender bridge had been swept away, no canoes could be found, and there was no habitation of any sort for miles round. So there was nothing for it but to swim our horses over (not a pleasant thing to do by daylight, considering the swollen and turbid state of the river); but day had passed into night, and it was midnight when we halted to cross. The rain had ceased a short time previously, and the moon kindly deigned to give us the light of her countenance; otherwise we must have remained on the damp, sloppy bank till dawn, and would most likely have contracted chills and fevers.

Taking advantage of the moonlight, I gave my horse the spur, and he dashed forward, scrambling down the steep, slippery bank into the water. The guides behind me remonstrating, entreating, shrieking I should be lost and carried away by the current. He had gone in with such a plunge that he nearly unseated me, but I managed to hold on somehow, and keeping a firm hold, gave the plucky animal his head; and he struck out well till we reached the middle of the river, where the current was running very strong. Nobly did the poor beast swim, and try to stem the tide, but he was getting weaker at every stroke, and we were being rapidly carried down the river. Seeing the imminent danger we ran, and without waiting for reflection, I threw myself off the horse into the water, and with the bridle over my arm, swam a few yards with a powerful breast stroke (I had learnt when a boy on the shores of a northern clime) till I succeeded in grasping the branch of a gigantic tree, which overhung the river, and climbing into it I succeeded after a great deal of trouble, in dragging the struggling horse out of the water. He was so completely used up that he rolled over motionless, and I feared he was dead from my perch in the tree. Happily, a nearer inspection proved this was not the case. Forcing open his mouth, I poured a small quantity of aguadiente down his throat. Like his master, this very sensible animal liked and felt the good effects of "alcohol." He revived a little. Taking courage, I gave him a second dose, more convinced than ever that notwithstanding the veto of many celebrated men, deeply versed in medicines, there are times when spirits are absolutely necessary to restore vitality or failing energy, though I quite agree, there are also times when they are just as unnecessary. In this instance a little alcohol promptly administered, saved me a horse and perhaps a large sum of money, for the second dose had such a good effect, that the animal either surprised at the unusual taste, or very much approving of it, soon after struggled onto his legs to my great relief. All anxiety about my horse having subsided, I led him further up the river, opposite to the place we had taken the water, wishing to see how the others meant to get over.

The moon was now shining brightly, the clouds were clearing away, giving promise of a few hours fine weather, (more could not be counted on that time of the year) and I could see by its light, that they had gone a little higher up to a narrower part of the river, and were crossing led by Pancho; who floated like a cork on the water. They were all excellent swimmers, and came over in fine style, the horses following in single file, tied by a rope.

My faithful major-domo spoke to me very seriously about my foolhardiness in not listening to the guide's warning, for I had run my neck into danger in a way that might easily have been avoided. Where I crossed the river ran wide, deep and strong, but higher up it was forded without risk. The guides knew this well, and it was only my experience in swimming, which had saved me from being swept away. I can't think what made me do such a foolish thing, but the constant delays and hindrances seemed to make me all the more anxious to overcome obstacles, and I felt an unaccountable burning desire to find the wood which led me on and on, with a strong fascination.

We proceeded slowly, leading our tired horses across the prairies. The ground was very sloppy and marshy, but it was quite level, and we met with no obstructions. This was for us a lucky coincidence, for we were all terribly knocked up, and the horses would have given in if there had been any hills to climb or woods to struggle through. Several fine herds of deer, were seen feeding in the distance. They showed but little fear at our approach, and we passed them without a shot.

After a long, painful, labored march, our guides pointed out a few welcome straggling huts, which they said were the outskirts of a village.

It was then 4 a. m. we had been travelling ever since early the previous day without stopping, except to snatch a hasty meal, and to saddle and unsaddle the horses at the different rivers.

It was astonishing how our guides had managed to pilot us through the country, for we passed no houses, nor did we meet a soul on the way. Instinct must have led the men, for part of the time it was dark, with the intense blackness of a wet night in the tropics. How thankful we were to see those few miserable huts, for they promised us rest and shelter. My man had behaved admirably, they had never made a single complaint through that long, wet journey. Pancho had certainly well selected his followers. He had promised me before I left Minitilan, I should be satisfied, and I was more than satisfied. He was such a jolly little fellow as companion for a long inland journey; laughing himself at all difficulties, and joking the Indians at the different villages into good temper, making them give us what we wanted in spite of themselves. It was surprising to find so many good qualities in a Mexican. Former experience had led me to believe such a man did not exist in the country, I am glad to be able to say, here I was mistaken.

The pariah dogs, by their shrill barking, soon made our arrival known. Going up boldly to the most respectable looking hut in the village, we began coolly to unsaddle the poor tired beasts, and turning them loose in the fine fresh grass, we walked into the hut; a miserable hole, without window or fireplace. Pancho made the necessary arrangements, which he did with an air of mastery and imperturbable good nature, intensely clever and droll. He managed so well, that I left everything to him, even the payments; and I found him both just and honest. In this instance, he had a bath prepared for me by the natives who came crowding round, anxious to see the Englishman; adding to the water one quart of native brandy, a most excellent precaution to keep off the "tercianos," after long exposure.

The people would not be turned out, and refused to move, so I took my bath and dressed in public (by no means relishing the intrusion) under a scrutiny of large, black, fierce eyes, belonging alike to the gentler and nobler sex. Some daring spirits pressed near, and were beginning to poke at me much in the same way unwise people have been known to poke at unfortunate beasts imprisoned in our Zoological gardens. My roar of anger at being interfered with, though not quite so loud as nature's untamed animals, was quite as effective, for the crowd fell back to be alternately abused and chaffed by Pancho, while I hopped into clean, dry clothes, that luxury so little appreciated as one, by stay-at-home people.

A good supper that night, and rest the next day and night; then hot coffee and breakfast, and we were under way once more.

Such a road, in fact, no road; mud everywhere. The horses sank up to their girths, and the position was frightful; a very slough of despond and mud. By dint of pulling, and pushing, and screaming at the poor panting horses, in language which it would be quite impossible for me to reproduce here, we struggled on, avoiding the most dangerous places; and more through good luck than our own foresight, succeeded in reaching the nearest village. One of the horses did disappear in the black mud, but he was rescued from his perilous position, and sent back. But I saw nothing of the accident, being too much taken up, looking after the safety of my own nag.

The cure of this village was related to the Moldonados. He came forward politely, on our arrival, and claimed me as his guest, and tried to make our stay comfortable; but my bed was still the cold ground, and the fare was coarse and unpalatable. But hunger is a wonderful appetiser, and those unsavory Mexican dinners, will be remembered by me as the most enjoyable I ever eat; for we seldom rested to eat, until we were so hungry, I could have eaten anything.

Mine host was the usual specimen of a Mexican divine. He had just returned from prison, where he had spent four months, for getting up a revolution. He rather seemed to glory in his imprisonment, and from his remarks it was easy to see he thought the country would lose greatly, from not having accepted him as president.

I felt quite inclined to sympathize with him, for he gave me good news. He told me the dye wood forests of La Merced were endless, the distance not so very great, the difficulties to overcome by no means insurmountable, and he wished me every chance of success. He knew people who had seen the wood, and actually knew the man to whom this forest of La Merced belonged; and he gave me an introduction to him. I slept that night happy and contented; fortune almost within my grasp.

The distance to Tobasco was not great. The cure assisted us to procure canoes, and the horses were sent back; for we preferred to make the remainder of our journey by water, after all the discomforts we had endured by land.

Passengers rarely, if ever go by river, generally preferring to make the journey on muleback. We chose wisely, and enjoyed our last trip more than any other of our canoe experiences. The passage up the river takes eight hours, while the return trip generally takes a week. I have tried vainly to remember the name of this Indian village, but cannot recall it; the names were all so unpronounceable, that I paid little heed to them at the time. The men did not paddle on account of the strength of the current, but one stood in the bow the other at the stern, to keep us clear of logs or other obstructions; and we swept along at the rate of six miles an hour, through much the same scenery as I have already described, and reached Tobasco at 6 p. m.

Tobasco is a place numbering some fifteen thousand inhabitants; standing upon the Rio de Tobasco, about a hundred and twenty miles from the coast. The principal trade is carried on by Spaniards, who sell dry goods. They are the only foreigners who can manage to do any business, for the duties are so heavy; but it is said they make far more by smuggling, than by legitimate trade. There were several English houses at Tobasco formerly, who exported logwood to a large extent; but they are all closed up now, as they could not make it pay, the market price being too low.

The town is situated on the river, and vessels of a certain tonnage, can come up to the wharfs and discharge their cargoes. The crews suffer terribly from the mosquitoes; it is no common occurrence for half of the men to be laid up with fever, from the effects of their bites. People who have never been up the Mexican rivers, can form no idea what a curse they are in this part of the world. At Minititlan, they have even a worse pest. Small, grey insects called by the Yankees, sailors' yerkas. These little horrors which are nearly invisible, climb up your boot when you are out walking, and working through even thick woollen stockings, will find their way down to the foot and creep under the nails of the large toes, burying themselves in the flesh. No one can see or remove them but Indians, and they have some painless way of ejecting the obtruders, otherwise they would cause festers and sores, and give no end of trouble. Yerkas are generally found where pigs abound.

It was at Tobasco that Cortes first landed, and he was here obliged to take to his boats, to save his life, and the lives of his followers.

Several letters of introduction had been given to me, and I found the people very friendly. They questioned me very closely, as to what brought me to that part of the country; but I thought proper to keep my own counsel, and told no one we were going on in search of dyewood.

While at Tobasco, I accidentally made the acquaintance of a young English doctor. He was married and had three children. His wife and their little ones, had travelled on horseback all the way from Central America, to Tobasco; a wonderful undertaking. The lady was in delicate health when they began their journey, but after a few days her health improved, and she became quite strong. They all arrived at Tobasco in excellent health, after being on horseback upwards of seventy three days, passing through rough, mountainous, uninhabited country. The doctor had an excellent practice at Tobasco, and was tolerably well satisfied with his life; but his wife had no society, and he saw no prospect of educating his children properly, so he hoped in a couple of years he would have raised enough money to remove his family to the south of Europe.

While I was looking about me at Tobasco, you may be sure Pancho was not idle. He had unpacked our highly prized axes, and was delighted to find they had borne the journey well, and had not rusted. We had feared they would have been quite spoilt on account of the wet weather, but no water had penetrated; so they were again done up in artistic bundles, fastened by ropes and hides.

Our supplies when we left Minititlan had not been large, only sufficient till we reached Tobasco; but now it would be different, as we were obliged to take with us as much as we could possibly gather together and transport. All these necessary articles, food, clothing, a few creature comforts, and many etcs., were growing into large bundles, under worthy Pancho's watchful eye.

They were to be carried partly by mules, and partly by Indians, who in Mexico are looked upon as beasts of burden; being as useful as quadrupeds, perhaps more so.

Still it always struck me, as unnatural and painful to see men carrying heavy loads on their backs, fastened by leather straps round their heads and foreheads. Surely the formation of man, goes to prove he is intended to walk upright, and not turn himself into a walking triangle.

Appearances are certainly against their feeling any fatigue, or objecting to the bundles they carry, for they run along at the rate of six miles an hour, going incredible distances; and are never seen without a long pole in their right hand, which it is said greatly assists them.

We stayed a fortnight at Tobasco, and then the expedition once more moved on; this time, quite a respectable cavalcade. A crowd had gathered to see us start, and from their remarks and questions, it was easy to see they wondered much what we were after. Many conjectures were hazarded, but no one hit the truth. We passed over level, marshy ground, interspersed with rivers; but found them subsiding, as the rain had ceased for several days, and there was every prospect of fine weather. Canoes were in readiness at the different rivers, and we went over dry shod, thinking it a great luxury after former experiences.

Our guides on the second day leaving the plain, struck into a mountainous district; leading us by a narrow and dangerous bridle path, up the steep, thickly wooded sides of a large mountain. At every step the trees became thicker and thicker; the tangled growth of the briars more interwoven, till as we advanced, we were buried in the dense shadows of gloomy forests. The patient beasts and men, labored on with their heavy weights, seemingly little tired. It is surprising the stamina these poor, half starved Indians have, for they take but one meal in the day; a few heads of maize cooked over the camp fire, appears quite to satisfy them.

One thing about them I noticed particularly, they chew the leaves of the cocoa plant, nearly all the time they are on the march. Something must give them strength, for they hardly ever fail, and do their work well. Perhaps the leaves of this valuable plant contain some hidden virtue, unknown as yet to men of science.

By it also, they tell the time. A certain quantity is chewed, in a given number of miles; they thus mark out distances, and are most accurate in their reckonings.

The inhabitants of the mountainous districts we were passing through, bear a bad name. We kept a sharp look out for fear of surprises, and constantly made long detours, to avoid villages. One village of more than usual bad notoriety, we were nearing one day towards evenfall. Pancho thought it would be most unwise to go on, and suggested our camping out, passing through early next morning. The evening was fine and fresh, and I hailed with delight the idea of sleeping out, instead of being mewed up in a dirty shanty. Insect life is not nearly so troublesome in the higher altitudes, those plagues abounding in the fever stricken valleys, marshes, and plains, near water. So we had nothing to fear or disturb our rest; no vermin, no cut throat rascals. Just behind us, a ledge projected, overhanging a precipice, partially studded with trees, the very place to form a camp for the night; it was admirably suited for the purpose. We had struck a by path, and were off the main track for of course there was nothing that could be likened to a road. So there was no fear of intrusion or surprise.

The mules' saddles were removed, and they were tethered at a distance. The Indians shed their bundles, and soon enough wood was collected to make a large fire. The flames leapt and danced into life, as the fire crackled and blazed, pouring a flood of light on the surrounding scene.

Food, made necessary by hunger, is one of the first laws of nature; so one of the strange looking bundles had been unpacked to provide us with supper. Pancho, whom experience had taught to be a good cook, for he was an old camper out, was on his knees before the fire toasting tortillas. It seemed so easy, that I offered to lend him a hand, but soon repented. Pancho might and did find it easy to toast the said tortillas, but I found it impossible; and the surrounding forests rang with the Mexican's laughter, as he watched my anxious endeavors. They would not balance right on the fork, but persisted in falling into the fire, and I burnt my fingers so sharply in trying to rescue one of the restless cakes, that I dropped it again into the fire with an impolite expletive, and sat ruthful looking on while the flames devoured it for me.

On the next attempt I singed my beard, which had grown to patriarchal dimensions since I left Vera Cruz; and ashamed of my want of success, I devoured the nasty thing as it was, both sodden and cold, declaring it was the best I had ever eaten, which remark I beg here to deny; but it was then swallowed without a grimace, while Pancho's fat sides shook with the laughter he could not repress.

Meanwhile, the Indians had fished out one of their saucepans, and were cooking their supper, which consisted of beans fried in grease. The culinary smell was most disenchanting, but they thoroughly enjoyed what would have turned the strongest white man's stomach, and lay down afterwards perfectly contented, to sleep the sleep of the just. I watched them as I sat on a log near by, enjoying my pipe, and the surroundings of the strange scene.

The bonfire burnt brightly, throwing its fantastic lights and shadows on the sharp, bronze faces, and long lank hair of the sleeping men, who lay down as close to it as they well could; glad of the warmth, for they were scantily clothed in cotton suits, and the night had turned chilly.

Beyond, lay the forest, impenetrable, unfathomable. Wild beasts might roam through the dense shades, snakes might glide through the tangled dank grass, but man's foot would never tread those vast solitudes. Close to me lay the brink of the precipice. Throwing a stone, I could hear it as it fell, bounding from ledge to ledge, carrying earth and debris with it in its downward flight; while the echoes woke up the distant woods, which gave back the sound till it had faintly died away, and all was still again with the awful stillness of a mysterious mighty nature, revealing itself to the soul of a man wandered far away from the busy haunts of men.

None but the wildest Indians lived in these regions, but the earth is fair to all men alike. The same glorious sun shines down on all the children of the great Father. The same lovely moon illumines the whole earth, whose silvery rays now flooded the majestic mountains, densely clad in their robes of shimmering green, by the growth of the huge, wide-spreading mahogany trees; who, stretching from the base far up the sides, till they crowned the summits, lifted their grand old heads to the star lit sky; bathed in the dreary, misty light of the mystic moon.

Long did I gaze on the scene before me; spell-bound, enthralled; the sense of an unseen presence seemed around me, about me, everywhere. The solemnity of nature, the very solitude lent a charm of the deepest rapture, that words are unable to express. The great Father said "the world was very good" when he made it for his children; it is only man's folly that makes it otherwise. Retribution follows sin, entailing its own misery; the natural consequence of evil doing and wrong falls on man's head, causing sorrow and suffering, ending in woe and despair. Then man, in his impotent blindness, turns and reviles, nay, even denies the good Father, forgetting that he is himself, the greatest of all his works. Let the atheist leave his large towns and travel awhile amongst nature, he would doubtless return a wiser if not a better man.

With a mental sigh, I recalled my thoughts from the spiritual world to earth. The night was already far advanced, and we were to start at daybreak. Throwing a few branches on our smouldering fire, I lay down wrapped in my Spanish cloak, and was soon asleep. The men were stirring at dawn. The noise they made getting everything ready awoke me. My long vigil of the night before had made me sleepy, and—shall I say?—cross. Pancho's hot coffee and cakes, were certainly welcome, but I should like to have turned over and forgotten life, dreams, and travels in another hour's unbroken rest.

The camp was breaking up, and the noise that had awoke me, was caused by the mules those most obstinate and perverse of animals, who were objecting to being saddled, and were lashing out viciously with their hind legs, to the great danger of their own kind, or the legs and limbs of those who couldn't get out of their way expeditiously.

Some of the men in true Mexican fashion, were tugging at their bridles, shrieking and screaming at the infuriated beasts, raining down blows anywhere irrespectively, on heads and tails, and backs alike. Older and wiser mules were allowing themselves to be saddled and roped, in a resigned and hopeless manner, a protest in itself; perhaps at the last moment to send everything flying, just as the men were congratulating themselves all was safely finished.

Pancho hopped hither and thither, gesticulating and abusing, his shrill voice easily heard above the deep, guttural, melancholy tones of the Indians, who were slipping into their bundles much in the same way we put on our great coats, as if they rather enjoyed the weight than otherwise.

Everything looked dull and gloomy in the uncertain light of peep of day; rosy aurora had not yet emerged fresh from her morning bath, and would be invisible to us long after she had shown her smiling face to gladden the gay world. The forest stretched on all sides like heavy palls, as if nature had suddenly jumped into mourning; and the yawning chasm at our feet, might be likened to Dante's Inferno, so wide, so impenetrably dark, so engulfing did it look in the dim light, shadowed by our smouldering fire. I was quite glad to get up and move farther off. How at variance are our thoughts when waking, to those we have indulged in the previous night; sleep dispels many illusions. Is that the reason why older people so often say to the younger and more impatient branch of the human family "sleep on it, my dear, sleep on it before you decide." If, in many instances, we had only slept before we decided on any particular line of conduct taking us into the dim unknown future, how very differently the map of our life might have been traced to many of us, perhaps both here and for eternity.

Before us lay the village of bad repute, hidden only by a turn in the mountain. Travellers had only very lately been murdered there, and as you can imagine neither Pancho nor I felt inclined to leave our bones in that particular village or valley. The evening before when discussing the subject, we had decided to have recourse to strategy, (discretion being the better part of valor) and Pancho insisted on my wearing a soldier's cap, which he had brought with him from Tobasco for the purpose.

The guide led the way and we followed in single file, keeping a sharp look out, apparently deeply interested in the village and its inhabitants. When we reached the groups of small, lithe, hatchet-faced, red-skinned Indians, he bowed most politely, and requested them in a deep, guttural voice, to make way for "Sez Excellensia el General Ramirez." I could hardly help laughing, but tried to look as dignified and haughty as a Mexican general should, under such circumstances. Being naturally very dark, and much burnt by the sun, it was quite possible those untravelled Indians might mistake me for a distinguished Mexican. Whether they did or not, it is impossible to say, but the ruse succeeded, and the men made way with sullen averted looks, as we passed up the long street, and had left the last hut but a few yards behind, when a heavy club came flying after us through the air, and caught my affrighted steed, giving him a blow on the haunches. The bound he gave, displaced my poncho, causing the fingers of my left hand to close involuntarily on the trigger of my revolver, which went off. Happily, for the guide and myself, the weapon was not displaced, but remained muzzle upwards, or this story might never have been written.

The mule, not being accustomed to firearms, scampered some little distance up the steep incline of a mountain rising in the opposite direction from that we had descended. The village lay in a hollow, a dip as it were between two mountains.

Pancho and the men soon overtook me, reporting that no one had attempted to follow us; they believed the club had been thrown by some rascal out of bravado. But it was hardly a polite dismissal for a general to receive when leaving a village, on his travels through the country.

The next few day's journey led us over first one mountain then another, the scenery continuing much the same, without any variety; and still mountain after mountain barred our passage, till it really seemed as though we were lost in a labyrinth of tall, toppling mountains, and stately forests.

Tired and angry, and half inclined to disclaim against this freak of nature's, I was very thankful when we at last sighted the small village of "Los Trez Cruzes;" so named from Cortes and his followers having erected three crosses there, to commemorate their passage.

The inhabitants were reported by Pancho and the guide, to be peaceably inclined folk, and we stayed the night, going off early next morning to visit the ancient city of Palenque, taking only a couple of men with us, leaving the others behind to get a good rest. Palenque lay to our right about twenty or thirty miles distant, and I was most anxious to see the remarkable ruins, which are supposed to have belonged to an era before the Azecs and Montezuma.

Riding through the forests of Chiapa and Yucatan, we descended into the plain, containing the city of the dead, as the daylight was waning, and drew up at the "rancho" of a German gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was at home, and delighted to see us; few, if any travellers passed that way, and I was the first white caller he had had, since he settled in Yucatan. He asked us to spend the night under his roof, and we were very glad to accept his kind offer. We chatted for a long time over our different experiences, and he gave me an interesting account of his life and what had brought him to Mexico.

Officers of distinction occasionally travelled through the country, sent by Government on some errand or other, political or military; and he felt sure the Indians dare not interfere with us if they understood I was a general, travelling under Government protection. I had chaffed Pancho a good deal about his nervousness, and the dread he evinced of these particular Indians, but seeing he was really in earnest, I put on the cap with a feeling of increased dignity. Both of us warried a couple of revolvers, and wrapping our ponchos round us, set off at a swinging pace, hoping to pass the village early without attracting much attention.

Not being a Catholic, I did not keep an inventory of all the saint's days, but really Pancho ought to have known better, for he belonged to the olden faith, and claimed some patron saint as a sort of godfather, which should have made him acquainted with the birthdays of the whole tribe. His memory must have forsaken him, for this day belonged to some saint of great notoriety, and was a general holiday or feast day, to all the country side.

Thus it happened that the one narrow street this village boasted, was already crowded with people, as we defiled down the steep sides of the mountain; still worse, we were objects of curiosity, and our progress was watched with interest.

We had previously agreed to show a most polite and friendly cordiality towards these half-bred savages (they were no better) and to keep our firearms well hidden out of sight, though handy.

Coffee was a speculation he believed in, and he had gone largely into it, planting several acres of coffee. Four years must elapse before he could get any return, but he hoped after a time to be amply repaid for his trouble and exile, and then he intended returning to his native land, to wed a patient maiden, who had promised to wait all these weary years, having based her hopes like his, on coffee.

That their wishes may be happily fulfilled, was the wish of the wanderer, who was so hospitably welcomed and entertained by the kind old German.

In one respect it struck me he was wiser than his compeers. He had won a promise from his ladylove, and had not gone away as many of the nobler sex have been known to do, quite expecting that his chosen one was aware of his intentions without any "explanations," and would await his return; when perhaps after waiting many years in uncertainty, the unfortunate girl would marry the wrong man after all, and find out her mistake too late. Not but that sometimes Mr. Wrong does not turn out Mr. Right, after all.

After a good night's rest, I set to work with great zest to examine the ruins next morning, which my host told me had an antiquity of thousands of years. Prescott gives the following account of Palenque; the most accurate and eloquent description, man's pen will ever give of this remarkable city.

"In the midst of these lonely regions, we meet with the ruins recently discovered, of several ancient cities Mitla, Palenque, and Itzalana or Uxmal; which argue a higher civilisation than anything yet found on the American continent; and, although it was not the Mexicans who built these cities, yet as they are probably the work of cognate races, the present inquiry would be incomplete, without some attempt to ascertain what light they can throw on the origin of the Indian, and consequently of the Aztec civilisation.

"There is indeed some analogy both to the Egyptian and the Asiatic style of architecture in the pyramidal terrace-formed bases on which the buildings repose; resembling also the Toltec and Mexican teocalli. The walls are covered with figures and hieroglyphics, designed perhaps to record the laws and historical annals of the nation. These figures as well as the buildings themselves, are found to have been stained with various dyes, principally vermilion. The Palenque artists were equally awkward in representing the various attitudes of the body, which they delineated also in profile. But the parts are executed with much correctness, and sometimes gracefully; the costume is rich and various, and the ornamental head-dress typical, perhaps like the Aztec of the name and condition of the party. The countenance is various and often expressive: the contour of the head is indeed most extraordinary, describing almost a semi-circle from the forehead to the tip of the nose, and contracted towards the crown; whether from artificial pressure practised by many of the aborigines, or from some preposterous notion of ideal beauty.

"The Palenque writing shows an advanced stage of the art, and, though somewhat clumsy, intimates by the conventional and arbitrary forms of the hieroglyphics, that it was symbolical and perhaps phonetic, in its character. That its mysterious import is ever to be deciphered is scarcely to be expected. The language of the race who employed it, the race itself is unknown.

"It is impossible to contemplate these mysterious monuments of a lost civilization, without a strong feeling of curiosity as to who were their architects, and what is their probable age. The data on which to rest our conjectures of their age, is not very substantial. There are however undoubted proofs of considerable age to be found there. Trees have sprung up in the midst of the buildings, which measure it is said, more than nine feet in diameter. A still more striking fact is the accumulation of vegetable mould in one of the courts, to the depth of nine feet above the pavement. This in our latitude would be decisive of a very great antiquity; but in the rich soil of Yucatan, and under the ardent sun of the tropics, vegetation bursts forth with irrepressible exuberance, and generations of plants succeed each other without intermission, leaving an accumulation of deposits, that would have perished under a northern winter.

"Another evidence of their age, is afforded by the circumstance that in one of the courts of Uxmal, the granite pavement on which the figures of tortoises were raised in relief, is worn nearly smooth by the feet of the crowds who have passed over it; a curious fact, suggesting inferences both in regard to the age and the population of the place."

A few works of art have been found in the neighborhood, of earth and marble, but most hideous in design though some few were beautiful. No iron or tools have been discovered, proving that the implements used were of polished granite; but red copper chisels and axes, were picked up at Mitla.

My German friend was well up in the lore of the curious old ruins, and he pointed everything of interest out to me, and then left me to wander about alone, amongst these relics of bygone days.

The solitude of nature is refreshing and invigorating; you feel the presence of a supreme Being, and see his handy work in the beauties of nature unfolded before you, redolent with life.

Not so with the solitude of a city deserted by man; his very works call for his presence; the loss of sound is oppressive. You see the littleness of man's power, when you gaze on the architecture designed by him, raised into being by his will, yet from which he is banished. The roads still left over which he walked filled with hopes and fears, happiness or disappointment, now silent as the grave; life seems extinct. The quaint houses, showing a strangeness, a piquancy of design long since died away, never to be revived, echo forth no sound. The court yards and queer shaped gardens which once blossomed in beauty, and gladdened the soul with their fragrance—listened to the young lives who poured forth their passionate hopes to willing ears and lovely forms, and to the happy sound of little children at play are now a tangled mass of luxuriant weeds and grass hiding the mouldy earth which has gathered beneath the growth of centuries.

What manner of people can these have been that disappeared so entirely, leaving no trace for after ages to decide who they were, whence they came, and how they departed? Are these the remains of an ancient Aztec race? The same ruins were standing deserted when the country was conquered by the Spaniards, and they have left no clue by which this mystery can be solved.

To ordinary and everyday minds, the contemplation of such a picture is painful; not so to the antiquary, whose mind is stored with treasures of the past, to whom every building has its story, every stone its meaning. To such men I must leave Palenque; they are the only persons fit to explore and describe its hidden treasures; travellers who know the East and are well versed in Oriental manuscript and architecture—it is possible such men may yet throw light, on much that seems now unreadable.

What struck me most was the deep vermilion coloring of the walls; and the question arose to my lips did the "Palo Tinto" grow in Mexico in those remote periods, and was its use known to the inhabitants of Palenque? Nobody of course ever would know now, and as I had no one to argue the question out with me, failing companionship, I had to reason it out alone, unaided. Cochineal might have given that coloring if the dye had been known and used by these ancients, but there was no proof that it could have been procured near Palenque. Cochineal feeds on the leaves of the cactus plant, and I never could discover any cactus in that part of the country. It was not indigenous to the soil, so I concluded it must have been my dyewoods that had furnished the coloring.*

NOTE.—Since writing the above, I have learnt that Palenque was visited and explored so long ago as 1841, by men of science; but their researches threw no material light on these ancient ruins, as to their origin, or by whom they were peopled.

Next day we returned to "Los Trez Cruzes." Our destination was not far off, and a couple of days brought us within view of a "rancho" which lay close to La Merced, the large forest I had so long been in search of.

The house stood on the top of an almost perpendicular mountain, and the ascent was neither easy nor pleasant; night had overtaken us before we struggled to the top. At the foot of the mountain on the other side, lay my prize. I could not see the forest for the night was dark and the moon not yet risen. So we sang out to the inmates of the house, and they came out with torches to light us, as we unsaddled the horses, and turned them loose to find their own fodder. Mine host then took us into his house, which proved to be quite a mansion for those regions, and we supped regally on roast kid and bananas, washed down with aguadiente.

The family were Mexican, but decidedly superior. It consisted of the father, mother, three blooming daughters and two hopefuls, a very cheerful party for a stranger to come upon unawares. They all spoke Spanish, which was a most happy circumstance. They had never seen a foreigner before, and were very curious to know what had brought me there. One and all declared it would be impossible for me to get the wood cut, it was both tough and hard.

This was not very encouraging, but they had not yet seen my axes, and I paid little heed to what they said, as I well knew such tools as I had brought with me, had never yet been seen in the country.

They also told me I should never be able to live in the valley, for the climate was so deadly, none but the Indians escaped the fever; Mexicans even took it, and had to come up and live on the mountain, to keep in health. But I told them after all I had gone through, I thought I must be proof against climate; besides, we were well supplied with quinine, and I was determined to carry the thing through.

So they shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, with a look of incredulity; seeing it was useless to argue any further with a man, who was resolved "to gang his ain gate."

Tired as I was, I slept but little that night. The first streak of dawn found me on my legs hastily slipping into clothes; and I ran out eager to inspect the forest of "Palo Tinto," which to my excited imagination, promised so much in the future. There it lay before me stretching over an area of ten miles, hemmed in by mountains, whose sides were dotted by the trees; but they were of a smaller kind, and not so valuable as the trees which filled the valley where our labor was to be expended. I had been promised £40 a ton, by two brothers Amadios at Tobasco, for this valuable wood. No wonder that the the sight of those small, stunted, crooked trees, almost dazzled my eyes, for a mine of wealth lay before me, at my feet. Nothing was wanting now but health and strength to combat the climate, and Indians to cut the wood; and then I should acquire such a fortune as it falls to the lot of but few men to enjoy.

Money means so much, it can give friends, and ease, and comfort; sport and pleasure. The man without it in these days, is nowhere; the world frowns on poverty; the best woman and wife is apt to become soured, when she sees so many fortunate ones enjoying what she is denied. So that if I married, the trees promised me that my wife would be always good tempered, with plenty of fine dresses, and all that the fair sex dote on, to make her happy.

THE FACTS ABOUT DICKENS' MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

A London correspondent of the Auburn *Advertiser* writes, "It will be gratifying to thousands of Dicken's admirers in America, to know that the wife of Dickens, and her sister, Miss Hogarth, are reconciled united in compiling a memoir of the novelist. In an interview one evening wit George Cruikshank last December, at his residence in Hamstead, he told my that the difference between Dickens and his wife grew out of her frequent criticisms, and what he thought intermeddling with his exclusive creations until he insisted upon their living apart in the same house at Gad's Hill. This she declined to do, and at once took up her residence with Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank. His eldest son, siding with his mother, left also at the same time. Mr. Cruikshank added, 'There was no scandal otherwise connected with the matter.' Perhaps, in fairness, it ought to be said that about this time Dickens had disagreed with his publishers, Bradbury & Evans, about 'Household Words,' and parted company; and that Charles Dickens, jr., had married a daughter of Evans. This may have had an influence with the young man going with his mother."

—A raid was recently made on the house of Mr. Blake, in the County Galway, Ireland, and it was completely looted and sacked. The alleged offence on Mr. Blake's part, was having married an interesting young widow whose first husband died under suspicious circumstances. A jury of her countrymen had, however, acquitted this young widow of the foul charge.

BALEFUL PLANETS.

Four of Them to Make Joint Assault on Human Life—Great News for the Doctors.

If there is anything in "astrological criology," we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods of the earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune—have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that have ever afflicted the human race to the perihelia of these planets, there will soon be "lively times for the doctors." The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest to the sun the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged droughts, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops, and pestilence among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion data have always been marked by unusual mortality, and that sickness and death have invariably corresponded with the planets in perihelion at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter round the sun is accomplished in a little less than twelve years; of Saturn in a little less than thirty years; of Uranus in about eighty-four years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelia of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life, pestilential periods should occur once in dozen years; and aggravated and still more wide spread epidemics at longer intervals. In tracing the history of epidemics for more than two thousand years, Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus in the sixth, and again in the sixteenth centuries, three of these planets were coincident in perihelion, and those were the most pestilential times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first time in 2,000 years, all four of these planets against us. They will be at their nearest approach to the sun in or soon after 1880, so that for a few years, say from 1880 to 1884, the vitality of every living thing, will be put to a severe and trying ordeal. Some persons think they see in the signs of the times evidences of the great disasters in the immediate future. The excessive heat, the unexampled cold, the prevalence of flood and disasters at sea, the general failure of the potato crop, the widespread chili-fever among human beings, and the equal presence of the epizootic among animals, are mentioned as among the premonitions of the rapidly approaching perihelion.

Well "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." Accidents excepted we know very well that the persons with more vigorous constitutions and more hygienic habits will have the better chance to survive whatever adverse influences the extraordinary perihelia will occasion. It is well known to physicians that in all pestilences, plague, typhus, small-pox, cholera, murrain, etc., the intemperate, the dissipated, and those whose sanitary conditions were bad furnished the victims.

We do not write to alarm anyone, nor to make a sensation. We state the facts which all history attests. Readers can judge for themselves what importance to attach to the subject. That the conjoint perihelion of all large planets of the solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is 1,000 times as large as the earth, must disturb our atmosphere and temperature very considerably is probable; that this disturbance must be injurious to health and life is certain; and that these periods have heretofore been pestilential, is a matter of record. How much we shall suffer during the next dozen or fifteen years depends very much upon how nearly we live a life in accordance with the laws of health.—*Science of Health.*

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS

The Proposed Act Regarding the Profession in Ontario.

It was announced a few days ago that Messrs. Furlong & Steele, barristers, of the city of Hamilton, had been commissioned to prepare the draft of a proposed bill "respecting the profession of Land Surveyors in the Province of Ontario." The bill is now before us. It is entitled "The Land Surveyors' Act, 1879." It contains a great many provisions of importance. Amongst these are:—

That no person shall act as Surveyor of lands in the Province, unless he is duly authorized, as provided by the Act.

That a Council, which shall be styled "The Council of the Association of Provincial Land Surveyors," shall be established, to hold office for three years.

That the Commissioner of Crown Lands of Ontario, and every person who has held that office heretofore, either in Ontario, or the Province of Canada, the Minister of Interior, and every person who has been at the head of that department, shall be *ex-officio* members of the Council.

That the members of the Board of Examiners, appointed under and by virtue of Cap. 146, R. S. Ontario, shall be members of the Council for and during the first term of three years after this Act shall take effect, but shall be eligible for election to any subsequent Council.

That exclusive of *ex-officio* members and members of the present Board of Examiners, the Council shall be twelve in number, to be elected as hereinafter provided.

Provision is made for the creation of the Council, which is fixed to take place on the second Wednesday of April in each year. Each Surveyor, on payment of $5 shall be allowed to vote at the election of examiners. The Council are given power to provide rules for the improvement in the education of persons desiring admission as Provincial Land Surveyors, and may impose fees and prescribe rules for the governance of apprentices, and for their conditional examinations. The Council will also have power to establish a tariff of fees to be taken by Provincial Land Surveyors, and make all necessary rules and regulations for curriculum of studies. The Council may suspend or cancel the certificate of any Provincial Land Surveyor convicted of unprofessional conduct. Provision is further made for the admission as Provincial Land Surveyors of Surveyors, duly licensed by the Dominion or any of the Provinces thereof, graduates of the Military College at Kingston, Land Surveyors of the United Kingdom, any British colony or dependency, or of any foreign state or county. No person who has not been admitted as a Provincial Land Surveyor, or who has not paid the annual sum of $5 to the Secretary of the board of Examiners, as provided by the Act, shall be entitled to recover in any Court of Equity his fees as Provincial Land Surveyor, and shall not be entitled to any of the priviliges conferred under the provisions of this Act.

Any person not admitted as Provincial Land Surveyor, acting as such without having first paid the fees imposed under this Act, shall, on conviction before a J. P., pay a penalty for every such offence of $100 and costs, which shall be paid to the Council for the uses of the Association. Any person falsely pretending to be a Provincial Land Surveyor, shall, on conviction, pay a fine of $50 and costs.

No person shall be appointed to any position, or be employed as a Land Surveyor in any branch of the public service of this Province, or in any railway or other public work, or by any municipality or public institution, unless and until he has complied with the provisions of this Act.

Sections numbered from one to twenty-five of the Act respecting Land Surveyors and the Survey of Lands, Cap. 146 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and all other Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act, are hereby repealed.

The Act will be promoted as a Public Act at the next session of the Local Legislature, and will likely pass with but few amendments.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR IN ITALY

A book on the condition of the lower classes in Italy has been published at Neuchatel by Prof. Cantu, a personal friend of Mazzini and a companion in arms of Garibaldi. The writer says that in Northern and Southern Italy the agricultural laborer has to work very hard, is ill-fed, and is worse paid. Prof. Villari, in his "Southern Letters" in the *Opinione*, showed last year that the day laborers in Apulia work fourteen hours a day for 36 cents, and the ex-Minister Jacini states that in the vicinity of Milan the "laborers are worse treated than dogs. We see here the greatest possible fertility in the soil combined with the greatest misery in its cultivators." M. Cardani, Director of the Lombardian Institute for the Improvement of Agriculture, says that "in Lombardy the peasant is in the poorest and most wretched of all laborers. He has no direct relations with the landowner, who farms out his estates. * * * His food is lamentably bad, and he scarcely ever tastes meat or wine. The ordinary wages of a father of a family are under 8 cents a day; the women at 35 look 60, and people die young in this world of misery."

—Tilden is actively engaged with the aid of Speaker Randall and W. L. Scott of Erie, in attempting to secure Pennsylvania in the interest of his nomination in 1880.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—A loan woman—One who has money out at interest.

—It is superfluous to tell a toper to "pull in his horns."

—How to make a noise in the world—Strike for a blacksmith.

—The Egyptian Pyramids may be classed under the head of "old mades."

—An instance of natural selection: The monkey married the baboon's sister.

—"The last of his race," said the man when his horse fell dead upon the track.

—Save your money. The time for buying nonsensical presents rapidly approaches.

—London *Truth* says that public opinion is formed by people between forty and fifty years of age.

The tender stipulation about taking the money at the door ought to capture any "female curiosity's" heart.

—Mr. Clinton James, of Washington, a very young man, has eloped with Mrs. Henry Stadon and her six daughters.

—A massive gold chain was found in a collection at St. Andrew's Church, Liverpool, for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphanage.

—The Glasgow policeman who arrested Mr. Lewis Potter, one of the City of Glasgow Bank directors, had once been his footman.

—The stagnation of the English iron trade causes the consumption of coal to be very small in England compared to what it was.

—Hail Scottish Chief! that on bare legs dost come
To make the snows of Canada thy ham,
And thou Louise, Princess duchess, hail!
—S——— of M., in N. Y. Chr. Ad.

—Windsor Castle is being made ready for the marriage of the Duke of Connaught which will take place about the middle of February.

—The Parisian Gas Company had a monopoly till 1909, but unhappily its charter only speaks of lighting by gas, which electricity is not.

—"The Pilgrim's Progress to Rome in 1377," is the subject of the lecture to be delivered in St. Mary's cathedral on Wednesday evening next.

—Why is it that when, by mistake, a lady gets into a smoking car, she has to turn up her nose and talk so much while she is trying to escape to another car?

—A violinist at Hadlome, Conn., said that the daughters of Captain Ezra Blake had large feet. They cowhided him. He proposes to sue them for assault.

—Gambetta having viewed with surprise the great perfection attained by rifle shooting societies in Switzerland, is seeking to form a number in France, and urges a thorough rifle practice upon the army.

—A Western paper apologizes thus: In place of "Mayor N. was tight last evening beyond a doubt," please read "Mayor N. was right," etc. The compositor that did the mischief has been asked to remove himself.

—The *Illustrated News*, in its "Wills and Bequests" information, says the late Mr. Edward Jones, of Port Hope, Ontario, Canada, has left a legacy of $3,000 to the National Lifeboat Institution of England.

—A timid Brantford man has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," he says to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," she says to him, "help the fence."

—A Devonshire magistrate named Webber was recently fined £20 for an aggravated assault on his daughter, with the alternative of imprisonment. He paid the money, remarking: "I should be happier in jail than at home with her."

—An honest Hibernian, trundling a handcart containing all his movables, was accosted by a friend with: "Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see." "Faith I am," replied he. "The times are so hard it's a dale cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rints."

—The *Electrician* hears that M. Jablochkoff, far from being satisfied with the electric candle bearing his name, is still pursuing an elaborate series of investigations for the purpose of obtaining a still more suitable means of producing the light.

—The short time movements on the Clyde has commenced in the works of Messrs. John Elder & Co. The hours are to be 45 instead of 51, which means a loss of 3s. per week to the men, and besides this some 800 men are to be dismissed from the employment of the firm.

—Said a mother to her little son: "There! Your toes are out of your stockings again. Seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said: "Do you know why stockings wear out first in the toes?" "No." "Because toes wiggle and heels don't."

—Rusty stovepipe may be made to look nearly as good as new by simply rubbing it over with a bit of cloth moistened with sweet-oil. By coating the entire pipe, joints which are unlike in appearance will be made uniform and display a nice lustre.

—A workman in a Troy mill was guiding a red-hot rod of iron between two rollers. He stumbled forward, and the rod entered his mouth, passed out through his cheek, and coiled round and round his body. He was frightfully burned, yet will recover.

—The Illustrated London Almanack for 1879 shows that the net Conservative majority in Parliament, which was 50 in 1874, is now 44. In England they have lost three and in Wales two seats; but in Scotland they have gained one and in Ireland two.

—A new map of Cyprus, published by one of the most eminent of British geographers, says that the average temperature of the island is 52.8 degrees centigrade in February and 82 in August; in other words, the winter temperature averages 126½ degrees Fahrenheit and the summer over 179½!

—England, South Australia, Canada, the Cape, India, Jamaica, New South Wales, Victoria, and other States have presented to the French Government the whole of a large portion of their ethnographic and pedagogic exhibits, which will accordingly enrich the proposed ethnographic museum in Paris.

—Mr. Johnstone, the late proprietor of the *Standard*, has recognized the hearty cooperation and assistance he received for so many years from Mr. Mudford, the editor of the paper, by appointing him his principal executor, and giving him the position of editor of the paper for such time as he thinks well to retain it.

—The captain, mate and boatswain of the barque Maggie Dickson have been sentenced, at the Devon Assize, the first to one years' imprisonment, and the others to five years' penal servitude, for brutal treatment of an apprentice, who, having been forced to go aloft in an unfit condition, fell overboard and was drowned.

—A terrible fatality is reported from Sittingbourne in Kent. Two boys named Day were quarrelling, and their mother, in momentary irritation, threw a knife, with which she was cutting some butter, at them. The knife struck one of the boys in the temple, penetrating the brain. He died shortly after at the infirmary.

—The commissioners appointed to sell the lands of the disendowed Church of Ireland are advertising for sale small properties in various counties, ranging from a rental of $30 a year to 12,000. Many are bought by tenants who are offered the chance. It is hoped the sale of these lands will considerably increase the number of small owners.

—"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Galt the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife." "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

—"I believe this plague has made a Universalist of me. I have seen men in a moment rise from the depths of degradation and wickedness to Christ-like sublimity in devotion and sacrifice, and the most polluted of my own sex suddenly changed into angels of love and mercy. Thus God teaches us to scorn none of his creatures."—*Letter from a Memphis lady.*

—The following advertisement appears in a San Francisco paper:

Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassian, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and devoted husband, would travel during the summer months and allow him to take the money at the door.

—London *World*:—In the old days one used to pay a visit of condolence to the victim of conjugal perfidy and find him in a state of raving lunacy. Nowadays—well, nowadays the victim will not admit that such a thing as conjugal perfidy exists, and if you accidentally drop a sympathetic remark he resents it as an insult or smilingly deplores "the haste of the world to draw cruel and untrue inferences."

—The Memphis telegraphers stood by one another and died at their posts like heroes during the weeks of plague. Out of twenty-five men employed in the service eleven died, nine recovered and five escaped; but inasmuch as there were several newcomers, only one man has had the good fortune to hold his ground from first to last. This man was Putnam, and many a long night while the fever was raging he was the only man in the operating room. The manager, the operators and the clerks went down one after another until he was the only man left to cope with the enormous press of business.

—The last survivor of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt died a fortnight ago at the Invalids. Veteran Darrey, who was nearly a hundred years old, was fond of relating how he was on duty in Egypt on the day the murderer of Kleber was executed. Kleber was assassinated at Cairo in June, 1800, by a fanatic named Soleyman, who, after having been condemned to death, had his right hand burned off, and was then impaled. Tortured by thirst, he called for something to drink, and Darrey, touched with compassion, gave him a glass of water. Darrey had been for more than half a century at the Invalids, which now contains very few old soldiers.

—A London thief arrested for stealing birds proved a satisfactory alibi by showing that he was serving a sentence in jail for another offense at the time. The Court refused him compensation for the two days during which he was locked up awaiting trial. On the same day a boatman who had rescued a girl from drowning asked for his expenses for loss of time. The magistrate said there was no fund available, when the waterman observed that if she had been drowned he would have received 5s. 6. for finding the dead body. The Justice said if she was worth 5s. 6d. dead she was worth a good deal more alive, and ordered his expenses to be paid out of the poor-box.

—The survivors of the Six Hundred who rode in the famous charge dined together at the Alexandra Palace on the anniversary of the charge. No public announcement was made for the dinner. The chair was taken by Mr. Loy Smith (late Sergeant-Major Eleventh Hussars), and upward of eighty survivors—including representatives of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons and the Seventeenth Lancers—sat down. Speeches were made, and the memory of Lord Cardigan was drunk in solemn silence. It was announced that the survivors will meet every forthcoming anniversary at the Alexandra Palace.

—A writer in the Leeds *Mercury*, describing the Manchester Saturday half-holiday, one of the established observances of Cottonopolis, says:—"When one o'clock strikes pens are taken from behind ears, yard-measures are thrown aside, and customers left unattended. The half-holiday system, first brought into an institution there, flourishes in all its pristine vigour, and it may be doubted whether the biggest foreign buyer presenting himself at the doors of a warehouse after the above hour on the last day of the week, even in these days of keen competition, would find anybody to wait upon him. All warehouses are deserted and locked up."

—An English girl has been threatened with "the kisses of death." She lives in ancient Chester and has had a lover named Joseph Coleciough, who represented he was the son of a London tradesman when he was in reality only a bugler in the Cheshire Militia. When she found out that he had been deceiving her she snubbed and dismissed him. A few days afterwards she received a letter black with mourning emblems. On a sheet of note paper was clumsily drawn a coffin, and beneath it was printed in large letters, "Prepare." The sheet further contained obscene language, and threats that she had not long to live, and six crosses with the words, "The kisses of death." From investigation it appeared that Evans, another bugler, wrote the letter at the barracks at Colecleugh's dictation.

—An ex-maid of honor to the Empress of Germany, better known as the Countess of Schlewitz than by her present designation, has been endowed by nature with a glorious head of hair. At a recent part at the Court of Hanover the conversation turned on false hair, which everybody decried, and this lady, imagining that these remarks were pointed at her, observed casually, "I suppose that few believe that my hair is my own." A slight titter ran round the room. "Come," she added, "if everybody will put a louis d'or on the table, I will let down my hair." The challenge was accepted, and the *cheve lure* to all appearance was real. Still, however, a sceptic persisted that it was quite possible for a lady to fasten false hair into her own without it being perceived. "Very well," retorted the Countess, "put down each of you another louis a piece, and you may examine my hair. If it is false, I will pay forfeit." Again the louis d'or were showered on the table, but the Countess was found to be truthful. She netted two hundred louis by this business.

A PRISON INCIDENT.

Marie Roze Among the Criminals.

A very remarkable scene was presented in Auburn Prison at an early hour on Tuesday morning, when Marie Roze Mapleson, the well-known prima donna, visited the institution and sang in the presence of all of its inmates, embracing upward of twelve hundred convicts. An incident of this character has occurred but once before, and that was on the occasion of the visit of Jenny Lind. A letter from one of the gentlemen present depicts the scene as extremely touching. On the arrival of Marie Roze she desired to know if all the prisoners were present, and being answered in the negative by Keeper Wells she requested that even those who might be in solitary confinement should, as a special privilege, be permitted to come into the chapel and join the other convicts in listening to the music which she proposed to sing. The request was accorded, and the poor fellows, some of them for the first time in many years, were permitted not only to look once on the face of a beautiful woman, but hear again from an accomplished artist the sweet notes that reminded them of the innocent days of youth. The chief selections of Mme. Roze were "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer" and "The Sweet By and By," and the writer of the letter states that even the most hardened criminals were stirred to tears. After this the fair cantatrice made a tour of the institution, the prisoners meanwhile being retained in the Chapel, and on her return she sang the old familiar air "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Meanwhile some of the most intelligent among the convicts had been permitted to prepare a testimonial of thanks, which was duly signed and presented to the lady. It closed with the following quotation:—

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

There can be little doubt that every one of these twelve hundred prisoners worked with cheerier hearts all that day, and that the poor fellows in solitary confinement especially will for a long time recall and enjoy this fresh ray of sunlight.

LOVED BY HER STEPFATHER.

His Attempt to Abduct Her and Force Her Into a Hateful Marriage.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PA., Nov. 13.—Before Mayor Megraw to-day, Hugh Porter, an engineer on the Ohio River was a prisoner. Four or five years ago, being a widower, he married a respectable widow, who had a daughter about twelve years of age. The family, being in comfortable circumstances, lived happily until about a year ago, when the daughter Mollie, began to bud into womanhood. Her stepfather fell desperately in love with her, and took hardly any pains to conceal the fact from her mother. He courted the fair stepdaughter assiduously, but the maiden rejected his suit, and declined his repeated proposals of an elopement. Meantime Mollie had a suitor in the person of a respectable young gentleman of the city, and to him she confided her troubles, and, as the readiest means of escaping the persecuting attentions of her stepfather, she promised to give him her hand in marriage without unnecessary delay. By some means Porter learned of their intentions, and, in his blind infatuation, he resolved to possess himself of his stepdaughter by a forcible abduction. Accordingly, he bade her pack up her clothes and prepare to accompany him from the city to be married, threatening, in the event of her refusal, to murder her and her mother then and there. All these threats and propositions were made in the presence of the wife and mother. The girl wisely decided to pretend to be willing to elope, and set up the pretence of making the necessary preparations for the proposed journey, and early this morning both the mother and daughter, managing to elude Porter's vigilance, hastened to the Mayor's office, and laid the facts before his Honor. Porter was speedily a prisoner. He had no defense to offer, and, in default of $1,000 bail, the Mayor committed him to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—Murphy, the temperance orator, gets $500 a night from the New York people.